

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

December 14, 1960

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O
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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 14, 1960

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CONTENTS

Special Features	Home and Family
Top Model's Story, Part I . . . 4, 5	Goodbye to Santa . . . 35
CHRISTMAS BOOK . . . 37	Australian Homes . . . 53
Tree and Table Decorations . . . 37	Home Plans . . . 54
Gift Wrappings . . . 39	Gardening . . . 55
Displaying Cards . . . 41	At Home With Margaret Sydney . . . 57
Cookery—Party Chicken . . . 43	Transfers . . . 61
Christmas Cake . . . 44, 45	
Traditional Dishes . . . 46	
Prize Recipes . . . 51	
Fiction	Regular Features
Green Grows The Ivy, Valerie Wat- kinson . . . 20, 21	It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain . . . 12
Operation Terror (Serial, part 2), The Gordons . . . 23	Worth Reporting . . . 14
One False Step, Camilla R. Bittle . . . 25	Social . . . 16, 17
Birthday Date, Gwendal Allen . . . 27	Letter Box . . . 22
	Solve-a-Crime—new feature . . . 24
	Your Bookshelf . . . 75
	Crossword . . . 85
	Stars . . . 87
Entertainment	Fashion
TV Color—Graham Kennedy . . . 69	Dress Sense, Betty Keep . . . 30
Television Parade . . . 70	Fashion for the Sun . . . 32, 33
Film Color—"Pollyanna" . . . 71	Fashion Frocks . . . 65
Films . . . 73	Fashion Patterns . . . 87

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● A special 16-page all-color Christmas Book begins on page 37.
It is full of ideas for decorations, gift wrappings, and festive foods.

ON each page is
featured part of a
Christmas mobile de-
signed by artist Mr. Paul
Jones, of Sydney.

"I chose pale, frosted col-
ors," he told us. "Pink, yel-
low, blue, and silver baubles
with tinsel balls interspersed
among them. The whole
thing is held together with
millinery wire.

"The idea was to make it
look as light and ethereal as
possible. It moves easily and
glitters as it turns."

THE decorated ham in our
November 30 cookery
feature caused a sensation at
Sydney's Ham Information
Centre.

"It is the best presentation
of ham I have seen," said Mr.
Vincent Judd, who knows a
good ham when he sees it.

For ten years Mr. Judd has
been president of the Bacon
Carers' Association, which set
up the Ham Information

Centre to advise housewives
on the care, curing, and cook-
ing of ham.

The centre gave us the
glad tidings that ham will be
6d. a lb. cheaper this Christ-
mas.

★ ★ ★
ROSS CAMPBELL'S
"Dickybird - Watching"
(our September 28 issue), in
which he wrote about people
being photographed with fish
they have — or have not—
caught, amused one of our
readers very much.

She is Mrs. E. James, of
Lavington, N.S.W.

She thought he would like
to see a picture of her daugh-
ter photographed with a fish
she did catch—a trout weigh-
ing between 13 and 14lb.

Ross was impressed. Now
we're showing it to you.

The picture was taken and
published by the "Border
Morning Mail" after she
caught the fish, the largest
known caught by a woman
angler at Hume Weir.

Our cover



● This week's cover—
the fifteenth in our £3000
Cover Contest—shows
New York fashion model,
Australian-born Pauline
Kiernan, said to be one of
the highest-paid models
in the world. She begins
her own story on pages 4
and 5.

Mrs. James' daughter must
also hold a record for long
hair, as shown by the other
picture with her hair down.



Record catch



Record length?

NEXT WEEK: ● Marzipan Cookery in color
—how to make decorative
animals in marzipan to delight children. And
beginning a new serial in Teenagers' Weekly—
"Cress Delahanty"—the life of a teenage girl.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1960

Australia's first big-city heliport



• Australia's first big-city heliport—on the Yarra's north bank, near William Street, in the heart of Melbourne—is only a few hundred yards from the spot where John Batman, in 1835, declared “a place for a village.” The heliport, which cost £25,000, opens for traffic from December 10. Ansett-A.N.A. and T.A.A. will run services from Essendon airport to the heliport—fare 30/., time 7 minutes. The heliport is a 40ft.-square landing-ground supported, like a raft, on two 68ft.-long, 8ft.-wide pontoons anchored in the Yarra. A 30ft.-long concrete “gangway” leads straight into Flinders Street. Picture by staff photographer Jim Ellard.



• Pauline Kiernan today. She has her own brand of beauty.

YOU, TOO, CAN BE

by **PAULINE KIERNAN**, the Australian model girl who couldn't take a trick until she learned to be — **HERSELF**.

WHEN I was 19 and worked as a trainee-nurse at the Royal North Shore Hospital in Sydney, I still believed in fairy-stories.

The intensely personal, highly hopeful kind that go something like:

"One morning I'll wake up to find myself suddenly transformed into a beauty overnight."

I felt nothing short of this small miracle could do it.

Nature had endowed me with a face and figure that were irrevocably larger than life-size.

I towered over everyone. I was heavy, with big bones. I despaired of my exaggerated features: large eyes, long nose, broad jaw.

To top it all, I was inherently a slow-moving person, a trait which drove my superiors wild. When they shouted at me to hurry myself I would panic.

I became riddled with complexes, inhibited and shy. In short—a mess.

Today, six years later, I am no daintier, no prettier, and I still move with that same slow gait.

Yet, recently, I was chosen to represent "The Girl Who Looks As Though She Owns the World" for a glossy, high-fashion magazine.

It took me all of those six years of searching in four of the world's largest cities, Paris, Rome, London, and New York, thousands of pounds wasted on the wrong kind of clothes and cosmetics, endless hours of experiment-

ing and listening to experts, to find out how to make my imperfections work for me and not against me.

The first, most important thing I had to realise is that there are no plain women.

There are women who are naturally pretty. There are women who are beautiful. These are two God-gifted states.

Own style

But beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and I think any woman who has the will, can find her own style, her own way of pleasing that eye.

In later articles in this series I plan to write of the more practical technicalities of beauty-craft that I have learned in my five-year career as a fashion model and tell you how to apply them to yourself.

But I hope that in telling my story first, of the mistakes I made in my search for my own brand of beauty, I may help other women to find theirs.

At the end of one year at Sydney's North Shore Hospital my nursing career came to an end with matron's words: "You're a very nice girl, Pauline, but not exactly suited to the profession." That was the understatement of the year.

It just wasn't my nature to move quickly, and I was always forcing myself.

As a result my movements were jerky, awkward, out of control. I was like a car that runs smoothly in low gear, but at top speed the engine knocks and splutters.

Later, in Paris, Madame

Chanel was to call my walk "languid and feline."

But at that stage in my life it seemed just another imperfection to put up with.

After I left the hospital I went home to Armidale, N.S.W., to my parents to sort myself out, and try to discover what I was suited for.

My self-stocktaking was pretty depressing. I had no skills. I was a poor scholar. At the end of a month I was still undecided.

But, as I look back, that month wasn't such a dead loss.

There were two events from which I learned two invaluable lessons about figure and fashions.

I remember them as the day I felt fat and the night my dress wore me to the ball.

Up until the day I felt fat, I had realised I was overweight. But it was a "Ah, well, that's my bad luck" sort of attitude.

Feeling fat

I was moping around the house when I overheard a neighbor saying to my mother, "Pauline's getting fatter lately."

Note her choice of words. The implication was that I was already fat and getting more so.

Fat is a very ugly word. All day it haunted me until I gradually began to feel fat—feel the extra flesh hanging on my bones, weighing me down.

Lying, sitting, or walking I was conscious of the parts of my body where the fat had settled. It became such an unpleasant feeling that I



• As a child, Pauline looked rather like most young girls—as the picture on the left taken at Sydney's Easter Show in 1948 illustrates. It was the same when she was a school-girl, as shown on the right, in her N.E.G.S. uniform.



IN BETWEEN

Pauline went to Paris, Rome, London, New York — and everywhere she made the same costly mistake of trying to look like other model girls.



• All dolly in Paris.



• All sexy in Rome.



• All ladylike in London.



• All Suzy Parker in New York.

BEAUTIFUL

This is the first of a series of four articles by Pauline Kiernan, who, at 26, is one of the world's highest paid models. Four years ago she was earning up to £200 a week in Melbourne. Now, in New York, her dollar income per hour would keep most families for a week. She is expected in Sydney on December 6 to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kiernan (who moved a year ago from Pauline's home town, Armidale, to Killara, Sydney), her 23-year-old brother, Geoffrey, and her 19-year-old sister, Helen.

started dieting that day—and I have dieted ever since.

I was 10st. 9lb. Within a month I was down to 9st.

Not by starving myself (my mother wouldn't let me), but by careful control of my food intake and wanting so desperately to rid myself of the feeling of fat—in other words, thinking thin.

Think thin

Because of my profession, modelling, I have two weight levels to maintain—my "working" weight (110lb.—7st. 12lb.), and my "living" weight (120lb.—8st. 8lb.).

Models have to be bone-thin. As agent Eileen Ford once said, "Fat on a model is like fat on the brain."

Maintaining my working weight is a bit of a strain.

I must have been through every diet in the book, but I have discovered that no diet is successful unless you are thinking thin as well.

Before I came into my own in modelling I suffered agonies from the wrong attitude to dieting.

I'd starve myself for a week, and at the weekend go on an eating spree (once I ate 12 chocolate eclairs at a sitting), and the next week have to starve again and so on.

At my living weight I feel happier, but if I gain as much as 3lb. above that I begin to feel uncomfortable.

If you think that three pounds makes little difference—doesn't show—try getting a 3lb. leg of lamb and hiding it on you somewhere.

A month after that day my mother sent me to Sydney to have my photograph taken.

I went to photographer John Hearder, who persuaded me to try modelling.

And I have that gossip neighbor to thank for my whole career. Because, if I hadn't lost weight, I doubt if he'd have been able to see the potentialities.

As for the night my dress wore me to the ball . . .

There was to be a big ball in Sydney, and when my mother gave me permission to go I bought some fashion magazines, picked out a style, and had the local dressmaker copy it.

It was frankly a flop. But it wasn't the dress' fault.

By a fluke, or perhaps the early beginnings of a fashion sense, I chose a style that would still hold up today as chic.

It was lavender brocade, classically plain, with a slim, long skirt. But among the pale pinks, the baby-blues, the bouffant-skirted organdies, and tulle of my friends, it was conspicuous.

I did cause a small sensation, or rather my dress did. But instead of feeling the anticipated enchantment I was confused.

I spent long hours in the ladies' room in front of the mirror—trying to see what people were staring at.

Not ready

I know now that I would have enjoyed myself more in a less elegant dress. I wasn't ready for it.

You have to get the feel of a garment, whether it be a Dior or a dirndl. You have to feel in full control and sure that you're wearing it!

Sometimes you can find the answer to this in a compliment.

When someone says, "That dress suits you"—you're wearing it; but if they say, "You look good in that dress"—careful, it's wearing you.

I have been modelling now for five years. But only recently have I felt some sort of self-satisfaction in my work.

Because, until now, I have never felt my natural self was good enough to be photographed, and I was always straining to be someone else.

In those five years I have completed a full circle.

In Paris, Rome, and London I made myself over into four different types without success.

Recently I reverted to the way I was in Australia, worked on that natural style, and have now made it in modelling for the first time.

Phase One—"au naturel" in Australia.

Under three layers of dead-white make-up—brown-shad-owed cheeks, black-dyed hair,

Continued overleaf

• Today Pauline, photographed here at Jones Beach, Long Island, has turned her height and her strong features into elegance and beauty—and dollars.



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lemon shutter.) 49/11

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(Members of the Lines Group of Companies.)

Grannies on the court at Kooyong

● They'll go on playing tennis
till they're "a hundred," say
73-year-old Mrs. N. Campbell
and 61-year-old Mrs. V.
Howard, of Northcote, Vic.

THEY competed in the
Victorian Senior
Women's doubles cham-
pionship at Kooyong.
They were beaten in the
first round 6-2, 6-4.

But Mrs. Campbell, in her
30 years of tennis, had never
played on grass, and Mrs.
Howard rarely, in her 49 years
at the game.

They'd often played against
each other, but never together.
They are C Grade players,
and they were beaten by B-
Graders.

The veterans were down
4-love in that second set, and
determinedly crept up on their
opponents to make it 4-all,
only losing the vital next two
games after a long series of
40-all calls.

Mrs. Nell Hopman initiated
this first Senior Women's

doubles championship for
players of 40 and over.

She was a little worried
when she received the entry
from these two grandmas lest
they find it too much for them.

So she wrote explaining
this to them. Very smartly
she got a note back saying,
"We are used to playing semi-
finals and finals in one day,
and we play with the men
at the weekend."

"Which put me firmly in
my place," said Mrs. Hop-
man.

The veterans were among
144 players in the Senior
Women's doubles, the biggest
entry in any one event in the
Victorian championships.

The two grannies are regu-
lar players in the Preston Ten-
nis Association mid-week
women's competitions. They
play in the Northern Suburbs



VETERANS Mrs. N. Campbell (front right)
and Mrs. V. Howard congratulate victors
Mrs. D. Boness (left) and Mrs. J. Wilson.

Tennis Association's mixed
doubles on Saturdays.

Mrs. Campbell cares for a
sick husband, makes all her
own clothes—even her eye-
shade tennis caps, some of
her nine grandchildren's
clothes.

She never wears spectacles
on the court.

"Glasses for tennis? Good-
ness gracious me, no," she
said. "But I do use them for
reading and sewing. I've got
two cataracts, of course."

Junior veteran of this
pioneer pair—they're the old-
est players ever to take part
in a championship at Koo-

ying—61-year-old Mrs. How-
ard, says: "The only times I
didn't play tennis were when
I was having my four chil-
dren."

"Then I was back to the
game when each of them was
six months old."

"Tennis," she says, "helps
keep you fit. It keeps you in
touch with young people; and
it keeps your mind young
and alert."

But next year they're going
to have a "bit of a practice"
on grass before they play in
Victoria's 1961 Senior
Women's doubles champion-
ship.

Continued from page 5

YOU, TOO, CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

and three different kinds of
foundations (waist-cincher,
bra, and girdle) was the real
me.

The mistake I made here
was in trying to disguise and
cover up.

I spent hours doing make-
up tricks that only made my
faults more obvious.

Black shadow on the end of
my nose, for instance, to make
it look shorter.

My one good feature, my
eyes, I would spoil with black
downward pencil lines at their
outer edges.

I thought this made them
look more mysterious. Instead,
they looked tired and droopy.

Own mistakes

In spite of all this I had, I
think, more of a basis of style
than in Paris, London,
and Rome.

At least my ghastly mis-
takes were my own.

Phase Two—"dolly" in
Paris.

I arrived in Paris with £5
in my pocket and millions in
high hopes.

The French photographer
told me I was "tres, tres,
dure." I took it as a compli-
ment at first, and won-
dered why I wasn't getting
any work. When I learned

French I realised why. It
means "too intense, heavy."

The fad at the time was for
blond, cute, pretty doll-like
models.

I am not a cute type—I'm
slow, quiet, and reserved, but
I did my best to make myself
over.

I dyed my hair blond,
plucked my eyebrows into a
thin line, flashed a false smile.
It didn't quite come off.

My phony new blond per-
sonality was always at war
with my natural brunette one.
I was unsuccessful and un-
happy into the bargain.

So I decided to try a new
city with my new personality.

Phase Three—sexy in
Rome.

My career in Rome was
short.

"Too sweet—not sexy
enough," they said.

So back to the black hair
and, this time, I added an an-
nouncing glance, a suggestive
smile.

It didn't sway the Romans.
So I decided maybe it would
be "daringly different" in
London.

Phase Four—ladylike in
London.

It was different in London.
The ever-polite English
put it delicately: "You seem
a very nice girl, dear, but

you look a bit, er . . . ex-
treme."

They meant: "You look an
absolute tart with all that
make-up—not nearly ladylike
enough."

More natural

I was thoroughly confused
by now, but willing to make
one more try.

I interpreted "ladylike" to
mean more natural, which it
does, and started wearing less
make-up and let my hair grow
back to its natural brown.

At first I felt practically
naked. Without my mask and
my assumed personalities, I
was out on my own, which
was a step in the right di-
rection.

Like this I met famed
"Harper's Bazaar" photog-
rapher Gleb Derujinsky.

He told me he thought I had
the beginnings of a style of
my own, and persuaded me
to try my luck in New York.

My first apartment in New
York was a six-flight walk-up
in an unsmart district. I
earned 50 dollars a week—
about £25.

Six months later I had a
six-room apartment on the
swank upper East side, a full-
time maid, the top agent in
town, and earned as much in
an hour as I had in a week.

It wasn't exactly an over-
night success. I had to work
harder than ever before and
go through one more phase.

Phase Five—copy-cattling.
The top models in New
York were all different types,
and when I arrived, still un-
sure that I was individual
enough, I began to mimic
them in photographs.

In my first sitting with
photographer Richard Avedon
I did an all-out imitation of
his favorite model—Suzy
Parker.

Naturally, it could only re-
sult in being a lesser version.
The original was successful
because of her singularity.

Gradually it began to irk
me when people told me I
was a little like so-and-so.

I wanted to be somebody
with a style of my own.

Once it hit me finally that
the key to beauty was indi-
viduality, I achieved results in
my work and private life.

I reverted to how I was in
Australia, and worked hard
on a style that was based on
a solid foundation, with my
good points and my bad
points working together for
me.

That long nose I hated is
still the same—only now pho-
tographs tell me I have a
patrician profile.

Find your own style and
stick to it is my motto. How
to do it is the subject of my
next article.



STAFF REPORTER Carol Tattersfield (left) and Helina Pirkola ply the gum birches in the sauna.



PIRKOLA FAMILY in their citrus orchard at Gosford. From left: Arvi Pirkola, his wife, Impi, and daughter, Helina.

They invite you to a bath

● Drop in on the Pirkola family near Gosford, N.S.W., any Saturday and you'll probably be asked to take a bath.

NO offence meant. On the contrary, to be offered a sauna is the height—or heat—of Finnish hospitality. And what the party is to us, the sauna is to the Finn.

It's almost a festivity to melt yourself in 200 degrees of heat, to beat your back with birch twigs, and to top it all off with a dose of raw snow.

Consequently, everywhere that Finns go, the bath is sure to go—even to a citrus farm in Gosford, where, instead of snow and birch twigs, the Pirkolas use . . .

Well, we couldn't quite imagine what they'd use until orchardist Arvi Pirkola, his wife, Impi, and their daughter Helina led us to a small fibro shed at the back of their house which looked like a washhouse.

No snow, so . . .

It was—half of it. The other half, a tiny black-walled compartment, was the sauna. In it were a couple of wooden benches, half-way up the wall, rather like the terraces at the Sydney Stadium; a 44-gallon drum, converted into an incinerator with stones on top of it; bundles of gum twigs, dripping with leaves, and a shower.

The gum twigs were instead of the birches and the cold shower instead of the snow.

"That's right," confirmed Helina, "but sometimes we run down to the creek at the back, and then back again to the sauna. The creek is instead of chipping a hole in the ice and diving in, which we used to do in Finland."

In fact, Helina said that when they arrived at the citrus farm, and were living in a tin shed, the first part of the new house that her father built was the sauna. For Finns it was always the first part of the building. Eight other Finnish families in the Gosford district had done the same thing.

While Helina was talking, her father was bursting to say something. As Helina, a 21-year-old schoolteacher, is the only one in the family who speaks fluent English, she was needed as interpreter.

"Dad says there's a saying in Finland that a sauna keeps the fat people thin and the thin ones fat," she grinned.

All the Pirkolas looked thin.

"Dad says that no man is really clean until he's had a sauna," continued Helina.

The Pirkolas looked gleamingly clean. Helina said that they have about three saunas a week, besides an occasional Australian-type bath.

"Dad says that a sauna is excellent for curing any ills," said Helina. "There's a traditional Finnish saying, 'If liquor or sauna can't cure him, man must surely die.'"

Photographer Keith Barlow looked worried. But he was only worried about his pictures. To take anything in such a small room as the sauna there was only one solution. He'd have to take a bath at the same time. And would the camera work properly in such terrific heat?

We couldn't wait to find out. But the sauna takes about two hours to warm up, so while Mr. Pirkola plied the 44-gallon drum stove with firewood, which would eventually

heat the stones on top to searing heat, we went to the house to have coffee.

A couple of hours and five different sorts of Mrs. Pirkola's homemade traditional Finnish coffee bread later, the sauna was ready and so was I—convinced that coffee bread keeps the fat ones fat, sauna or no sauna.

"Men first," said Helina gently. "It's traditional. They go first to brave the heat so that it's not so hot for the women."

The men trooped off with their spanking-clean towels, and we made women's talk.

Helina filled in some more information about the sauna. "Of course, it's tough on your hair," she said. "You usually have to wash it after. It's best really to wet it first. That stops it crackling and burning with the heat."

Then: "There's one rule you must keep.

You must never blow on your neighbor. It'll scorch her and it hurts."

And another thing. "The younger one always scrubs the back of the elder one," said Helina. "There's a Finnish saying that after that you will never be enemies."

"You know," she said, "in Finland most of the business deals are made in the sauna—and so is the whole policy of the country. The Cabinet meets every Thursday in the Prime Minister's private sauna."

So THAT was why Mr. Pirkola and Keith were sauna-soaking for nearly an hour and a half. Maybe they were discussing business, or maybe the camera had been playing up, or maybe Keith had fainted, or . . .

But a look at his still-steaming, beaming face as he stumbled into the house and collapsed in a chair dispelled any doubts. He'd simply been enjoying it, though he had the gall to blame his length of stay on the camera.

"Every time I got set to take a picture the lens would mist up," he said.

At last our turn. We wet our hair and

took our towels, shut the sauna door. Slumped nakedly on the bench—ouch, the wall at the back was too hot to lean against—Helina and I just sat.

Hot, all-enveloping heat. Too hot to think. Wonderful. Suddenly drips started to rain off my nose. Drips everywhere.

"Very good," said Helina. "You perspire quickly. And look how dirty you are."

Quite true. The drips weren't white.

"Now try this for heat," said Helina. And she threw a saucepan of water on the stones on top of the stove in the corner. There was a belch of steam, which bounded on to the wall and ricocheted back. It hit me first and I thought I was going to die. Hard to breathe now.

Clouds of steam

Helina turned and blew on my shoulder. It DID hurt. On and on went the saucepan of water, the clouds of steam, the melting of solid flesh.

Somehow Helina had the energy to hop down from the bench, pick up two bundles of gumleaves, dip them in water, and put them lightly on the top of the stove. Heavenly smell of eucalyptus.

All too good, but something was missing. Yes. The beating part. Helina showed me how. Sharp slaps of stinging gum leaves on your back and thighs, and as relieving in that heat as standing in hail.

And what about the icy-cold shower? Helina shook her head. I had to be really clean first, to scrub myself with soap and a hard scrubbing-brush. After that the breath-taking beauty of the shower. But wonderful!

So was the cool night and the smell of orange trees and gums as we walked on air—easily half a stone lighter—back to the house.

They can have their luxury saunas in London, in Rome, all over Germany, the Prime Minister's in Finland. Gosford will do me any time.

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD



Hair colour to your heart's desire

Hair that excites and pleases the eye needs special colour care. You can be sure your hair will be fashion-right when you choose from Napro's seven glorious shades: Copper Glow, Sable Brown, Pink Champagne, Smoke Grey, Sunray Gold and French Plum. Foams on in minutes—lasts for weeks.

3/3



colour shampoo by napro

Senior citizens enjoy a spree

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

● With smiles and bows the two well-scrubbed, well-brushed little boys came to the end of their duet. Their audience, ranging in age from 60 to 92, clapped, cheered, and shouted for more.

THEN Keith, aged 12, and his nine-year-old brother, Paul — with their father, Percy Hume, accompanying them on the harmonica — sang "My Old Man's A Dustman," and received a fresh round of applause.

No teenage pop idol could have asked for a more responsive audience than these British migrants.

The boys, who live in the Sydney suburb of Cremorne, are amateur entertainers, and they've become "regulars" with their elderly audience.

Making up this audience were the senior citizens of Paddington, who were having their monthly get-together by courtesy of the Paddington-Woolahra R.S.L. Club.

As the entertainment continued, accompanied by the friendly chink of teacups, the Deputy Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman Frank Dixon, waited in the wings to present monster boxes of chocolates to the two oldest senior citizens.

Gifts for two

A fanfare from the band brought the two guests of honor on stage.

Mrs. Frances McGrath, aged 92, looked crisp as a 60-year-old in her black hat with band of yellow flowers and smart black-and-white suit.

She was accompanied by her "junior," Mrs. Florence Price, aged 90. And as they accepted their gifts the 350 war and age pensioners burst into "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows."

At this point Mr. Dixon and club president Ron Jones

danced the old ladies round the stage in time to the music.

After the dance I congratulated Mrs. Price on her sprightliness.

"Ah, dear, it comes naturally to me," she said.

"I was a professional dancer years ago. Used to tour the Continent in the old days in musical comedies like 'The Country Girl,' and, oh, I've forgotten the names of all of them. I danced in Paris, Vienna—even Russia."

Mostly women

A widow with three children and 14 grandchildren, Mrs. Price was born in Hull, Yorkshire, and settled in Australia about 60 years ago.

Now one of her greatest joys is her monthly visit to the Senior Citizens' Club.

"We have a wonderful time," she said. "I never miss it."

"A wonderful time" was the verdict of most of the 300 to 400 people who turn up on the first Tuesday of each month for a full afternoon of entertainment, food, and good company.

More than 80 per cent. of the audience are women, mostly widows.

Typical is Mrs. McGrath. "Yes, I live on me Pat Malone," she said with a laugh.

"My husband's dead. I had two children, but both of them died in New Zealand. This monthly outing is something I look forward to."

Good news for the pensioners is that the Paddington-Woolahra R.S.L. Club has just had plans approved for a £100,000 extension to their premises, which will enable them to cater for twice the number of old people.



ABOVE: A dance with Sydney's Deputy Lord Mayor, Mr. Frank Dixon, is enjoyed by 90-year-old Mrs. Florence Price, a regular at the Paddington-Woolahra R.S.L. Club's meetings for senior citizens. BELOW: Mrs. Brigid Henly, of Watson's Bay, and Miss Alice Anderson, of Randwick, display German war relics to some of the Senior Citizens' Club members.



Outdoor Girls especially need NIVEA MOISTURISING protection

Girls who love summer's heat must realise the sun dries out their skin — removes natural oils and moisture so essential to a healthy and beautiful skin. You can feel this happening while you sunbake — but the process goes on all the time. To replace lost oils and moisture, your skin needs Nivea daily. Nivea contains Eucerite which penetrates deep into the tissues, carrying the beauty-giving moisture and oils where they can do the most good. For a lovely skin always use Nivea regularly.

In tins, giant economy tins, tubes and Liquid Nivea in bottles.



SKIN needs NIVEA the moisturising cream



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ALLY IMPORTED **SALMON** "Best Value for Money"

An Australian girl travels - 7000 miles . . .

● Slowly our train steamed out of Yaroslavl Station — and it was goodbye, Moscow.

FOR a few sentimental seconds the frustrations of living in a Communist country were forgotten, and we (my London friend Claire Wilson and I) could think only of the many happy hours we had spent with Russian friends.

As the wedding-cake skyscrapers faded from view and for the last time we watched the sun setting over Moscow, our reminiscences were suddenly interrupted by a shuffling at the door, and there stood two Chinese boys, our travelling companions for the trip, who sheepishly edged their way in and sat grinning at us.

We were a little disconcerted to see them, as we had been told that we'd have a compartment to ourselves. As we were already on our way, there was nothing we could do but make the best of it and grin back.

A little polite conversation took place, and, although their Russian was very limited, we gathered they were students studying engineering in Prague and were on their way home for a holiday.

We settled back on to our bunks and looked around the small compartment in which we were to live for the next seven days as we travelled 7000 miles through Siberia, Mongolia, and China to Peking.

We were travelling "hard" class, and after only a few minutes of jogging up and down on the bunks we were left in no doubt as to why it was called "hard."

There were 10 sleeping carriages, seven hard class, occupied mainly by Chinese students, two soft class, and one de luxe.

Much to our disgust, we had a steam engine, and had already gathered our first layer of grime as we sped on through the flat country, dotted with little wooden houses, and over small streams, where women stood washing clothes and beating them against rocks—a sight hard to believe in this land of sputniks and space rockets.

Later in the day we were stopped by two Russian boys. In very hesitant English, but as quickly as possibly lest we

By NATALIE PROVIS

should run away, one of them said: "May I introduce myself. I am Cyril, and I am a student of Moscow University studying anthropology, and I am going to Krasnoyarsk, and I am missing the life of Moscow, and my friend and I wish to invite you to spend the rest of the trip talking in our compartment."

While he was recovering his breath we made arrangements to meet them the next day to have a talk.

Friday morning, on creeping out of the sleeping compartment, we met a short, well-built Russian, who cheerily wished us good morning, introduced himself as Boris, and from that moment never stopped talking.

He had boarded the train at Perm (originally Molotov), which he described as a beautiful town, where he lived in a two-roomed flat with his wife. He was travelling to Omsk to lecture on boxing.

Over a beer at breakfast he told us he was 43, and drank beer only when away from his wife. He was very thrilled to meet two foreign girls, and could hardly wait to get home to tell his wife about us.

He was a very genial man, anxious to find out how we lived and what we did, and we talked mainly of everyday topics. Once he shook his head in sadness: "It is pity the Summit failed."

"Why did it fail?" we asked, anxious to get the "Pravda" version.

"Because Eisenhower didn't apologise to Khrushchev, of course," he replied, astonished at our ignorance. The Russians rely on "Pravda" for internal and external news.

He then asked what we did not like about life in the U.S.S.R., to which we replied: "Lack of freedom to travel, freedom of speech, and freedom of the Press."

This started a discussion on the difficulties we found living in the Soviet Union until we stopped at Sverdlovsk, where the American U-2 was brought down. We wandered along the station and on to an overhead bridge to try to get a photo of the complete train. Here, for the first time on the trip, we were prevented from taking photographs by a Militia man. It didn't matter to us particularly, but poor Boris was most shamefaced about it.

We did, however, manage to take a snap of a rather portly, middle-aged man in bright blue pyjamas and green slippers, his outfit throughout the entire journey. This is typical of many Russian men on a long journey. They seldom change, even to go to the dining-car.

We arrived at that mythical city of Omsk at 4 a.m., but could see no more than at any of the other stations; just the waiting-rooms, restaurant, and peasant stalls, so we wandered around singing Tom Lehrer's "Lobachevsky" to get us in the mood, and then back into the compartment to find the two Chinese students still peacefully sleeping.

Their ability to sleep at any time was impressive, although sometimes we were unreasonably annoyed to look over and see them fast asleep, with enigmatic half-smiles on their faces, while we lay awake in the stifling heat, tossing and turning.

Pretty compliment

Before supper that day the four Russian students came down for a chat. The conversation was fun if not stimulating. Two of them insisted on speaking English, which they spoke very badly, and the others never said a word, just sat smiling. First they wrote us the words of the Russian national song, and then the conversation went something like this:

"Australia beg?"

"Yes, very big," we replied.

"Australia pretty?" and so on. We exhausted Australia in about the only hundred or so words they knew, and silence ensued. Suddenly Cyril sat up and said decisively: "You are the most beautiful girls ever to travel on the Trans-Siberian train."

We sat stunned for a moment, then looked at each other and went into shrieks of laughter. We are no beauties at the best of times, but after four days on the train our hair was stiff with soot. Poor Cyril; he'd obviously learnt the sentence somewhere, and was most put out by our rather ungracious laughter.

The countryside is really very beautiful in places around this area. We passed many forests of silver birch carpeted with

daffodils, and stretches of land colored by a variety of wildflowers.

We still passed numerous propaganda signs, even in places where there was no apparent habitation, on which were written "WORLD PEACE," "PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP," and "LONG LIVE COMMUNISM." On many of the little wooden huts were pictures of Lenin, some wreathed in flowers.

Now, for the first and only time, we felt we would be glad when the trip ended. We were literally black from head to foot.

Our compartment was filthy, and it was almost impossible to comb our hair, it was so thick with grit. We cleaned the compartment, washed, and began to enjoy the trip again.

Our last day in the Soviet Union was highlighted by a wonderful view of Lake Bakal. It is backed by smoothly rounded hills, dark against the crystal clarity of the still water.

Dreadful questions

We dragged ourselves from the window and went along for breakfast. In the corridor was a fair-headed, suntanned young Russian with sparkling blue eyes, who was trying desperately to get into conversation with some Chinese students without success.

On seeing us his face lit up, and he rushed over to ask a question—a pretext to get into conversation. After five days speaking Russian, we were relieved to learn he was an English teacher, trained in Ulan Ude and stationed at the border town—Naushki.

It is funny the way Russians are so fond of quoting statistics. He kept asking us the most dreadful questions, such as "How much meat do the English import?", "How many kangaroos are there in Australia?" We had to admit ignorance, as we really hadn't the vaguest idea.

Anglo-Russian relations were running very smoothly, when suddenly a tall, wild-looking Russian guard bounded in and stood dramatically with one finger pointed towards us.

"Why didn't Eisenhower apologise to Khrushchev about the U-2?" was the ominous question shouted at us. Our answers were much the same as were given to Boris earlier, but we had not such a gentle listener. Every time we said anything our wild porter became consumed with rage, and his arms waved about like huge windmills, while he spluttered jargon from "Pravda" and "Izvestia."

"Did you like Moscow?" he shouted at one point. As we had had such an interesting and happy stay in Moscow it was not difficult to satisfy him on this question.

Our praise of Moscow was interrupted by a sarcastic snort: "But you will not write about these things when you get home; you will write only of the bad things you have seen. Guests who come to the U.S.S.R. always do."

Our indignation really matched his at this stage. "We are only interested in depicting things as we see them," we said. "And we wish to return to Moscow. If we gave untrue reports we would not be able to obtain re-entry visas."

"If you like our country so much why don't you stay here?"

"Well," we pointed out gently, "it is not our country. We weren't born here, and it is a natural feeling for one to feel more attached to one's own country."

"You just think your country is better than ours," he grated furiously. Here our sense of diplomacy and tact left us, and we told him frankly that the overall standard of living in the West was very



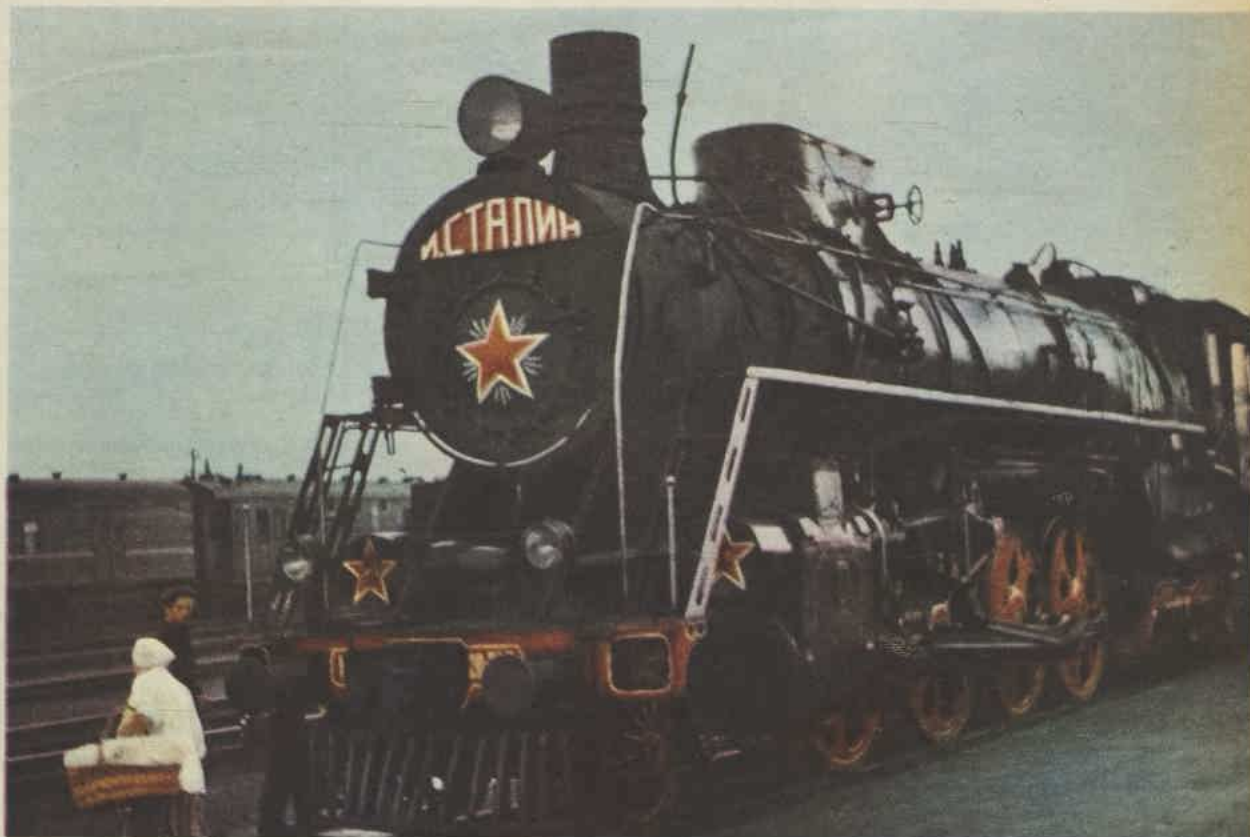
NATALIE PROVIS and Boris, a Russian boxing instructor, who was one of her travelling companions, find an ice-cream refreshing at one of the wayside stations.

over Russia to Peking



NATALIE PROVIS, of Collaroy, N.S.W., who wrote this article, now works as a librarian in Sydney. She is wearing a Russian fur cap.

THE ENGINE which pulls the Trans-Siberian train. Miss Provis took this picture just before the train left Kirov on another leg of the memorable 7-day journey.



much higher than that of the Soviet Union, and that whereas a Communist society might be all very well for the Russian people it is a society we would never like to live under.

A wild spate of Russian greeted this remark, the only bits of which we could understand being: "It will be—it will be. What about our rockets?" Then he bounced out in the same bombastic way that he had entered. We breathed a sigh of relief.

As we approached Naushki, the border town, we began to get nervous at the thought of the Customs. We sat chewing our nails with that horrible guilty feeling one gets just before a Customs check, until a kindly woman in a grey uniform arrived. She gave us a declaration form to fill in. We were rather amused by the first question: "Any firearms, ammunition, or high-explosives?" and were very tempted to put "Three bombs!" but felt we shouldn't stretch our luck too far. Questions were asked about our cameras, but we were not searched. Passing through Russian Customs was not such a terrifying experience as we had imagined.

Only ten more miles to go on Russian soil—then **MONGOLIA!**

Mongolia seems to conjure up visions of the extraordinary in the quietest of imaginations, and indeed our fanciful imaginings were not disappointed.

The country is very barren, and there does not seem to be any attempt at cultivation.

The main means of transport in this deserted country are horses and camels. We saw only about three trucks.

Whenever we got out of the train at stations we were surrounded by a group of inquisitive Mongolians, who just stared at us.

Our Chinese companions became almost happy, and their voices rose in patriotic songs as we approached China. But when we reached the border station a Customs officer greeted us in English.

"Oh, hello, please come in," we said.

"You speak Russian?"

"A little."

"Speak in Russian, it is easier for me," we were ordered. "Where are your cases?"

Here the search began. Everything was taken out of our cases and unfolded; pockets on coats and slacks were investigated; every box, including a box containing twelve boxes of souvenir matches, was opened and tops and bottoms of our cases were felt, poked, and prodded. Every page in the books of our small library, was turned, and then, with a gleam, his eyes alighted on our camera.

He grabbed the roll of exposed film, ripped the half-exposed roll of film from the camera, taking no heed of our protests that they were photographs of Russia and Mongolia and that those Customs authorities had passed them, and with a triumphant flourish raced off to his commandant, saying we would get them back in Hongkong.

We were rather miserable the next day as we sped through the closely cultivated fields of China and roared through a fantastic network of tunnels.

We arrived in Peking at 7.30 that night; we were at journey's end of the rail trip, but our troubles still weren't over.

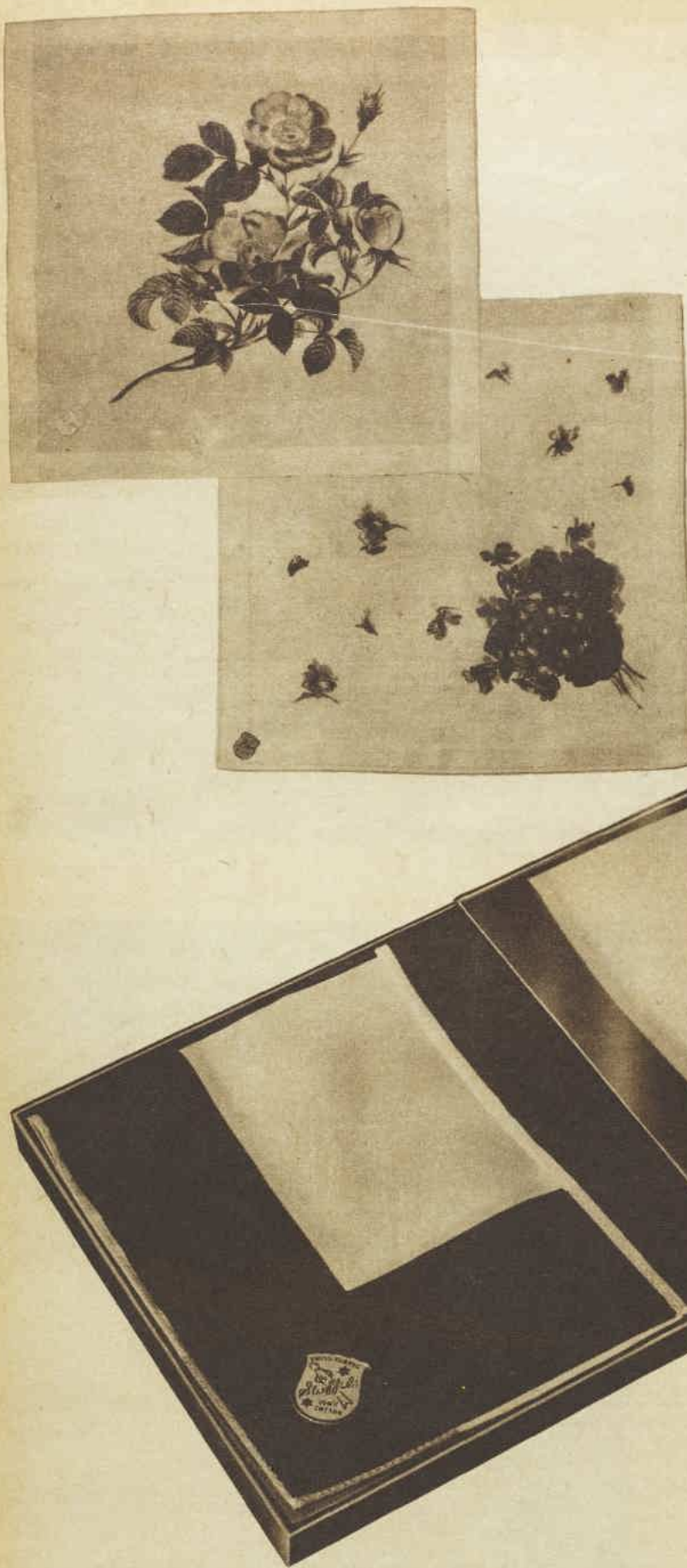
We had no Chinese currency, and we were too late to buy any. Moscow, whence we had come, seemed very welcome and friendly at that moment.

Between us we raked up the price of a telephone call to the British Embassy, explained our plight, and within minutes a car was waiting to take us to a hotel, where an account in our name enabled us to have a meal and a bed until we could get some money the next day.

We went to sleep pleased with ourselves that we had made quite safely the journey that we had been warned in Moscow was "unsafe" for two young Western girls.

THIS is a typical Russian railway station at Ulan Ude, the last big town before the Mongolian border.





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A lovely gift for her —
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It is a joy to choose the favoured gift
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Stöffels Handkerchiefs (Australia) Pty. Ltd.,
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FATHER



"He's looking for the soap."

MOTHER



"It's for my little girl. If it just
perches on top of my head it will
fit her nicely."

It seems to me

ON her golden wedding anniversary, a 72-year-old Sydney woman told a reporter that modern young women were far busier than their mothers were. Most young wives, she said, worked outside the home and had only their weekends free.

One could hardly quarrel with that statement, except to remark that working wives are lucky to get free weekends. Usually they amuse themselves with the washing, ironing, and house-cleaning.

But the subject sparked off one of those office arguments. Someone claimed that today's wives, even when they stayed at home, found life a greater strain than did their mothers and grandmothers.

Someone else used the phrase "tensions of modern life," at which I launched into my customary bush reminiscences, with a comment that the people of 2000 B.C. probably complained about the pace of modern life.

"Save it," said the opposition wearily, "and write it, if you must."

So here goes, with less heat: Any mother of small children has a long, hard working day. But if a city mother moved to the bush with a wood stove and a wood copper, she would, I think, agree that labor-saving gadgets have indeed saved labor.

The other day I received a pamphlet stating that 90 per cent. of Australian homes now have refrigerators as against 30 per cent. in 1950.

Sixty per cent. of homes today are equipped with washing-machines compared with 20 per cent. ten years ago.

So there must be plenty of people around who remember the problems of keeping meat fresh in summer, and whose knowledge of washing isn't limited to a machine.

"TENSIONS" are another matter. I know some housewives who find life an inordinate strain and others who take it easily.

Money has a bearing on the situation, but it isn't the governing factor.

Some people are born tense and some aren't. At this point in such a discussion, someone is bound to bring up the Bomb, and how citizens live in the shadow of destruction.

But human beings have been living in that shadow since the invention of the bow and arrow.

"If you won't write anything about the awfulness of women in pants, then I will," says Mrs. Margaret Varley, of Enoggera, Queensland, referring to a paragraph in this column a fortnight ago.

Mrs. Varley has strong anti-pants views, and expresses them vividly. One extract from her letter: "I saw a girl in a snake-patterned pair of tight matadors. Her male companions teased her so much that she hid behind a rock, like a rock-python, and wept."

By



Dorothy Drain

AS from last week a police in Sydney began to enforce a new regulation for pedestrians. It is now an offence to cross a street within 60 feet of a marked crossing.

Wife: "How far is 60 feet?"
Husband: "Twenty yards, dear."

Wife: "Yes, but . . ."
Husband (kindly): "A yard is three feet."

Wife: "I know that, silly, but . . ."

Husband: "Think of a cricket pitch, and subtract six feet."

Wife responds with disgusted stare.

Husband (warming up): "Look, this room is 15 feet long. Think of that distance four times."

Wife: "Oh, yes, as far as the O'Grady's back fence."

Husband (exasperated): "The O'Grady's back fence is 60 YARDS from here!"

Wife: "Oh, well, I think I'll cross at the crossings."

Very sensible, too!

U.S. Congressman Mr. L. W. O'Brien, who flew into Sydney last week after visiting the South Pole, is a man to be admired.

When a reporter asked for his impressions of the Pole, Mr. O'Brien said: "It was damned cold."

Had Mr. O'Brien been another kind of man he might have said: "I was deeply impressed by the vast strategic and wealth potential of this virtually untapped . . ."

Had he been of a poetic nature he might have said: "As I stood there in the frozen wastes and gazed on the limitless expanse of ice and snow, my mind was filled with the wonders of nature . . ."

But no.

Mr. O'Brien spoke the plain truth.

MR. HOWARD PYLE, president of the U.S. National Safety Council, says that backseat drivers should not be laughed at, but be made useful. A driver, he believes, needs a co-pilot to read maps, watch blind spots, and keep the driver awake on monotonous stretches.

You only have yourselves to blame, dear girls.

You learn to drive, you offer your advice

Between times as the traffic streams and swirls,

But as a favor, which was rather nice.

You pleased yourself when sitting in a car,

Perhaps obliging with the bridge-toll bob.

But now you've talked too much, you've gone too far,

You've got yourself another full-time job.

SOMETHING **NEW** HAS HAPPENED TO REFRIGERATORS!



MALLEYS

8 AND 10 CUBIC FOOT REFRIGERATORS

NEW exclusive cabinet styling — **NEW** exclusive interior features — **NEW** exclusive door handle and trim — Malley's **NEW** Model Refrigerators are truly glamorous with more storage space and the ultimate in user convenience. The completely re-styled Malley's range of refrigerators features cabinet styling that combines simplicity and grace to add glamour to any kitchen decor, no matter how old, how new. **INSIDE** — completely new feature — a gold-dusted hostess tray that lifts out and serves, so smart, so convenient for entertaining or for day-to-day use. **OUTSIDE** — more glamour, plus a new type door handle — so streamlined yet so simple and really functional, with a built-in scratch panel that completely protects the immaculate finish of the baked enamel door. Colours to suit any plan — Arctic White, Ivory Cream, Blue Mist or Miami Pink. Left or right-hand opening doors available.

YOU MUST SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MALLEYS REFRIGERATORS THIS SEASON

Models available from 122 gns.



With the
**GOLD
DUSTED
HOSTESS
TRAY** that
lifts out
and serves!

(M.10 MODEL)



Sealed Unit—Malley's 10 cu. ft. model fitted with 1/4 h.p. and 8 cu. ft. model fitted with 1/2 h.p. world-famous "Tecumseh" sealed units. Guaranteed 5 years. **Sealed Unit Protection**—Automatic re-set, thermal and electrical overload device built in to protect the sealed unit from voltage fluctuations. **Insulation**—Cabinet and door fully insulated with "Fibretek" rockwool insulation. **Cabinet**—All steel welded construction fully bonderised for rust-proof protection and finished in baked enamel for appearance and durability. **Food Liner**—Food storage compartment, all steel welded construction, finished in titanium based vitreous porcelain enamel, acid and alkali-proof, scratch and chip resistant. **Plastic Fittings**—All plastic fittings are made from high-impact Polystyrene. **Guarantee**—Guaranteed by Malley's and backed by over 75 years' experience in the manufacture of home appliances. **Service**—Service by Malley's Ltd. trained technicians or authorised service agents throughout Australia.

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BUILT BETTER TO SERVE YOU BEST

Whatever the game!



NUGGET WHITE

is the name for
dazzling white shoes

No matter what your favourite sport, you can keep your white shoes dazzling white with NUGGET white cleaner. NUGGET flows on in a smooth, even layer that won't streak or cake. NUGGET covers grass stains and marks completely and it just won't rub off. You can choose the new NUGGET with Squeeze-on tube, it's so much easier and cleaner to use because of the unique sponge applicator built into the cap. Or if you prefer, you can have the handy-size glass jar or a tube, without the applicator.



NUGGET white in squeeze-on tubes, handy glass jars or tubes, without applicator, available at stores and grocers everywhere.

WHATEVER YOUR GAME, INSIST ON NUGGET WHITE CLEANER

Worth Reporting



BILL with his cutest reindeer.

WHO are the boys and girls who dress our big department stores for Christmas?

Come meet them . . . not when the very last cherub is flying high over Hosiery, but when decoration "deadline" approaches . . . when the store is closed for the weekend, and behind glass doors airy-fairy artistry and practical urgency are locked in mortal combat.

The scene is one Sydney department store, but it could be any other in Australia.

(As the Display Manager says proudly, "Australian window-dressers are unique in creating their own Christmas decorations; U.S. and Continental department stores usually order theirs from central agencies.")

Under a 30-foot-high Christmas Tree frame squat nine members of Display feverishly making "shushes"—six-inch cellophane twists.

Before the weekend is out, they will have covered the branches above them with 60,000 "shushes."

On the roof of the store, Ron and Bluey are wreathing together a forest of paint-sprayed branches, making posies of drinking straws (30,000 of them), and hanging cheesecloth "puddings" of plastic snow.

Close by, make-up man Murray is designing elegant wigs out of cellophane or nylon . . . making-up faces for plaster figures.

Sculptor Bill is modelling the cutest reindeers ever for front windows, plus 43 figures for the store's special Cinderella mechanical tableau.

Dressmaker Eddie, at his sewing-machine, is rushing 22 yards of net for Cinderella's ball gown, when someone yells for help: "There's a fallen angel in Haberdashery."

Deep in the tortuous caverns of tableau caves, electrician Danny has his own problems, Cinderella's cloak. "She is beautifully arranged, but," and Danny's eyes petition heaven, "the mechanism she moves this way, not THATA way."

In a nearby cave, matador-pants-clad Mary is laying red "wallpaper" carpet, and farther along carpenter Jim is making the pumpkin coach.

Assistant Display Manager Jack is moving around the store's jewellery counter selecting trinkets for his front-window reindeers . . . and Display Manager Mr. F. Lawson is applauding: "Wonderful, boys, wonderful . . . the kids will love it this year."

Wait till the heat's on . . .

PICTURED here is Laurie

Franks, Ohio-born lead of "The Music Man," hiding a 20in. waist under the "longest sweater in the world."

"Some people call it a 7/8-length coat," said Laurie, "but to me it's my sweater."

Laurie, who runs for cover—woollen—in any temperature under 100 degrees, has carted the sweater throughout the States and on to Australia . . . she refuses to believe our heat will "try" her . . . isn't taking the slightest risk.

Ducking off to Melbourne to see hubby, Dobbs, who is musical director of "West Side Story," she is still shivering from a near-decision not to take it.

Laurie's other wardrobe treasures? A leather hat, which she jams on to escape rain, wind, or critics . . . and lots and lots of black stockings.

"Dior" of dolls

NO young man should EVER pass up a chance to dress a doll.

For window-dresser Eddie Gabel, it has led to his own dressmaking business.

When Eddie offered to stop-gap as dressmaker for a Sydney store's dolls . . . he staggered himself and women friends by his flair for design.

With increasing private orders for wedding frocks . . . he's opening a business of his own.

The cards give you away

IF you're an average Mrs. Australian, 30 to 40 years, you are sentimental—especially about Christmas.

You LIKE . . . flowers, preferably roses, but they must be PINK, cherubs, little girls, butterflies, lambs, and bows.

You do NOT like . . . jokes about Christmas, peacocks, abstract art, ducks, modern verse.

That's you, according to the secret dossier of the Greeting Card trade . . . for you are their most precious and most formidable customer.

You buy 85 per cent of the cards, saying:

"Merry Christmas," "Happy Birthday," "It's a Boy," "Get Well Soon," "Till We Meet Again," and "Deepest Sympathy."



FIRST Christmas card in England, 1843.

You have kept one Australian manufacturer producing one single card—a blue birthday girl—120,000 times a year for the past 13 years (1,560,000 sales to date).

You have also made the firm build bonfires of thousands of pounds' worth of cards you disdained to consider.

Last year you were all for RED roses . . . now they must be PINK.

Right now, you want the Christmas cards of your childhood . . . not so much glitter as last year, but religious motifs and lots of snow, carollers, and Dickens.

You are not buying artistic ducks rising from marshes or "funny" cards (only two of 11 Christmas designs produced by a leading card firm are "jester" cards).

Sent all yours off yet? . . .



EDDIE took three weeks to finish Cinderella's ball gown.

Give

Helena Rubinstein's gifts this Christmas

**world-famous fragrances
beautifully gift wrapped from 9/11**

This year, Helena Rubinstein has gift-wrapped her world-famous fragrances more colourfully, more brilliantly, than ever before. Make Helena Rubinstein gifts a family affair this Christmas; there's an ideal gift for everyone and they're gift-wrapped, ready for immediate giving, at no extra cost.

Select your gifts from Helena Rubinstein's famous fragrances, talcums, soaps. Even for the man in your life there's a Helena Rubinstein gift. We show here only a small selection of the fabulous range—inspect it at your nearest retailer.

Choose your Helena Rubinstein gifts from these three popular fragrances

(Illustrated at right)

- Apple Blossom Skin Perfume, 9/11.
Apple Blossom Fragrance Talcum, 9/11.
- White Magnolia Skin Perfume, 12/11.
White Magnolia Fragrance Talcum, 9/11.
- Heavenly Glow Skin Perfume, 11/6.
Heavenly Glow Fragrance Talcum, 9/11.



Apple Blossom Gift Caddy, 25/3.



Moonlight Mist

Skin Perfume and Fragrance Talcum, 9/11 ea



Available at Helena Rubinstein's Salons, all leading city stores and authorised agents throughout the Commonwealth.

EXTRA VALUE

Gives you more for your money of the finest stick deodorant on the market . . . a full one ounce for only 6/3.

EXTRA QUALITY

Does not crumble . . . holds its perfect consistency to the last, and it lasts for months. Always bland and gentle, absolutely safe for any normal skin . . . and cannot damage the finest fabrics.

EXTRA PROTECTION

Completely protects personal freshness and keeps under-arm dainty 24 hours a day—because it's not only the perfect deodorant, it checks perspiration, too!

EXTRA APPEAL

It's ice-pink, cool and refreshing to use in its fashionable "young-look" pack.

Good times

begin with

freshness



MUM

deodorant stick

outdates all others

ICE PINK

MUM

STICK

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT
OF BRISTOL MYERS

SOCIAL

THE "Love Match," between tennis stars, South African Meryl Hammill and Australian Davis Cup player Bob Mark—the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Mark, of Albury—is a strictly off-court one.

They have made a pact never to play tennis together. "Bob's pretty determined about this agreement, and having tried playing with my brothers I'm more than inclined to think he's right," Meryl says.

She and Bob met tennis playing in Europe in 1956, and they stepped out together again, during the Paris and Wimbledon championships last year.

Meryl's engagement ring is a lovely solitaire diamond. She shopped for it herself in Johannesburg, to be sure that Bob gave her a ring from her own country, so famous for its diamonds.

Meryl is returning to Sydney from Victoria with Bob next week, and will make her headquarters with her Australian aunt Mrs. Mae Lewis at Bardsley Gardens, North Sydney, while Bob is in training here with the Davis Cup squad in readiness for the Challenge Round.

★ ★ ★
WHEN he made his debut as an "exhibition-opener" a year ago he "knew nothing about art," stage star Robin Bailey confided at the Kurrajong Group's Christmas Exhibition of Pottery and Painting at the Bissetta Gallery. "But since then I have made a pottery ashtray—very badly—and painted the same still life three times—equally badly," Robin added that his father dealt in pottery and he always spent his school holidays accompanying him on business trips to Stoke-on-Trent and other English pottery centres. "In fact, I was so pottery-towns-minded it took me YEARS to find out the Riviera was better for holidaying!"

★ ★ ★
I LIKE the cute middy-jackets worn by decorative Parisian visitor Helene Vacquier, who is staying with Anne Nevill, of Roseville. They're Dior-inspired evening wear cardigans made of lace and glamor fabrics, with bracelet-length sleeves. Helene and Anne became friends when Anne was studying in France earlier this year. Helene will spend twelve months polishing up her English, doing a job in Sydney, because she says "here the sun shines all the time."

★ ★ ★
LETTERS of introduction from mutual friends overseas, presented to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Meares, of "Bogabigal," Forbes, by English newcomer Robin Schall two years ago played Cupid for Robin and their only daughter, Jenny. They announced their engagement last week, and are now busy with plans for an autumn wedding. Jenny has a lovely ring—an oblong aquamarine with diamond shoulders.

★ ★ ★
THE arrival of Irish visitors Brigadier and Mrs. Maurice Jephson, of "Mallow Castle," County Cork, will set the party ball rolling when they reach here in the Oriana at the end of December. They made a host of friends in Sydney during their last visit two years ago. "Mallow Castle" was a gift to Brigadier Jephson's forebears from Queen Elizabeth I, who was godmother to an ancestress of his.

★ ★ ★
FROM London comes news that Rosemary Ham is back there after six weeks on the Continent, including attending the Passion Play at Oberammergau and the Salzburg Festival. She's going to settle in England for a while now and take a job as a speech therapist.

Rosemary's mother, Mrs. Harold Ham, of Point Piper, by the way, is the president of the Cancer Patients' Assistance Fund, which is planning to open a hostel in Darling Point for patients who come down from the country for treatment.

★ ★ ★
NOTED in passing. Margaret Jeanette Greenwood, of Roseville Chase, looking lovingly at the sapphire-and-diamond ring just presented by Graham Seymour-Wellis, of Killara, as they danced together at Romano's at dinner-party in their honor given by Mr. and Mrs. Kerry Petersen to celebrate the romance.

★ ★ ★
HOME again after six months overseas, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Millard, of Bellevue Hill, are already planning another trip—this time to Queensland to see Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Walker and their two children, Lindy and Greg, at Too-woomba.

★ ★ ★
MR. and Mrs. Philip Lovett will be in the swim with an early suntan. They left at the week-end for Surfers' Paradise, where they have taken a house for a fortnight. Adelaide visitor Mrs. Lovett's sister Margaret Hone, who has been spending several weeks in Sydney holidaying with Phyllis Malcolm Reid at her flat at Darling Point, has gone to Queensland with them.

★ ★ ★
NO wonder Mr. and Mrs. Bob Swift refer to their little daughter, Mary Louise, as "Bliss." When asked what she would like for her seventh birthday last week she said, "A beach towel of my own, and going out and eating at a place where they have white tablecloths!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1960

ROUNDAABOUT

By MARY COLES

JUST WED. Alan Wilkie and his bride, formerly Virginia Anderson, of Killarn, leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill, with their attendants. From left, Harvey Mason, Cherry Anderson, Ray Wilkie, Lindy Wilkie, the bridal couple, Joan-Anne Fuller and Jenni Taplin.



INTERESTING ROMANCE. Well-known horse-woman Jenny Meares, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Meares, of "Bogabigal," Forbes, and her fiance, Robin Schall, announced their engagement last week. Robin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Schall, of Purley, Surrey.



LUNCH PARTY. From left, Mrs. James Ryrie, Mr. Ken Hunter-Kerr, Mrs. A. V. Maxwell, Mrs. Walter McGrath, and Mrs. John Lewis chatting over cocktails at the French Christmas luncheon hosted by Mrs. Gordon Johnston and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere at the latter's lovely waterfront home at Darling Point. Function raised funds for the Blind Babies Appeal.



ABOARD TJIWANGI. Mr. and Mrs. Adrian van Bochove and their daughter Anne (second from left) with Captain J. M. de Bruijn (on right) at dinner-party aboard the ship to farewell the Van Bochoves, who are leaving Sydney to holiday overseas at the end of December. Mrs. van Bochove wore a brilliant ming-blue shoulder drape with her white pique gown.

FAIR-HAIRED Diana Fairfax and Dr. Hugh Barry admiring Christmas tree made by Dr. Barry's wife and Mrs. Douglas Murray as one of the lovely exhibits at the Christmas Decorations Exhibition to raise funds for the Forest Lodge Day Nursey at David Jones' Art Gallery.



When the
room smells
'stale'...
put it out to
"air" with
AIR★O★ZONE



You know how a room can get "stale"—in close, humid weather... when it's suffering from a bad case of the "morning after"... when tobacco odour permeates furnishings or when cooking smells linger. To keep your home fresh, and pleasant for your family and guests to walk into, put "stale" rooms out to air with Air-O-Zone. Just press button—and a fine mist of Air-O-Zone floats to every part of the room, *instantly* absorbing and destroying all unpleasant odours. Air-O-Zone completely banishes "staleness." A room sprayed with Air-O-Zone has a cool, clean freshness that you can *feel*—just as if you had truly put it out to air in a grove of fragrant forest pine! And it *stays* fresh and sweet for hours!

More important still, the Glycol in Air-O-Zone kills harmful air-borne bacteria. That's why it's so important to use Air-O-Zone when there is sickness in the house—use it in the bathroom and toilet, and *wherever* there's a risk of air-borne infection.

Economical Air-O-Zone is highly concentrated—only a few seconds' spraying is necessary.

Try **AIR★O★ZONE**

SEE HOW SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE IT IS
TO KEEP ALL THE ROOMS IN YOUR HOME
FRESH AND HEALTHY



KILLS AIR-BORNE BACTERIA



DISPELS COOKING ODOURS



AIR★O★ZONE

is made by the
PRESSURE★PAK COMPANY
a Division of
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makers of famous
Mortein Plus
Mortein Pressure★Pak
and Trix Detergent

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

● Here's a real glamor haul in Christmas gift suggestions — cool and pretty sleepwear and lovely lingerie at prices to suit every gift-list. You can buy the styles shown here at Sydney stores and shops.



ROSE-PATTERNED shortie nightdress and matching gown (left) in drifting nylon chiffon trimmed with fine lace. Nightdress, £8/8/-; gown, £10/10/-. (Perle's Lingerie, 74 Castlereagh St.)

PANTALON pyjamas (right) in opaque nylon tricot with scattered red velvet hearts, 59/11. Full-length nightdress of white over apple-green nylon tricot with guipure lace appliques, £9/9/-. (Farmers.)



LEFT. Pink nylon satin mobcap to protect a hair-set, 27/11. Pink-and-white pure silk stocking-sachet with lace trim, £2/2/-. Quilted pink mules, hand-made with delicate trim, and foam rubber soles, £2/14/6. (Perle's Lingerie, 74 Castlereagh Street.)



NYLON TULLE half-slip (left) with three crisp ruffles comes in pretty pastel colors and white, in all sizes, 69/11. (Grace Bros.)

FILMIEST white nylon makes this nightgown and negligee set (right). The softly frilled nightgown is lined, has a high-placed pink ribbon bow. Nightgown, £4/19/11. Negligee, £6/19/11. (Grace Bros.)





Green grows the ivy

A short story by **VALERIE WATKINSON**

HE had ridden for many days and many nights. He had crossed two great rivers and numerous small ones, resting himself and his horse during the heat of the day, and continuing on his journey before and after the sun reached its zenith.

The lush greenness of the coast was long behind him, as was the blue of the mountains and the bustle of the town at the edge of the plains. They called it The Last Town, and the descriptive words were uttered with fear or anticipation, depending on who spoke them.

The great loneliness which stretched beyond the boundaries of The Last Town did not trouble him. He needed no man, or woman, to keep him content. He believed that somewhere there was a right place and a right person for everyone, but so far he had not found that place or that person, so loneliness was still something intangible that could attack him only from within.

After leaving The Last Town he had travelled a day and a night with a bullock train, also bound for the interior.

Without regret he had left the bullock train at its destination, shaking hands with the men and tipping his hat to the women.

He had turned his horse to the north, calculating that he should reach his destination before nightfall. Already the plains were giving way to lightly timbered hills. It was how the letter had described the country surrounding the Freedman holdings.

The letter, now six months old, lay in a leather-wrapping against his skin. It was signed with the mark of Charles Freedman, and it requested his presence at the Freedman homestead.

The letter, carried by a series of personal messengers, had followed him up country and down, finally catching him in Sydney.

He smiled as he thought of Charles Freedman's invitation, which was as casual as if his holdings lay along the Hawkesbury instead of hundreds of miles north-west of the mountains.

He owed neither money nor time to any man, but to Freedman he owed his life. Because of this, Freedman must have known that if it were humanly possible he would acknowledge receipt of the letter by complying with the request it contained.

Now he looked ahead to the north and saw the signature of civilisation—smoke snaking above the treetops. He urged his horse to a gallop. The smoke grew nearer as the harshness of the plains dropped behind. Anticipating the comfort of food from a plate, hot water in which to wash, and the handclasp of a friend, he began to smile.

His name was Trace Ryder. It was the first day of the month of January, in the year of Our Lord, 1861.

There were no fences and no boundary markings. He guessed that for the last day he had been riding across land which Freedman claimed as his.

Through the trees ahead he could see the timber

walls of a house. He had reached his destination.

In the suddenly failing light, and under the cloaking shadow of the trees, he did not see the boy on the horse until he was almost upon him.

The boy had probably watched his approach, for he showed no surprise at the appearance of a stranger. He held a rifle under his arm, his finger resting lightly on the trigger. Instinctively, Trace reined in his horse. He did not relish the thought of travelling so far to be killed by a bullet fired by a nervous youth, who did not look old enough to handle firearms. It was not the welcome he had expected. He said shortly:

"I've come to see Charles Freedman."

The rifle did not waver, but the boy knelt his horse and moved forward from the trees into the suddenly brilliant light of the setting sun.

"What's your name?"

His voice was low and accentless. It was not until he turned his head slightly and Trace saw the thick coil of yellow hair that he realised the boy was not a boy, but a female.

His irritation crystallised. He was tired and hungry, and anxious to see Freedman. When time and money allowed, he was not averse to soft-voiced women, preferably in dresses and silk petticoats, but he could see no humor in being halted at rifle point by a female wearing pants, riding astride like a man.

He reached out for the rifle. The barrel came up swiftly, and he froze in his saddle, warned by the almost imperceptible movement of her finger on the trigger. He knew in that moment that while she was not a boy, as he had first thought, neither was she nervous nor unused to firearms. There was a businesslike competence about the set of her body and a coolness in her expression that warned him to stay as he was.

"I said what's your name?"

"Trace Ryder. I've ridden from beyond the mountains."

She nodded.

"We've been expecting you. Show me the letter."

He withdrew the letter and handed it to her. She glanced at it swiftly and then lowered the rifle.

"There's been strangers around," she explained, but there was no apology in her tone.

"Do I still count as a stranger?" he asked, indicating the letter, but she only shrugged. There was an unconscious air of possession about her, as if she were at one with the horse on which she sat, and the trees, and the land, and the house in the distance. He had not known of the existence of Charles Freedman's daughter, but he felt sure that she faced him now. This girl possessed the arrogance he would have expected in Freedman's offspring.

They rode side by side towards the house.

"The last stranger who was here got himself shot," she said suddenly. "The troopers came for him afterwards, but we saved them the trouble of taking him back."

He looked at her swiftly, wondering if she had

shot the stranger, and knowing that it was what she wanted him to think.

"Shooting seems a harsh penalty for being a stranger," he remarked.

"That wasn't why," she answered. "He killed three of our steers and stole food from the cook-house. If he'd come and asked, he wouldn't have gone hungry. Thieving's a felony."

She turned her head and met his gaze. Her eyes were grey-green under thick lashes. He wondered how he could ever have mistaken her for a boy.

"I didn't know Charles had a daughter," he said.

"He hasn't." Her voice was composed. "I'm his wife."

He was silent. By nature and inclination, he was a wanderer. In his travels through a country forcefully, and sometimes painfully, emerging into nationhood, he had seen strange things and met strange people. He could think of nothing stranger than Charles Freedman, now nearing sixty, toughened and weathered by the land he had tamed, married to this girl.

"You don't shock easily, do you?" she said, and, for the first time, he heard the promise of friendliness, allied with grudging respect, in her voice.

"No," he said.

The bush he loved had taught him the most valuable of lessons, a lesson some men never learn—the art of minding his own business. It was why he rarely sought the pleasures of towns. Mostly he confined himself to what the townspeople called the outback. He worked when he felt like it—riding boundaries, mustering cattle, setting fence posts, shearing sheep.

He had spent a short but profitable time on the goldfields in the south. Not a gambler by nature, he had shown the sense to pull out before the fever for El Dorado had taken possession of him, as it had of so many others. The proceeds from his mining venture were in a bank in Sydney. He had never felt the need for great gobs of sovereigns, but it gave him a good feeling to know that when he found the right place he had the wherewithal to purchase it.

They had reached the house. He dismounted silently, surprised at the size and the air of prosperity about the property. The timber walls were unpainted, weathered by sun and rain to a dark, deep grey. There was glass in the windows, and a great stone chimney dominated the south end of the wide verandah.

Charles Freedman's wife left him and walked

To page 78

Bentha fondly clutched her precious ivy while Charles Freedman and the lawyer discussed her future.





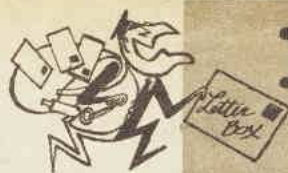
... for cool, confident, all-day freshness. Yardley 'Poise' checks perspiration even in the hottest weather, prevents odour too, keeps you sure of your freshness always. In a feather-light bottle with modern roll-on action, price 13/6

keep fresh all day... be the girl with

POISE BY YARDLEY



"Where's the WETTEX!"



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Pay-packet problem

I DON'T think it's always a good thing for a husband to hand his wife the unopened pay packet. My husband gives me his packet, and leaves me to do all the worrying of paying accounts and making ends meet. What I'd give for him to sit down occasionally and share a bit of the burden of spending his hard-earned money!

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Huckel, Lismore, N.S.W.

Uniforms for housewives

WHAT a good idea it would be if housewives had a special uniform to wear. A unique outfit of their own would give them the feeling that their job was just as smart and important as their uniformed sisters. By feeling more appreciated, housewives would be less bored with their work.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Green, Wingham, N.S.W.

Standard schooling needed

AS a mother who has had two interstate moves with five children, I think something should be done to co-ordinate the educational system throughout Australia. Each State has its own grading system, and the number of scarcely used textbooks we have in cupboards is appalling. The whole situation makes it very difficult for children to adjust themselves.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Coleridge, Hampton, Vic.

Why not forget the past?

WHENEVER I mention my Japanese pen-friend, people bring up the subject of war—in particular the torture of soldiers who were prisoners of the Japanese. Everyone claims they want peace, but if they insist on living in the past—instead of the present or future—how can it be achieved? My Japanese pen-friend writes interesting letters, and I can't see anything to be ashamed of in keeping up the correspondence.

£1/1/- to Miss S. Larracy, Wyandra, Qld.

Pets and TV

YES, Mrs. D. Kinsey (N.S.W.), we have had a similar experience to your cat who stalked a TV bird. Our cat, Amanda, is a gourmet, and one night she was sitting in front of the TV when Miss Evie Hayes—producing an appetising dish—said, "Now just look at this. Doesn't it look delicious?" To oblige, Amanda stalked over, put her front paws on the set, and gave the dish a supercilious inspection.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. M. Warrall, Blackburn, Vic.

WHEN two little chipmunks were chattering in a Walt Disney film recently, our dog ran to the set, sniffed the screen, and, finding nothing there, went around to the back of the set and looked inside.

£1/1/- to Miss J. Kershaw, Waterman's Bay, W.A.

WHEN Princess Margaret's wedding was on TV, our cat was just crossing in front of the set when, looking up suddenly, he saw an enormous black limousine coming straight at him. He let out an awful meow and cowered low on the carpet.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Dunin, West Hobart, Tas.

WHEN war films were on TV our now deceased cat would crouch on his haunches and pounce at the planes flying across the screen.

£1/1/- to Miss V. Napier, Pt. Vincent, S.A.

OUR pet galah, who sits in his cage near the TV, got a bad fright one night while we were watching a nature film. A vulture perched on a limb suddenly took off towards us, and the terrified screech and fluttering in the cage proved that birds, too, are TV fans.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. E. Neil, Cleveland, Qld.

THE only thing which disturbs our five-year-old cat from her position in front of our TV set is the appearance of a puppet dog, which grows the commercial for a certain shoe. She leaps on to a table and waits until he has gone.

£1/1/- to A.A. (name supplied), Artarmon, N.S.W.

MY similar experience to Mrs. Kinsey was with my three-year-old son at the movies. A children's party was in progress on the screen, and when the candles were lit he stood up, puffed out his cheeks, and gave a mighty blow.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Gorby, Wollongong, N.S.W.

Christmas - a holy time

WHILE buying Christmas cards in a large city store recently I heard several customers complaining that they disliked this year's cards because they are too holy. Isn't Christmas holy?

£1/1/- to "Like Them" (name supplied), Kangaroo, N.S.W.

Distant fields are greener

I'M looking out on a rain-drenched garden, where it has been raining steadily for several days. Perhaps this is the kind of weather which makes people long to emigrate, yet I'm told—that as human beings are contrary creatures—Australians sometimes long for the wet coolness of England. It's hard to believe. It must be wonderful to plan picnics and other outdoor activity and hold them on the day fixed.

£1/1/- to Miss G. Allen, Sussex, England.

Women needed in politics

IN the U.S. Presidential elections women's votes were the deciding factor. I've always advocated that women should take more interest in their country's welfare, that—wherever possible—they should vote for women candidates. But in Australia there is little female interest in politics. If it takes both sexes to run a home successfully, then it should take both sexes to run a country. If more women were elected to Parliament and councils, women would get a better deal for themselves and children, as women see things from a different angle. If a large country like the U.S. does it, why not us?

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. H. Blackwell, Gippsland, Vic.

Those segregated parties

AS a New Australian I'm greatly surprised at all those separate ladies' (and gentlemen's) parties and dinners Old Australians have. The first ladies' party I attended was a tea party in a hostel, where I enjoyed watching the women play silly games and swallowing cakes. Don't women, once they are married, like the companionship of their husbands any more—or is it their husbands who no longer want to go out with them?

£1/1/- to "Mixed Party Lover" (name supplied), Birkenhead, S.A.

Unsuitable stamps

IT would be a welcome move if stamps intended for use in the current year were submitted to the public for approval of the designs. Recently I was forced to use a not-so-nice Show stamp on a bereavement card. Would it be possible to have suitable envelopes with appropriate stamps?

£1/1/- to "Stamp Tender" (name supplied), Sandgate, Qld.

Light-fingered youngsters

WHILE shopping at toy counters on at least two recent occasions I have seen young children—who should have known better—help themselves to a fancied article, and then go off with their supposedly unsuspecting mothers. With such careless training at an important age, no wonder there is so much teenage petty crime.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Evans, Clifton, Qld.

Men are better customers

SPEAKING as a shop assistant, I'd rather serve ten men than one woman. A man usually knows what he wants when he comes up to the counter, but most women cannot make up their minds. Many can't make a purchase without having half the shop turned out.

£1/1/- to Miss J. Alban, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

She welcomes school holidays

ONE often hears mothers of schoolchildren complaining of how they dread the long Christmas holidays—of how the children get on their nerves, and they'll be wrecked by the end of six weeks. I'm the mother of five, all grown up now, but when they were at school I looked forward to the long break from packing lunches and pressing uniforms. Is this modern discontent due to the way children are brought up today?

£1/1/- to "Older Mum" (name supplied), Cootamundra, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell is on holidays. His column will be resumed on his return.

OPERATION TERROR

The trap is set at Angel's Flight . . .

second part of our exciting serial

BY THE GORDONS

RETURNING home by herself from a party, pretty KELLY SHERWOOD, a twenty-six-year-old bank teller, is ambushed in her garage by a man hiding in the dark. He tells her he is a killer and threatens her and her only relative—a younger sister, TOBY, unless she helps him to rob the bank. Terrified, she pretends to agree, and he disappears. When she finally goes into the house she rings the F.B.I., but just has time to give her name before she is knocked down and viciously attacked by the man who has preceded her inside.

The F.B.I. agent, JOHN RIPLEY (Rip), traces back her call, and pieces together her story. He then contacts the special agent in charge of Los Angeles field division, and CAPTAIN FRANK MORENO, of Los Angeles Police, setting in motion the case, which becomes known as Operation Terror.

Rip wonders if Kelly's appeal for help could be connected with a mysterious visit from a NANCY ASHTON earlier in the day. Later she had telephoned to make another appointment.

Next morning Kelly collects Toby, who had spent the night with a friend, LOUELLA HENDRICKS, and hints to Toby not to be alone at any time. At the bank she forces herself to appear unruffled, but PETE MORROW, a co-worker and her boy-friend, is surprised when Kelly refuses a date with him.

After interviewing Kelly at the bank, Rip decides to warn Toby of the danger to both of them. Leaving school, Toby goes swimming with her boy-friend, JACK PARMENTER, and later finds a note left with her clothes. It says: "Kelly — Take Angel's Flight 7 Tomorrow Night." Kelly informs Rip she will meet the killer on the 7 p.m. Angel's Flight cable-car to get his instructions, as she thinks not to meet him would be more dangerous. NOW READ ON:



At the General desk, Rip scanned the police report the supervisor handed him on Nancy Ashton and saw that she had been charged with minor offences.

Rip said, "I'm seeing her at seven tonight. I'll need another man as witness."

"How about Branley?" the supervisor asked, and Rip agreed. He liked Branley, who had a passion for his wife, their three children, law, and foreign cars, in that order.

Soon afterwards, Rip crowded along with other agents into the S.A.C.'s office. They drifted in, clearing their throats and straightening their shoulders. Most were in their thirties, a couple younger, a few older. Some had practised law before entering the Bureau, while others had come straight from law school.

The S.A.C. tapped his knuckles gently on the well-kept desk. He was a big-chested, robust man of fifty-two.

He looked at Rip, who began by reviewing the leads pursued to date. The rear seat of the victim's car had been dusted for fingerprints and palm prints. Negative. Washington had checked the Bureau's "Most Wanted" and other files on the basis of the meagre description supplied by the victim. Negative. The note to Kelly, printed with a ballpoint pen on a three-by-five sheet of paper torn from an ordinary gummed scratch pad, had been forwarded to the Crime Lab in Washington for comparison with thousands of other printed messages in major crime cases.

Rip said, "We don't have any lead yet on where the subject got his rundown on the victims. We're investigating the possibility that he has an accomplice inside the bank."

As he concluded, he wondered what they were thinking of him. The S.A.C. that he was too impatient? "Take it easy, Ripley," the S.A.C. had said during the investigation of another case. "A little waiting can save a lot of grief."

And Branley? Branley kept him under microscopic watch to learn how he operated. "You've got quite a reputation where I come from," Branley had said when they met. Branley was a transfer from Chicago, where Rip had worked several years.

And thin, slight, cultured Osten Cronin, whose reports the Bureau had bounced back more than once because they were "too literary"? The Bureau wanted the facts stated in simple, straightforward style, literate, but not literary. Rip found Cronin hard to take. Cronin questioned every step of procedure with the persistence of a lawyer trying to break a witness. Rip always found himself setting his feet with the stubbornness of a mule, and then regretting it, because stubbornness was a pitfall in this business.

To page 24

Kelly's first reaction was to jerk away when she felt a hand grip and steer her towards the car.

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Be sure of your freshness ... be sure of yourself
... with gentle **ARRID** protection.

Continuing ... OPERATION TERROR

from page 23

He pulled his thoughts back. The S.A.C. was commenting, "This is a fairly typical case of threat of bodily harm. You'll note how carefully the subject thought out his first contact with the victim. One, he applied the usual threat to kill her if she went to the authorities or refused to work with him. Two, he offered her the inducement of twenty thousand dollars. And three, by holding her prisoner briefly in the garage, he could determine how she would react in a crisis."

Rip said, "We've set up a line of communications with the victims, so that we'll know immediately if the subject should manage to get inside their home."

He had given Kelly Sherwood a radio sending device which she would secrete in the house.

"We talked with the next-door neighbors, the Williams', and they've given us permission to use a small photographic darkroom in their garage. They were most co-operative."

"We'll post one man in the darkroom to monitor the radio in the Sherwood home."

As he talked along easily they listened intently, memorizing the area and fixing the key spots in mind.

"That's our first line of defence," Rip continued. "We've got another. At this point, up here on Valley Vista, you can see over the entire Tustin area. We're posting an agent in this home"—he indicated with the pencil—"and he'll keep the Sherwood house under observation. There's only one street light on Tustin, but I don't think any person could move about unseen."

An agent asked, "What about the phone?"

Rip shook his head. "We decided it'd be too risky if we kept the line open again. If the subject tried to phone the Sherwoods and was told repeatedly that the line was out of order he'd become suspicious."

What he didn't say was that they wanted the line of communication open to the subject. The more anyone talked, the more he revealed of himself.

By now, bodies were being shifted, legs crossed and uncrossed. They were restless and apprehensive. They sensed that if they made one false move, even the slightest, the subject might kill. And yet they had to make hundreds of little and big moves.

As Rip and Branley were

leaving for the appointment with Nancy Ashton, the receptionist announced that Rip had eight callers.

He stepped into the reception-room. Eight boys, all about ten, stood quietly, subdued by the fame of the F.B.I. Their hair was awry, their hands grubby, and their clothes worn and patched.

One stepped forth and said nervously, "Hello, Mr. Ripley." Rip remembered him as the sober boy at the complaint desk the day before, who had wanted the F.B.I. to look for a dog.

The boy said, "These are my friends." He turned to the others. "This is the man I was telling you fellows about."

Rip said hello, and they said nothing. They just stared. A

FROM THE BIBLE

• "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

— John 13:34.

Throughout the New Testament there is emphatic teaching of the importance of love which should be freely expressed between all mankind. Here Jesus Christ says that as He has loved us so must we love one another. The standard of love is very high.

living, breathing F.B.I. man on the hoof.

Rip asked, "Found your dog yet?"

"Nope. I mean, no, sir. That's why we're here." He cleared his throat noisily to deliver a rehearsed speech. "We all own this dog, mister. He just came to our neighborhood some time back and we started feeding him."

"All eight of you?"

"Yes, sir, and we all pitched in to buy him his licence tag. He's not illegal, mister. We thought—we thought if all of us came down—well, they thought maybe I didn't tell it right yesterday."

One said, "We've been every place. I guess we walked a hundred miles."

Rip shook his head. "It's like I told this fellow. Congress won't let us look for lost dogs."

They were crushed, and he felt it. He knew the squalid street they came from, the shacks they called home, the food that was so hard to come by, the hunger that was only a day's pay away, the clothes handed down until there was nothing left of them. It was a street of good people who tried hard but for whom nothing ever worked out.

He said, "I tell you what. You write out a description of him—here's some paper—and leave it with the receptionist. I'll see if I can get it in the newspapers. You got a picture of him?"

The boy shook his head. "That's all right. Put all your names down on the paper—and your addresses. And you call me tomorrow, Frank. I've got to go now."

Frank brightened. "You catching a killer?"

Rip shrugged. There was no use disillusioning them. He was a great guy. He was the F.B.I.

Nancy Ashton lived in a four-story apartment building near MacArthur Park. At 6.55, Rip and Branley walked down a dark street, backlit just enough for the trees and bushes to assume fanciful shapes. Every window was up, and the babble of music and low conversation hung overhead.

They anticipated no trouble, but their right hands swung close to their hip holsters, concealed beneath their unbuttoned coats.

The foyer was dimly lit, and no one was about, everyone being at dinner at this hour. They took a self-operating elevator to the third floor, turned left down a wide, luxurious hallway, deeply carpeted. They found 3-B at the far end. Nancy Ashton's name was stamped on a plate on the door.

Rip tapped with the brass knocker a couple of times. They waited, hearing soft, dinner-time music playing on the other side of the door. Then Rip pushed the doorbell.

After another wait, they exchanged glances. He pushed the bell again, then knocked loudly. He had a feeling, too acute to be disregarded, that someone stood inches away, on the other side of the door, listening.

They tensed suddenly, startled for an instant, when the telephone rang inside. The shrill clamor continued for a

To page 59

SOLVE-A-CRIME

By A. C. GORDON

• Beginning a new and fascinating series to test your powers of detection. Can you tell who murdered the wealthy bachelor?

YOU answer your phone, and an anguished voice comes over ... "Please hurry ... this is Peter Bradford ... I'm scared that—"

As you try to speak, you hear a shot, a crash of the phone falling at the other end, and then silence.

You speed your car to the home of Peter Bradford, a wealthy bachelor.

When you arrive you are immediately stopped in the front yard by a middle-aged man who says he is Morton, the butler.

"I'm glad to see you!" he exclaims. "Mr. Bradford has just been shot!"

You hasten into the luxurious house and find Bradford dead on the floor of his sitting-room, blood from a chest-wound staining his white shirt.

"What's the story?" you ask the butler. "It had been my day out," Morton explains, "and I was returning home

across the front lawn when I saw the curtains flying in the breeze outside the library window.

"Knowing the master hated draughts and normally kept the windows shut tight, I peeped into the room from the outside.

"I saw him over at the phone, and then a masked man came through the door and fired at Mr. Bradford, who dropped to the floor. The man ran toward the back of the house and I ran round to try to head him off.

"I've been searching the grounds ever since, but couldn't find any sign of him."

"Why didn't you call for help at once?" you ask.

"I was all confused," Morton replies. "I was sure Mr. Bradford was dead, and I wanted to capture the man who did it."

"You step over to the phone, lift the receiver, and put in a call to the police."

What did you tell them?

Solution on page 75, lower right-hand outside corner.

ONE FALSE STEP

A poignant short story

By

CAMILLA R. BITTLE

NOW that they were at the ocean, with a boardwalk stretching over the white sand from front and back doors, Mae could always hear him coming. He made a thumping, scraping sound as he swung his leg in its brace over the boards and up the steps. She started to wave, but he had his head down, concentrating on his feet and the tip of his crutch as he tried to avoid the cracks.

He carried a beach ball under his free arm, a clumsy thing for him, and as he tried for the first step the ball sprang out of his grasp and bounced under the steps. Mae's hand flew to her mouth, and she bit hard on her lower lip and waited. Twelve years old, she thought. It isn't fair. She wanted to run to the door and help him up, but that was the one thing she must not do. Don't help him. Don't coddle him. So she stood still and waited.

She heard him fumbling, heard his boyish voice hot with anger. "You blasted ball, you," he muttered.

She heard him, at last, pulling himself up the steps. He arrived in the kitchen with his face flushed and streaked with perspiration. The deflated ball dangled from his mouth.

"What a way to carry a ball!" She laughed. "How was the water? Daddy and Jimmie still swimming?"

"Water's cold. There's not much surf, and I'm hot."

She noticed that her hands were trembling. "What's for supper?" he asked.

"Fried clams and salad. Don't you want to ride to town with Daddy when he goes for the clams?"

"Jimmie can go," he said. "I'm tired."

"Take a bath — you'll feel better."

In a minute she heard him in the bath-

room. She had a horror of his falling in the bathtub, and as she heard the water running her ordeal began again. She knew every move he made. First he sat on the edge of the tub and unbuckled the brace. Then he took hold of the rail that they had had set into a beam and swung his body into the water.

She was afraid he'd slip and hurt himself, but once again she could tell by the sounds that he'd made it.

Mae wished he were willing to go to town with his father. They'd been at the cottage for a week, and Rick had gone along only once. When they'd come back from that trip she had known the minute they walked in that it hadn't gone well.

Will, coming in behind the two boys, had put his finger to his lips, and she had smiled the same bright, fixed smile she had worn ever since the accident. She watched the boys head for the television set. When she heard the sound of it she turned to Will.

"What happened?"

"We ran into some of the kids."

"Well, wasn't he glad to see them? Last summer he might as well have lived with them." She was spreading a loaf of French bread with garlic butter, and she stopped and sighed. "I know," she said. "They made him feel like a cripple."

"Oh, no, not those kids. Everything was fine. Someone called him a de luxe model, lots of chrome, and he took it fine."

"Well, what happened?"

"They began to talk about sailing, asked him to go along."

"What's wrong with that? You could drive him to the club, and they're all good sailors. He'd be all right."

"That's what he thought at

To page 83



Rick felt so out of it while the other children played happily together that he began to hate the summer holidays.

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"Where's your wedding ring?" Kenneth asked his wife suspiciously.

Birthday Date

A short short story

By GWENDA ALLEN

AS soon as the waiter had seated them at their table Kenneth said, "I don't know why you insisted on coming out. Much cosier to celebrate by the fire."

"Cosier . . ." she repeated thoughtfully, and added firmly, "You promised. For my birthday." She slipped the stole from her shoulders and revealed a close-fitting blue frock. She glanced at him hopefully, but he was intent on the menu.

He looked up. "What will you have," "Oh," she replied, "hundreds of oysters for a start . . . Oh, you order, Kenneth. You always used to."

"In those days I was intent on putting on an act for you," he replied, smiling slightly. "I wish you would still put on acts for me," she said. "It would make me feel so deliciously wanted."

"Don't be silly, dear." "I'll have oysters and chicken mayonnaise." It was such a childish hope, after all, that coming to this place where they used to meet before they were married would dissolve the wall of awful politeness and indifference which seemed to have reared itself between them in their few short years of marriage.

Defiantly she looked around her. At a table only a few feet away two men were dining. One of them watched her. She looked away. A waiter arrived with sherry. "Cheers!" said Kenneth, and sipped appreciatively. "It's a decent sherry," he remarked. She sighed and raised her glass, looking across to the next table with a slight inclination of her head, and drank it at a gulp.

"Why did you do that?" he asked sharply, and then, incredulously, turned to see a pair of handsome eyes fixed, with admiration, on her. "Oh, be your age, dearest," he said good-humoredly. He even smiled to himself at the thought of someone ogling his wife.

Their oysters arrived. "That is just what I am being," she said. "Do you know how old I am?" He speared an oyster, and humored her graciously. "Oh, let me see, now. You were nineteen when I married you, and young Kenneth arrived four years later, and young Kenneth is now three. That makes you at least twenty-six. Goodness, what a big girl you are!"

She ate three oysters furiously and then she said very slowly and quietly, "And that is far too young to be immured in a flat with one infant and three dozen tins of strained carrot and a husband who forgot that I existed several minutes after he married me."

At her words he glanced instinctively at her hand. "Gail, where is your wedding-ring?" "Down the bathroom sink, I expect," she replied. "Why didn't you tell me you had lost it?" "I don't think I have lost it, Kenneth. I just took it off. I just don't particularly want to feel married at the moment . . ."

An unfamiliar wave of tenderness passed over him. She had wanted in her foolish fashion to recapture the excitement of their courting days.

"Sweetheart," he said. "I know life is dull for you."

"On the contrary, I love it," she answered coldly, raising her left hand and smiling at her admirer.

"Gail, for heaven's sake behave like a married woman!" "But I am behaving just exactly like a married woman; married seven years."

His mood of tenderness vanished. He cut irritably into his steak. What could be wrong with her? He glanced uneasily across to the next table and intercepted a glance in which there was an unmistakable invitation. He looked at his wife; looked at her hard, and in a shock of revelation saw what the other man had seen at a glance—an attractive woman to whom her escort was reacting no more than to the chairs and gilded mirrors all round him. He trembled inwardly.

She placed her knife and fork together composedly and asked for more wine. He poured it with a slightly shaking hand. He wanted to shout, "She is mine!" The band began to play a slow waltz. Suddenly the man was standing at her side. "May I have the pleasure?" "Certainly not!" shouted Kenneth.

She smiled up at the man apologetically, wrinkling the corners of her eyes delightfully in the way that had captivated Kenneth years ago. "My husband means that we are just going," she explained sweetly. "But I am honored just the same."

The man's face fell, but he bowed to them both with exquisite courtesy and returned to his table. She rose without a word, flung her stole around her shoulders and walked towards the door. When he had paid the bill and collected his coat, she was standing by the car door. They did not speak until they were home with the gasfire alight and coffee on the stove.

"Well," she said tritely, "thank you for the birthday present." "Oh," he cried, fishing sheepishly in the pocket of his coat. "This is really the birthday present." And he gave her a small unwrapped box in which lay a heavy French bracelet set with blue stones.

"Kenneth!" she whispered. "Just perfect for my new dress. How did you know?" "How could I help knowing when the carpet has been strewn with scraps of fabric for the past week and the dinner burned to a cinder—?" "And you never said a word."

"It isn't easy for me to say things at all. I thought you realised that when you married me—something inside gets tied in knots. And it isn't easy for a man like me to be married to the most impossible, most demanding, loveliest, most—"

She flung herself into his arms. "Oh, darling, darling, call me some more names! You wonderful man!" She began to laugh, and having begun she could not stop. "I think the coffee has boiled over," he said, freeing himself from her arms to go and rescue it. "Dearest, please stop. You'll wake the baby." This renewed her mirth.

"Wake the baby! Oh, you absolutely wonderful man—"

He pulled her once more towards him.

"Madwoman, I love you to distraction," he said.

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DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

● This straight-cut summer maternity dress was specially chosen for a young married woman who lives in a semi-tropical climate.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I need a pattern for a loose, cool maternity dress to wear from the fourth month of pregnancy. Do you think a pretty floral silk—it's a washing silk—would be too striking for the frock? I am 19 and my normal size is 32in. bust."

A beltless one-piece maternity dress would look gay and pretty in a flowery silk.

The design I have chosen is illustrated at right. Order according to bust size before pregnancy. Patterns are drafted to allow room for expansion.

Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"WOULD it be correct fashion to have a two-piece summer costume made without sleeves? I live in the north, and the summer is very hot."

Perfectly correct and new, too. This season sleevelessness has been promoted in every phase of fashion.

"BECAUSE I always wear glasses I have never bothered much about hats. Now I have reached my fifties and feel a hat could be flattering. I also would like to know if you consider the colored-rimmed glasses I see on the young fry suitable for me."

Many women who wear glasses are convinced they cannot wear hats. This is not true.

It is also wrong to imagine that attractively shaped glasses with tinted frames are only for the young.

Colored frames can be found to blend with every complexion. The correct color can be a real flatterer.

When you choose a hat—and I hope you decide to do so—avoid the eccentric. A classic small-brimmed or brimless design, or if you are tall, a wide-brimmed classic shape, is good flattering millinery fashion.

"I AM 14 and I am wondering if you think me too young to wear an evening dress with a strapless top. I will be wearing the frock to an informal New Year's Eve party at which the boys will be wearing casual dress."

You are far too young for such a fashion. Quite apart from the age group, a dress in this category would be too formal for an informal party.

Wear a pretty white or pastel blouse and a full, flower-printed cotton skirt or a simple one-piece made in a color to flatter your hair and eyes.

DS430. — One-piece maternity dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1-8th yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"PLEASE let me know how many inches from the ground a daytime skirt should be for summer."

"So many inches from the ground" is not a good way to find your correct skirt length.

With the fact in mind that skirt lengths are now hovering approximately an inch below the wearer's knee, study yourself in a full-length mirror, and decide the length most flattering to your proportions.

"MY small daughter, aged five, is to be a flower-girl at a Christmas wedding. The bride wants her to wear a floor-length frock. Would this be correct?"

Perfectly correct. The traditional flower-girl's dress is floor-length or ankle-length. The design is usually high-waisted, with a round neckline finished with a tiny ruffle, short puffed sleeves, and a skirt gathered all round. As the wedding will be taking place in hot weather, white or a pastel organdie would be a good material choice.



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Overseas Report—
"best value for money"

Made in Australia—
sold around the world

Only 22/6

NEW

● Here are slick new fashions for the girl who goes holidaying and for the stay-at-home who takes time off in the sun. Note: A parasol looks charmingly Edwardian shading modern casuals.



● Fresh young look for summer separates (above)—striped cotton skirt cut with pretty width, worn with a neatly tucked-in shirt-blouse. A gold watch-chain necklace and gold kid sandals add chic.

● Sleek beach trio (right) in white pique. The skirt is a swing of pleats, the top is short-cut, sleeveless, and trim. Under the skirt a pair of tiny shorts, over the head a parasol—both in matching pique.



FOR THE SUN

By Betty Keefe

• There's twofold news in the dress at right—the dark pin-spotted cotton and the pretty look of a wide skirt cut to glimpse a white frill-trimmed underskirt. The parasol repeats the “spot,” blown up to balloon size in pastels.

• Pink-and-white check gingham ankle-pants (left) in new company. The company? A cool, sheer white cotton overblouse trimmed at the neckline with cotton lace and threaded with pink baby ribbon. The parasol, too, is ribbon-trimmed with a bow.

• New demure look for the sand (right)—a peppermint-striped beach smock. The full smock in cotton voile is finished with important sleeves. The smock covers a not-so-demure two-piece in striped cotton twill.



BROADWAY 59/6

*You are looking at
a rare achievement
in nylon lingerie—
American Tissue Tricot.
But neither words
nor pictures can capture
its radiant beauty.
You must touch it
to know how much lighter,
finer, more delicate it is.
More opaque, too.
And because it's made of
Du Pont nylon it's
so washable, so quick to dry.
Discover it! in Balmoral's
excitingly glamorous slips
spiced with imported laces.
White, pink, sky. SSW-OS
at incredibly tiny prices.*

PARK AVENUE 79/6

FIFTH AVENUE 69/6

BALMORAL LINGERIE

Ask for BALMORAL TISSUE TRICOT slips at all stores that sell fashion—If unobtainable write HOUSE OF BALMORAL, Melbourne, N.11

A boy grows up — and says goodbye to Santa

By BETTY NESBIT EVSEEF, our Fiction Editor

● A week ago my nine-year-old son and I thumbed through a catalogue—a catalogue of suggestions for Christmas. On several pages were handsome watches, all shapes, sizes, and prices, for boys.

"THERE," he said, pointing to one, "that's the watch I'd like."

"All right, Nicky," I replied, "Daddy and I'll see about it next week."

And that's what we'll do. Walk into a jeweller's shop, pick out the watch, take it home, and on Christmas morning Nicky will find it in a box under the tree with the other family presents.

He will be delighted with it, put it on his wrist, rush out to show the other kids.

We are delighted, too. All so easy. Look at a catalogue, pick out a gift, buy it . . . no trouble at all. But there is something missing.

This is our first Christmas that Nicky hasn't believed in Santa Claus.

Well, officially, at least. I have a sneaking idea that Christmas, 1959, was clouded by doubt, but as he wasn't quite sure he didn't mention it . . . just in case.

At a time like Christmas, he no doubt reasoned, it would be silly to go around saying, "There isn't any Santa Claus," and end up with no presents at all. So Nicky wisely kept quiet.

casual remark, "What do you want Santa to bring this year?"

Just what he wanted changed with remarkable rapidity for the next four weeks, but decision crystallised about December 1, and then for me began the frantic lunch-hours spent in crowded toy departments.

As I did my shopping I looked back on the years with its progression of tastes in toys.

Frankly, I liked the baby period—the teddy-bear, the furry toy dog (we called him Colonel, and he still sits on top of the lowboy next to Teddy), the wooden toys to be pulled around on wheels, the bucket and spade for the beach.

And then on to cowboy suits, space suits, Davy Crockett outfits, Indian headdresses, holster-belts, toy soldiers, mechanical toys.

This year I won't be carrying home any odd-shaped parcels (so difficult to wrap up a rifle so that it doesn't look like a rifle). This year I won't be using all my ingenuity to find unfindable hiding-places for the presents.

Of course, there were presents that just couldn't be concealed, and furtive conversations with my next-door neighbor went some-

Mostly these items were overlooked on Christmas morning, but Nicky, lost in the thrill of his presents, seldom noticed. Anyhow, he'd done his part. He'd asked!

Not this year will I have the kind of Christmas Eve I've had for years now.

It's been a mysterious, exciting night, a hush inside the house so Nicky would get to sleep as quickly as possible; and outside, the summer air full of strange rustlings.

I always had to wait till Nicky had gone to bed before I could creep around and take the parcels from their hiding-places.

Then I would hurry in next door and bring back the big present (the scooter, bike, or whatever it was).

I'd wait at least an hour until I was sure he was asleep, and then creep in to see if he was. He usually wasn't, so I'd creep out.

I'd fill in the time with a few more Christmas chores like shelling the peas or preparing the poultry stuffing.

Then back into the room. Yes, dead to the world. Quietly, quietly, I'd wheel the bike into the room and put it just where he would see it the very moment he awoke.

Back again to the kitchen to collect the

But the magic of Christmas

And so did I, but somehow, as 1960 went on, I could see that he had come to the final conclusion. When I produced the catalogue it was the sign of a tacit agreement between the two of us that there is no Santa. And neither of us will refer to the subject again.

I don't really know whether Nicky is sorry, but I know I am. More than half the fun has gone out of Christmas for me.

From the time he was three till now Christmas has been a wonderful, mad whirl of highpitched, feverish excitement for us all that began early in November with the

thing like this: "The delivery man said he'd bring the scooter (or motor-car, or three-wheel bike, or whatever it happened to be that year) on Thursday, and I've given him your address. You put it in the spare room, and for heaven's sake don't let Nicky open the door."

Quite often before Christmas I'd slip in and have a reassuring look at it, thoroughly enjoying the gleam of chrome and sparkling paint, trying out the bell, or giving a knowledgeable pinch at the rubber tyres.

Not this year will I be facing bravely up to that barrage of questions:

"Mummy, do you really think Santa will bring me that bike? When we go and see him, can I ask him for a couple more things?"

"How does he manage to get all the presents delivered to every kid in the world? All the kids in America, England, France, 'n' New Zealand 'n' Italy, 'n' . . . Wendy wants a bride doll, but why did her mother say she didn't think she'd get one? How would she know what Santa was bringing?"

"If you ask him for something you always get it, don't you? Does he really make all those toys himself? Peter says there isn't any Santa, but there is, isn't there?"

Although it will be a lot easier on my feet, I'm going to miss the annual excursion to the city "to see Santa."

I always did get a lump in my throat as I watched a shining-eyed, unbelievably neat Nicky line up with the other children, and wait his turn to be sat on the old gentleman's knee.

I would lean forward to catch the breathless tumble of words: "Please, will you bring me a bike, a cowboy suit, a book, a . . ."

I've observed over the years that there was a good deal of protocol attached to the requests. You did not ask for too much, and not for yourself only. You squeezed in such minor requests as "And please bring Mummy a washing-machine, and an electric lawnmower for Dad."

rest of the presents, and put some into the stocking hanging from the bedpost, and some on the bed.

Then, after eating the biscuit and drinking the glass of milk he had thoughtfully left for hungry old Santa, I'd creep out again, pausing a second at the door for a last glimpse of the shiny chrome of the bike.

Oh, no, none of that nonsense this year.

And none either of that look of utter joy, incredulity, bliss in a child's eyes when he opens them in the clear, bright dawn of a Christmas morning to see the presents that Santa Claus has left for him.

Peter was quite right when he told Nicky there wasn't any Santa, but I'd hoped he'd go on believing there was for a little longer.

I wanted him to enjoy the illusion for as long as he possibly could, because Christmas is the only time in your whole life when you

really get something you want with no strings attached.

You don't have to be particularly well behaved to have Santa call, and you don't have to do anything remarkable.

It's just because it's Christmas, this big special day, that he's around.

And there is a sort of magic in your belief in this kindly, white-bearded old man in his red suit, who leaves you the very things you asked for right on your bed.

I don't think Nicky was upset when he found out that Santa Claus was really his father and mother. He was old enough to know that it had been a rather wonderful fairy-tale, and that he had got the greatest pleasure from it.

But he also knows now that Christmas is not just for him alone.

He knows that, because he has to save his pocket-money to buy presents for his grandparents, cousins, and friends, and help write the cards. Christmas is a time of giving, of love and kindness, and that, basically, was what Santa Claus meant when he brought him his toys.



NICKY, 9, with his dog Spot. This is Nicky's first Christmas without believing in Santa Claus.



HYPNOTIQUE

the very essence
of a woman's power
over man

TOILET SOAP

Gift box of three
3 oz. cakes — 15/6

PARFUM COLOGNE

2 oz. — 22/6
4 oz. — 35/-

PERFUME

oz. Flacon — 55/-
Hypnotizer — 15/11

DUSTING POWDER

10/6

PRIMITIF

a bold, daring
fragrance for the
woman who is every
inch a female.

TOILET SOAP

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3 oz. cakes — 14/11

TALC

7/11

PARFUM COLOGNE

2 oz. — 15/11
4 oz. — 27/6

ELECTRIQUE

an exquisite floral
fragrance to light
up her life.

TOILET SOAP

Gift box of three
— 3 oz. cakes — 13/11

TALC

7/6

PARFUM COLOGNE

2 oz. — 12/6
4 oz. — 21/-

SATIN TOUCH HAND LOTION

Cellophane gift
wrapped — 9/11

MAX FACTOR TALC

Gift wrapped — 6/11

CREME PUFF

Golden presentation
mirror compact 27/6

HI-SOCIETY GOLDEN OVAL MIRROR LIPSTICK CASE

"Mother of Pearl" 55/-
"Black & Gold" 45/-
"Golden Floral" 35/-
"Golden Web" 35/-



PAMPER HER WITH GIFTS FROM MAX FACTOR

Gift problems solved beautifully. That's what Max Factor can promise you this Christmas with fabulous fragrances in gorgeous, glittering imported packaging. Come and be dazzled by them... Electrique and Primitif in exciting skin perfumes with matching silky talcs and new, satin-smooth soaps. Stop for a while to breathe in the heavenly fragrance of Hypnotique. Choose it in perfume or cologne (exquisitely packaged) and match it up with the dreamy new Hypnotique Soap and Dusting Powder. And from you to you, choose a new golden-cased Hi-Society lipstick to make this the prettiest Christmas you've ever known!

MAX FACTOR BEAUTY CASES each fitted with mirror, comb and a complete set of Max Factor cosmetics:
(A) Train Case in Grey, Green, Red, Ivory... £11/17/6. (B) Beauty Case in Grey, Green, Red, Ivory... £9/17/6.
(C) Beauty Case in Grey, Brandy, Bone... £11/17/6. (D) Beauty Case in Whisky, Brandy, Mar on Glace... £13/12/6.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 14, 1960

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**BRENDA
LEE**
—page 5

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

The great Australian drawl

WHY do films about Australia feature such horrible, nasal, drawling voices which are supposed to be "typically Australian?" I realise that there is a definite Australian accent, and I'm proud of it, but I'm positive that it is not so obvious as it is made out to be in films and plays. Many English and Americans have very broad accents, which they modify when speaking before a large audience. Why is the Australian accent not also modified instead of being presented in its most horrible drawl? — *C. Harrison, Kirrawee, N.S.W.*

Malayan teenagers

I AM a boy of 17 from Malaya. After reading your Teenagers' Weekly I found that teenagers in Australia are different to ours in every respect. Yours often write in complaining about their parents for not being understanding. We never do that, and I can tell you that from every point of view our parents are much more understanding. The most popular singers among teenagers in Malaya are Connie Francis and Cliff Richard. — *Jacob A. Baker, Malaya.*

Pin-up boys

IT really gets my steam up when my boy-friend playfully admires those "luscious" pin-ups on calendars. Of course I'm jealous of them. But what can I do? Why won't some calendar manufacturers print sun-tanned, handsome he-men on the 1961 calendars, specially for girls to rave about? — *Dawn Nolan, Brisbane.*

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those with stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Australian author

THE charming short story "My Cousin Dany," on pages 6 to 8, was written specially for Teenagers' Weekly by Sheila Sibley, an Australian who recently returned home after living in London and Paris since the late 'forties.

Working as a journalist in Sydney, Sheila set off for Paris on the strength of having sold one short story to an English magazine.

Warned that she would starve in Paris if she expected to keep herself by writing, she says her friends were almost proved right. "I was just wondering how to say 'I cannot pay the rent' in French," she said, "when 'Cosmopolitan' paid me 800 dollars for a story."

Since then her stories have appeared in many magazines, including "Ladies' Home Journal," "Good Housekeeping," "Redbook."

Too young

WHAT can a ten-year-old doing correspondence school in the bush do? Too young for clubs, too young for dances and parties! Too young! Too young! It's always "too young." — *G.W., Hermitdale, N.S.W.*

Pop-song grammar

WHY is there so much use of bad grammar in modern pop-tunes? Admittedly, licence must be granted to the composer to use incorrect grammar in some cases in order to maintain the rhythm, or to fit the rhyme scheme, but in many of today's tunes basic grammatical rules are ignored for no apparent reason. Such expressions as "ain't" and "gonna," which are constantly used, do nothing to add to the quality of what are frequently quite pleasant and well-written tunes. — *Thomas Williams, Rockdale, N.S.W.*

Our national dish

SINCE tasting and enjoying immensely the national dish of various countries, I am curious to know what Australia's national dish is. Is it pies, which is a common and easily-come-by meal, or is it something more tempting to the palate? — *"Gourmet," Mackay, Qld.*

Rocking hymns

IT'S silly making hymns into rock-'n-roll. It's bad enough hearing it all day, every day, and then to hear it in church as well. Everything changes as the days go on, but hymns do not need changing. — *J.R., Weemelah, N.S.W.*

Fair or unfair?

I WOULD like the opinion of other readers as to whether my parents are too hard on me—or am I really too grumpy? I am not allowed to go out to the pictures at night, not even with my mother. I am not even allowed to go to a matinee (maybe once in five months). All my friends are allowed to go to the pictures. I am not allowed to read comics of any kind. My mother does not like me wearing slacks or shorts. Do you consider this fair to a 13-year-old in these modern times? — *"Hard Up," Castlemaine, Vic.*

Dates v. glasses

ARE boys so self-conscious about taking out girls who wear glasses? Before I got my glasses recently I had many offers of dates. Now I have very few, and this makes me feel very self-conscious. Could anyone explain to me the complex boys must have about glasses? — *"Wondering," Townsville, Nth. Qld.*

Study our writers

WHY don't we study more Australian literature in schools? Certainly we must study English literature first and understand the work of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Keats, but Australia is fast building up a high standard of literature of her own. We study a little of it, but a greater amount of time should be devoted to the study of our own national literature. — *Alison Boulter, South Townsville, Nth. Qld.*



Janice Wyllie in her go-kart.

Go-kart girls

I AM a member of the Go-kart Club in Casino, and I'm a girl! The photograph (above) shows me in my kart before the start of a race. This is a very popular sport along the North Coast, and many teenagers are building their own karts. Of course, not much competition was expected from the girls who joined clubs, but at the North Coast championships held in Grafton recently a girl driver won every open event. Hooray! — *Janice Wyllie, Casino, N.S.W.*

Book censorship

I DISAGREE with parental censorship of children's reading. My parents have never banned any novel I have wanted to read, and I am grateful to them. Now I have developed (naturally) a taste for better

novels. If parents forbid a child to read a book because of the "bad" flavor in it, his curiosity is immediately aroused. The odds are that he'll read the book, anyway—under cover if necessary—and will favor the less choice parts because they are forbidden. This creates an unhealthy attitude. — *Margaret Gibbs, Narrabri, N.S.W.*

More news of Faye

MY daughter, Faye Hilliard, of the Dapto Hat Band, was given a write-up in your paper a year ago before she went on her world tour. She has had a nice trip around the Continent, and is now back in England. She has become engaged to be married to a musician, and after she completes her trip she will be coming back to live in Australia. — *Faye Hilliard's Mother, Dapto, N.S.W.*

Boys SHOULD learn to dance

● Why do boys fall for this dancing business, asked "War Dancer" (T.W., 2/11/60). He thinks that boys look silly on the dance floor, sliding around in a turmoil of frilly skirts. Naturally, the girls (and some boys) do not agree

IT takes courage to learn to dance, but surely if a girl can learn a boy can also. We are, according to boys, the weaker sex. Most girls enjoy being taken to a dance much more than sitting in a dim theatre or at home watching TV. — *Robin Erickson and Gwyneth Jones, Claremont, Tas.*

DID "War Dancer" attend a dance or a roller-skating rink? He must have a very childish outlook if sliding round is all he can see in dancing. — *H.T.A., Adelaide.*

IF a boy and a girl can dance properly they can both look very graceful. Dancing is also good for the posture. A girl likes to go dancing once in a while, and if her boy won't take her occasionally he will soon find himself out in the cold. If "War Dancer" learnt to dance, the girls would like him. — *J. Butler, Kenilworth, Qld.*

I HAVE been dancing for the past three years and find it one of the best ways to meet boys and girls in your own age group. It is good, clean, healthy fun. Most of my friends I met, and continue to meet, at the weekly Youth Club dances. There is a lot more to it than sliding on a slippery floor. — *M. Tarke, Brisbane.*

MY twin brother and I learnt ballroom dancing and certainly have no regrets. We have made many good friends and have more confidence than if we had never learnt. — *"Dancer," East Coburg, Vic.*

IT doesn't matter about not being expert dancers, because everybody is too busy dancing with everybody else to notice. Heck, boys don't look silly dancing—in fact, they look terrific. If you have a go at dancing you will really like it. — *"Jody," East Preston, Vic.*

BEATNIK



"I don't want to frighten you, but it seems like a dangerous case of overwork."



● **LIKE TO JOIN IN THIS PARTY?** Well, here are the recipes for all those goodies on the table. They're quick and easy to prepare without cluttering up the kitchen during Mum's Christmas rush.

*Now is the
time for*

Parties

*—so we come to the aid of all
good boys and girls with these
easy-to-make recipes and
ideas for Christmas, New
Year, and other holiday fes-
tivities for you and your
friends.*

ALL spoon measurements are level, and the quantities given should be sufficient for a party of 12.

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CUPS

Three ounces shredded coconut, 4oz. chocolate-coated rice cereal, 2 tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white shortening, 1 large block green or white ice-cream, peppermint candy stick.

Chop coconut roughly, combine with rice cereal in basin. Mix in cocoa and icing sugar, pour over the cool melted shortening. Spoon into greased patty-tins and press against base and sides so that the shape resembles a pastry-case. Chill in refrigerator and leave until required.

Spoon ice-cream into each chocolate-case and sprinkle with crushed peppermint candy before serving.

CHRISTMAS "PUDDINGS"

One pound chocolate cake crumbs, 4oz. almond meal, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 2 cups mixed fruits (chopped), $\frac{3}{4}$ cup apricot jam, 4 tablespoons orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla, little cocoa and castor sugar mixed together.

Combine cake crumbs, almond meal, sugar,

and chopped mixed fruits. Mix apricot jam and fruit juices together, add to crumb mixture with walnuts and vanilla. Chill slightly then mould into little pudding shapes, using the cocoa and castor sugar mixture on hands. Place on to trays and chill until firm in refrigerator. Leave until required.

Cut various colored cellophane into squares and place a pudding on each. Gather cellophane towards the top, leaving ends loose. Tie in position with Christmas ribbon and attach name-tags.

BON-BONS

One ounce rice breakfast cereal, 3oz. desiccated coconut, 5oz. powdered milk, 5oz. icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped red and green cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. solid white shortening.

Crush rice cereal lightly, combine in large bowl with coconut, powdered milk, icing sugar, cherries, walnuts, and raisins. Sprinkle the almond essence over and mix all ingredients thoroughly. Heat white shortening until just melted, cool slightly, pour over mixture in bowl and mix all together. Spread into greased shallow dish, press to even top and place in refrig-

● **Continued overleaf**

PARTIES (continued)

erator to set. Cover with refrigerator wrapping plastic and leave in refrigerator until ready to use.

To Make: Cut 24 strips of colorful moderately stiff wrapping paper into 8 x 5 in. pieces and cut 24 strips of greaseproof paper 4 x 4 in. Slice sweet mixture into pieces 3 x 1 in. Wrap one in each greaseproof strip, then roll in fancy wrapping, twisting so that parcels resemble bonbons. Cut a small Christmas motif out of Christmas paper and stick on bonbons.

PARTY PANTRY SPECIAL

Two 1lb. tins salmon or tuna, 2 large tins whole-kernel corn, 1 large packet frozen peas, salt, pepper, 3 large tins condensed cream of mushroom soup, 2 cups milk, 1 cup crushed cornflake cereal, little butter.

Well grease one large or two smaller casserole dishes and arrange in them the flaked salmon, corn, and thawed peas in layers, sprinkle a little salt and pepper between layers. Combine condensed mushroom soup and milk, pour over layers and sprinkle on top with cornflake cereal. Place small pieces of butter over and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. **Note:** Diced tinned luncheon meat could replace salmon, and asparagus soup could be used in place of mushroom if desired.

SNOW-CAPPED CAKE

One packet chocolate cake mix, 1lb. marshmallows, 2oz. red glace cherries, 2oz. green glace cherries, 1 cup salted peanuts, 1lb. sweet milk chocolate.

Prepare and make chocolate cake according to directions on package, using an 8 in. recess cake-tin. Turn out when cooked and allow to cool. Chop marshmallows coarsely, place in bowl with chopped red and green cherries and peanuts. Place roughly chopped chocolate in bowl and stand over hot water until melted. Pour half over marshmallow mixture, stir to mix and pile into recess of chocolate cake. Pour remaining melted chocolate over top of marshmallows and allow to set.

HELP-YOURSELF PLATTER

Here is a recipe for a basic savory dip with lots of ideas for variations. Serve the mixture in one large or several smaller bowls in centre of a wooden platter or tray. Pile around a selection of small savory biscuits or slices of fresh buttered bread and let your friends spread their own.

Basic Mixture: Eight ounces cream cheese, 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons softened butter, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, salt, pepper.

Cream together the cheese, mayonnaise, and softened butter. When smooth, beat in the chopped eggs, tomato sauce, and salt and pepper to taste; mix well and chill.

Variations: Add 1 cup finely chopped shallots and 1 cup cubed cheese to basic mixture.

Mix in 1 cup finely chopped ham or luncheon meat and a little chopped chives or parsley to basic mixture.

Shell and chop 1lb. prawns, add to basic mixture.

Combine 1 small tin salmon with 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, add to basic mixture.

Mix in 1 small tin of drained asparagus pieces.

PINK SPICED PUNCH

Six bottles ginger-ale, 1 cup red currant jelly, 1 cup water, 3 whole cloves, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 4 lemon slices, cherries and mint sprigs to garnish.

Empty 2 bottles ginger-ale into freezer-trays; freeze. Chill remaining bottles. Heat jelly, water, and cloves in saucepan; cool, remove cloves and add lemon juice. Before serving, put ginger-ale ice in punch bowl. Pour syrup over. Add remaining chilled ginger-ale and lemon slices. Serve garnished with mint sprigs and cherries.



TEENAGERS!
SEEN
'ROYAL COMMAND?'
TURN TO
PAGE 79 FOR
A GLAMOUR GIFT
FOR CHRISTMAS
OR A TROUSSEAU!

Page 4 — Teenagers' Weekly

THERE'S FUN FOR ALL— WITH A BIT OF PLANNING

● There's more in planning a party than deciding on what to eat — so here are some ideas on pre-Christmas, New Year's Eve, and other holiday get-togethers.

AS this is a busy time for most parents, make sure your plans don't add to their burden. Fix a time to suit them, and do all the preparations yourself.

What about a "Trim-a-Tree" party? It's great fun, and practical.

It's an informal party, so you could just phone your guests or send them handwritten notes — make them as Christmassy as possible by cutting out pictures of trees and decorations, and sticking them at the top of the letters.

Preparations couldn't be easier. First, get the tree and put it in a tub or barrel, ready for the attack. Collect a pile of bright records and roll back the carpet for dancing.

Now the decorations. One lovely way to decorate a tree is to mix up a packet of soap flakes with a cup of water, and daub handfuls all over the green branches. Looks just like snow. Or there's the ready-made snow you can squirt on.

Buy a few rolls of crepe paper in gay colors, and let your friends cut out streamers to their hearts' content. Old milk-bottle tops, pressed on the top of an orange-squeezer, make pretty bells when they're threaded on a string.

And don't forget the star to go at the top of the tree. Cut one out of a large piece of cardboard, paint it thickly with silver paint, then spread silver glitter over it (you can buy this in packets). Make some little stars the same way.

You probably have lots of other ideas for making decorations yourself. Don't make them beforehand; just provide the essential ingredients, and leave it for the party.

Let the girls know it's informal, and wear a simple dress yourself.

Don't worry about entertaining the crowd; they'll go like mad for the tree, and dance the rest of the evening away happily.

Remember to hang a sprig of mistletoe over the doorway, for a touch of romance.

Another pre-Christmas idea is a Carols by Candlelight party.

Move the furniture out of your Christmas-decorated room, and have lots of soft, cosy cushions strewn over the floor.

The only lighting should be the toy lights on the Christmas tree and candles placed where they won't be knocked over.

When all your guests are comfortably settled, take a vote on the most popular carol, and get everyone to join in. A piano helps, but isn't essential.

Now divide the crowd into groups and start singing the alphabet—each group singing a letter in turn. The group left with "Z" must start singing a carol by the count of three or be disqualified. Continue the contest until only one group is left.

If any of your friends are of another nationality, try to persuade them to sing some of their own carols.

Don't prepare an elaborate supper for this sort of party—just a few Christmassy things like dried fruit, candies, and soft drinks.

And don't forget—it's Christmas Day tomorrow—so break it up fairly early.

Beach parties and barbecues will be the order of the holiday weeks in January.

If the family is taking a house at the beach, invite the mob down one Saturday afternoon. Swimming and surfing first, then back for steak and chops round a fire, followed by a treasure hunt while it's still fairly light.

Make a list of about 20 items—for example, driftwood, feathers, seaweed, shells, old cigarette packets, cuttlefish, empty cordial bottles—which can be found around the beach, divide the gang into pairs, and send them off, with a time limit and a prize for the winners.

If you don't want the trouble of a proper barbecue, make it a "coke and bangers" evening. Masses of bread rolls, bowls of mustard, and tomato sauce, and a huge pan of hot dogs.

Don't forget to find out the local fire restrictions first, though. You can often get special permission for a fire even when they are banned.

New Year's Eve, of course, is a natural for a teenage celebration.

You can really let your head go on this one. Mother isn't likely to be as busy as she was around Christmas, and she'll probably help you plan a terrific party.

Of course, the more people you ask the more fun it is. If you don't feel the budget will stand a lot of expense, organise a couple of friends to join you as hostesses.

Now, what sort of party? Why not turn the largest room available into a nightclub?

Invite guests for about 8.30, and write a catchy password and secret knock on the invitations.

Arrange small tables and chairs around the edge of the room, each table with a gay check cloth and lighted candles.

As guests arrive, give each a black eye-mask, which they must put on immediately.

The centre of the room, of course, is for dancing, and you'll need a pile of groovy records and a player.

Have a continuous buffet supper at one end of the room, and get a good-natured older brother or cousin to dress up as a waiter and pass round the soft drinks.

Organise the clown of the crowd to do a short floor-show.

Unmasking at midnight, of course! Then get all the guests to write their New Year resolutions on a specially provided white paper tablecloth. (You'll have a hilarious time with these at your next party!)

For a holiday party at home, what about a "Come As the Person You'd Like To Be" party?

They'll come as beachcombers, models, spacemen, or heroes from the past, like Cleopatra, Napoleon, Julius Caesar—the more the merrier.

Provide prizes for the best costume, the most economical costume, and the funniest costume. Get the whole crowd to vote for the winners.

Then just let them dance. Clear the room as much as possible beforehand, provide records, player, plenty of supper, loads of cool drinks, and you'll find there's not much more to do to make it a fabulous night.

Just a few reminders for young hostesses:

- The success of the party depends on you and your thoughtfulness.
- Do the planning and preparation yourself—don't let the burden fall on Mum.
- If the party is a big one, get a few of your special girl-or-boy-friends to help organise it.
- As people arrive, introduce them to everyone they don't know, including your parents.
- Watch out for wallflowers. As soon as you see one, detail a co-operative boy to look after her.
- Never let a stag-line develop. If you see more than two boys together for more than two minutes, break them up before the argument about sport or cars develops.
- When the eats and drinks come on, make sure that everyone is served as quickly as possible.
- If anything goes wrong, don't panic—just carry it off with a light laugh.

By ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

Nashville's "Little Doll" here soon

● "Move over, Elvis!" cried an American teenage magazine the other day as it sang the praises of the "Little Doll" from Nashville, Tennessee.

THE "Little Doll" is Brenda Lee, a pretty, petite schoolgirl whose record album last month pushed its way near the top of the best-sellers — only the Kingston Trio and Sinatra blocked her way to the pinnacle.

The Little Doll (who has a big voice) will tour Australia next month for Lee Gordon. This week she will turn 16—and already she has an unbelievable five years of stardom behind her.

She was only 11 when her first recording, "Jambalaya," became a national best-seller, and she was featured on the Perry Como and Steve Allen network television shows.

Yet with all her fame and fortune—sales of her records are well above the 3,000,000 mark—and with two spectacular overseas tours already under her belt, Brenda gets only 20 dollars (nearly £9) a week pocket-money.

It should quickly be added, however, that she is the sole support of her mother, brother, and sister, who live in Nashville. She earns between 1500 and 2000 dollars a day while on tour in the United States—but almost all of it goes into a trust account until she is 21.

Wears bobbysox

Brenda was born Brenda Tarp-ley, on December 11, 1944, in Atlanta, Georgia. She is 4ft. 11in. tall, weighs a pleasing 7st. 12lb., and, like others of her age and size, still wears bobbysox and chews bubble-gum.

She has an appealing natural-ness and a lack of attention to business that are the despair of her manager, Dub Allbritten.

"I wish she'd get spoiled," an exasperated Allbritten told me on the phone from Nashville. "This girl is so completely unaffected that she'll stand for hours in the rain signing autographs or talking to complete strangers."

"Or she'll wander off at a State Fair before a performance

to hunt for teddy bears—she collects them.

"We sometimes have to send out a platoon of policemen, each with a photo of Brenda, to scour the sideshows and the rides, to dig her up in time for her next show."

"Of course, she always shows up in the nick of time. But it's sure hard on my nerves."

Like most teenagers, Brenda is more interested in awards, popularity, and "the things that really count" than in her fantastic income.

Travelling tutor

One of the "things that count" are her school studies. She was a straight "A" pupil at Hollywood Professional School until June of this year.

Then the demands of her career got so heavy that she became like Mohammed and the mountain: instead of her going to school, school came to her. Wherever she travels, to "darkest" America, Europe, and South America, she takes not only Mr. Allbritten but Miss Jerry Crawford, her tutor.

She does not employ a vocal coach, however. Brenda has never taken a music lesson in her life. In fact, her big fear—and that of her managers and agents—is that she will accidentally hear a snatch of grand opera somewhere and unconsciously begin to modify her style.

Brenda, as her Australian fans already know, has an unfailing "big beat," can "belt out a ballad" in the best Presley manner, and has a touch with country music that stems from her long association with Red Foley, America's biggest barn-raiser.

Last year Brenda made her first trip overseas, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Grace Rainwater. It started with three weeks at the number one music hall in Paris, the Olympia Theatre.

"Le Figaro," a leading Paris daily, said: "Not since Judy Garland has this city seen an opening night like that of the dynamic



BRENDA LEE receiving a gold record for "I'm Sorry" from Milton Rackmil, president of Decca Records.

young American artist Miss Brenda Lee."

The engagement developed into a protracted European tour that took her to Brussels, Milan, London, and the provinces of France.

By early 1960 Brenda had caught up with her school work in Hollywood sufficiently to earn another trip abroad. She went to Rio de Janeiro, where the President of Brazil called her "The best goodwill ambassador that the United States ever had."

By the time she moved on to Chile the crowds that followed her were so large that mounted troops had to be sent to her hotel at Santos to clear a way for her to and from the theatre.

Even in blasé New York, Brenda created a stir when she got off a bus from Nashville—fancy any other celebrity travelling by bus!—and was instantly recognised.

Not far away mobs were booing Khrushchev at the U.N., but a small crowd collected round Brenda at the bus depot, causing the harassed New York police some concern.

Police escort

When a special detail was dispatched to break up the "riot," it ended by escorting Brenda, sirens screaming, up Park Avenue to Decca Records office.

There the president of the company, Milton Rackmil, was waiting to give her a gold record, representing a sale of one million copies of "I'm Sorry."

Rackmil wanted her to fly back to Nashville first-class afterwards.

"No, thank you," Brenda said politely. "I have my return ticket on the bus, and the driver is expecting me."

● Next week's pin-up will be Patsy Ann Noble, described as Australia's Brenda Lee.

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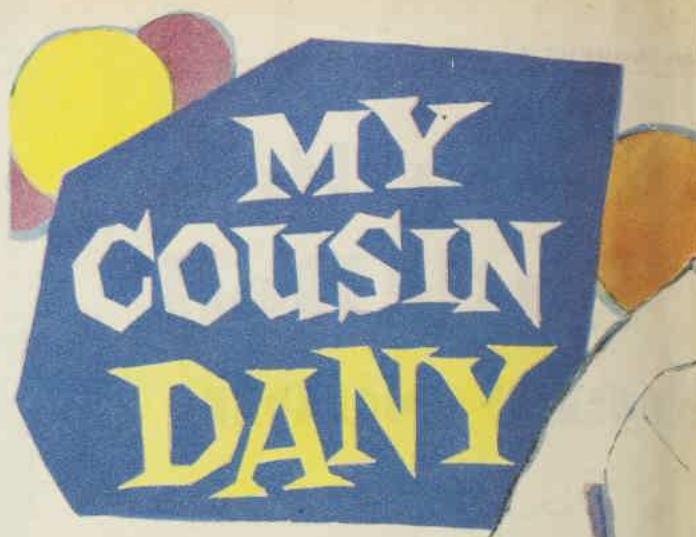


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A SHORT STORY by SHEILA SIBLEY



WHEN I saw my cousin Dany trying on her stiff pink satin dress, I knew the jig was up. No one on the night of my party would be looking at the birthday girl — new coffee chiffon dress or no new coffee chiffon dress. Perhaps in no new coffee chiffon dress I might gain a modicum of attention, but that would be the only way.

I said, in awe and envy, "You look like a peche melba."

She said in French, "And you, my poor little one, look like toast melba," and laughed merrily. Then she added in English, "Excuse me, Honor, I keep forgetting you do not speak F-r-r-rench."

My French had been good enough to understand what she had said. I silently pigeon-holed it under: Wounds, Old and New.

Dany went on blithely, "Whatever possessed you to choose cafe-au-lait — zeas color — for your dress?"

For someone as pathetically unsure of herself as I was, that was all it needed. My beautiful new dress changed from Cinderella's ball-gown into an old piece of sacking right before my eyes. I muttered unhappily, "With my coloring . . ."

My hair is chestnut, and my eyes are brown, and I could have sworn till then that the coffee-colored chiffon suited me. Not only that, but it had seemed elegant and sophisticated beyond belief.

I had had hopes that it would make me seem elegant and sophisticated — even though I was then known to my friends as "Tubby," and still dodged across the road when a boy approached, rather than face the ordeal of conversation. But plump as I was, and wobbling uneasily on the brink of seventeen, I had still dared hope that my new dress would turn the ugly duckling into a chic, coffee-colored swan.

This hope Dany proceeded to demolish there and then. "To wear cafe-au-lait you must be sleem," she said crisply, "or you look meedle-ages."

"Middle-aged," I said miserably. Dany was only eight months older than I was, but it could have been eight years. She lived in Noumea, and usually went to Paris every summer, but this year Aunt Oriane had decided Dany's English could be improved by staying with us in Sydney.

My mother hoped my vivacious cousin would bring me out of my shell. This was pure fantasy on her part, because, after one look at the dazzling Dany, I went so deeply into my shell that you couldn't have got me out with a six-foot pin. To be fair to Dany, though, I don't think she could have helped me even if we'd liked each other.

SLOUCHING out of the guest-room, I made for the refrigerator, where I solaced myself with a pork sandwich, six pickled onions, and a buttered bun. I cut myself a wedge of cream cake for further consolation and ambled moodily with it out into the garden.

My brother Johnny, who was then eight, was fishing in the goldfish pond. Beside him was a tin of bait — the smoked oysters my mother had been storing as a delicacy for privileged guests.

I gave him fair warning. "Mother will just about kill you."

He looked up, fierce blue eyes under

black eyebrows. "Who's going to tell her? You?"

I might as well say that no matter what most people think of him — and there are mothers in this town who drag their children indoors at his approach — I love Johnny. I was nine years old when mother gave me this real baby to play with, and as any little girl can tell you, babies are the best dolls of all. Glowing with pride, I changed his nappies, taught him how to walk, even dragged him out of that same goldfish pond more than once.

So, instead of giving him the clout he deserved, I said patiently, "If you want to fish, why don't you go to Pittwater with Robert?"

"Oh, you don't remember anything!" he cried aggrievedly. "Robert's gone off to Queensland — he's going to swim all day and fish and everything!" I remembered that the Horton family had left for Surfers' Paradise, taking Johnny's companion in crime with them. I hadn't missed Robert, though I had noticed the house had been almost eerily quiet.

Johnny went on in black despair: "And Pittwater's too far to walk, and Dad won't let me use my bicycle. He locked it up and I've got to go the whole holidays on foot. It's not fair!"

The bike had been confiscated, I knew, because Johnny, despite repeated warnings, had continued to zig-zag in front of traffic.

WE both gazed gloomily into the fishpond, reflecting on the cruelty of fate — I, who was going to look a middle-aged, coffee-colored frump on my seventeenth birthday; Johnny transportless, when the nearest fishing or swimming spot was more than two miles away.

There didn't seem much point in our both being miserable, so I offered, "I'll take you on my bicycle, if you like."

Johnny delicately curled his upper lip. "What, me on the back of a girl's bike? Gurg!" "Gurg" was his current sound of displeasure. I was grateful for it, for there had been others far worse.

In the pond a fat goldfish approached the hooked oyster tentatively, gave it a close look, and flinched away. Noting this, Johnny sighed and reconsidered. "All right, I'll come. I don't seem to be getting far here."

I got up. "Wait a minute and I'll see if Dany wants to come with us."

He looked up in horror . . . "We don't have to take Frenchy, do we? Gurg and gurg!"

It turned out we didn't have to take Frenchy. She wanted to sit in a deck chair all afternoon, trying out hair styles, and tanning her beautiful legs in preparation for the tennis party my mother was giving on Saturday to introduce her to everybody. My birthday party was three weeks later — my mother hoped by then that Dany would have made some friends. Personally, I had not the slightest doubt that she'd know every boy in town within three days.

We departed for the beach, Johnny on the back of my bicycle, wearing a large paper bag over his head. As we rounded the corner of Elm Street, Frank Barker signalled to me to stop. Frank had sunny blue eyes and freckles on his nose, and at that period he seemed to grow about an inch a day. "Hi, Tub!" he hailed me jovially. "What time do we get there on Saturday?"

I hunched my shoulders, and muttered to a mossy stone. "Mother says about half-past two."

"I'll be there," He sounded enthusiastic. "I hear you've got a good-looking blonde on the premises."

"Yes," I said shortly. Once he'd gone, I knew my brain would brim with brilliant repartee, but in his presence I was doomed to remain a dumb, glum lump. He knew it, too. I was famed for my long, oppressive silences. So he gave up any further attempt at badinage, and punched my brother lightly in the ribs. "Hi, Johnny!"

"I am not," said Johnny coldly from his paper bag, "Johnny."

Frank grinned. "Oh? Then who are you?"

"I'm Robert Horton," said my brother, in base betrayal of his dearest friend. "You don't think Johnny Blair would ride on the back of a girl's bike, do you?"

Frank begged his pardon and, chuckling, moved away. "Cheerio, Tubby!" he said in farewell.

"Who," said Johnny ferociously from his brown-paper mask, "is he calling Tubby?"

I winced. "Me."

"Gosh!" He was properly indignant. "Why don't you give him a push in the mush?"

"It's not just him. Everybody," I confessed, "calls me Tubby, except at home."

He offered cold comfort. "Well, it could be worse. A boy at school gets called Fatso."

I BEGAN to pedal furiously, blinking back tears. It's not easy to ride a bicycle with your vision clouded, so finally I had to stop and grope for my handkerchief. Johnny looked at my wet eyes in stark dismay. "Gee, Honor — it's nothing to cry over."

"Isn't it?" I stormed. "You'll see on Saturday! You watch the way the boys flock around Dany! They won't even look at me because I'm fat and ugly and . . ." I wept, "I hate them, oh, I hate them all!"

"Oh, gurg!" said Johnny in disgust, but for the rest of the afternoon he was quiet with that ominous quietness that usually means some deep and devious plot is hatching. But whatever it was, I was too miserable to care.

The tennis party turned out as I had predicted. I stood on one foot and then on the other while the boys danced attendance on Dany, who was all nods and becks and wreathed smiles. To me they said, "You played a smashing game, Tub!" and "Lovely day, isn't

it?" to which I answered, "Thank you" and "Yes."

Meanwhile, Dany was trilling to a fascinated circle, "You must tell me what you seek I must not mees while I am 'ere!" and I saw her sit back snugly while offers came flooding in to take her to all the seengs she should not mees.

And I thought, my mouth becoming more and more like that of a letter-box: Here I am nearly seventeen, and no one has ever asked me anywhere. Or ever will. I'm a failure as a woman, that's what I am. Why did a drab thing such as me ever dare hope that he might notice me?

He was Adam Potter, Dr. Potter's son, then in Melbourne training to be a doctor himself. It always seemed to me that if God ever made a perfect man, he'd turn out a reasonable facsimile of Adam Potter. He had won my devotion when I was six years old by taking a thorn out of my puppy's paw and applying a workmanlike bandage. He was eleven then, and now he was twenty-one — a man of twenty-one — and each night on my knees I prayed that he would not fall in love with anyone before I could grow up into a beautiful lady and dazzle him.

But the odds against my growing into a dazzler seemed to be lengthening. I was still a quivering bundle of puppy fat and neuroses, while Dany, only a few months older than I was, was already grown-up and a femme fatale.

I moved indoors towards my spiritual home, the kitchen. Within me was a hunger no mortal food could assuage, but I was going to give it a try. Somehow I always felt less miserable when eating. I fancied a tin of spaghetti on hot buttered toast. I made the toast, I opened the spaghetti and heated it, and I was sitting down, knife and fork at the ready, when Johnny appeared, whistling.

"Hello," I said. "Want some?"

"Gurg!" said Johnny. "Do you know what it looks like?"

"Spaghetti." I loaded my fork. "And I don't want to know what you think it looks . . ."

"It looks," said Johnny, "like white worms in blood."

My stomach turned completely over and I put down the fork, revolted. All my life I have been over-sensitive to suggestion. The spaghetti looked to me then precisely what Johnny said it was.

Fighting down nausea, I pushed my plate away. "Did you have to?" I said bitterly. "Did you have to say that?"

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

by

BILL SAWYER

SANDRA'S boss, Major Scott, is apologetic for having wrongly suspected her of stealing the fashion sketches. To make amends, he offers her a free course in the top model school. Sandra is delighted, and enrolls for the course which will give her the elegance of a top model. NOW READ ON . . .



CONTINUED

RIVETS



Jacky's Diary.

By  JACKY MENDELSON
AGE 33 1/2.

LAST NIGHT I GOT READ A STORY ABOUT A MAN CALLED WM. TELL, & HIS SON WHO HAD AN ARROW ESCAPE.



THIS HEPE WM. TELL WAS A SWITZ PERSON FROM SWITZER LAND.



ONE DAY A NEW KING CAME WHO SAID FROM NOW ON EVERY BODY GOTTA SALOOT MY HAT!



ONLY WM. TELL WOODEN SALOOT ON A COUNTER HE WAS VERY DEMO-CRATIC.



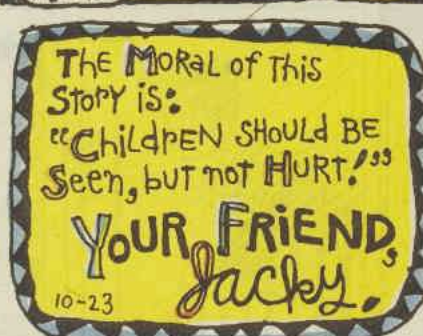
SO THE KING SAID FOR BEING SO INSULIN, HE WOULD HALF TO SHOOT A APPLE WHILE SITTING ON HIS SONGS HEAD WITH A BOW & NARROW!

SO WM. TELL WORRIED IN CASE IF HE SHOULD MISS & HIT HIS LITTLE BOY.



SO THEN THE KING FORGIVED HIM, & THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER THAT.

ONLY HIS SON DIDNT ON A COUNTER HE KNEW HIS DADDY WAS A REAL GOOD MARKSMEN. AND ALSO HE HAD GOOD AIM.



THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS:
"CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN, BUT NOT HURT."
YOUR FRIEND,
Jacky.

10-23

TIZZY By Kate Osann



BUTCH



"So if you need ready cash, drop in at one of our twenty-six conveniently located offices."

"I wish ing m"



Man

Copy

● As Chris Welkin, with Koot, the Monster from Rigel, is about to test the space sail ship, and Amaiza is wondering what is in the parcel Chris is giving her for Christmas, traitors Aquila and Basil take over the space station and hold Chris and his friends prisoner. They are awaiting the arrival of the Callistans, with whom they plan to conquer earth. Basil is now in command of the space station. NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham



CHRIS, KOOT AND AMAIZA HAVE BEEN HELD PRISONER ON THE SPACE STATION FOR A WEEK.



CONTINUED

TEENA

BY Linda Terry



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, the Magician, and Narda have visited the director of the radio telescope through which a message has been received from the star Siridanis. On decoding, the message is found to be a commercial—reading "Drink Siridanis Punch, It is Good for You." NOW READ ON . . .



When Adam arrived I took him over and introduced him to Dany. "Enchante," she murmured huskily. "I've heard so much about you."

"That's nothing!" My brother gave a wide, gap-toothed grin. "Do you know what we're having for dinner? Steak-and-kidney pud."

"And what," I cried, "is wrong with steak-and-kidney pudding?"

"The butcher's old dog is missing, did you know?" He wiggled his ears at me beguilingly. "The one that caught the mange. I heard Mum saying the meat seemed a bit elderly, but I didn't like to say anything. . . . You know how she is. Squeamish."

My appetite died the death of a—I mean, it died for the whole day. I couldn't look at the steak-and-kidney pudding that night. It was all I could do to toy listlessly with the apple Charlotte. Seeing me thus engaged, Johnny gave a smirk of fathomless evil and said, "Mum, were you wearing your glasses when you made this?"

"No dear," said my mother vaguely. "Why?"

"It was made from the apples in the pantry, wasn't it?" She looked at him inquiringly. "The wormy ones?"

"That's enough, Johnny!" said my father, and it was certainly enough for me. I went to bed that night on an empty stomach.

FOR the next two weeks my fiend of a brother showed me no mercy. He dogged my footsteps incessantly, and whenever I lifted a morsel to my lips it was to his vivid, descriptive, and altogether nauseating commentary.

"Don't those horns get in the way when you comb your hair?" I cried, pitifully. "What have I ever done to you?"

"Well, you've got to lose weight, haven't you? Or do you want to be called Tubby all your life?"

I have witnessed a number of weight-reducing techniques in my time, but—provided the victim is sufficiently sensitive—nothing to beat Johnny's. Practice improved his efficiency. It got so that he could kill my appetite stone dead with three little words. I won't repeat here his comments on the staff of life—it should be sufficient to mention that I still can't eat bread.

My weight began to ebb. A week before my birthday party it was plain that major alterations would have to be made to my coffee-colored chiffon.

These my mother refused to command. "I've always thought that dress too old for you," she said. "We'll put it away for a few years. I'll find you another dress."

"Any old thing will do," I said dejectedly. "I'll be propping up the wall all night, whatever I wear."

"Oh!" wailed my mother in despair, "why aren't you more like Dany?"

And then she hugged me suddenly and said, "I take it all back. I wouldn't have a moment's peace of mind if you were like Dany. But at your age, Honor, you should be getting more fun out of life. Sweetie, now you're beginning to lose weight, you have definite possibilities. . . ."

But the only possibility I could see was that the party would turn out to be a debacle to eclipse all former debacles—the rock against which my shaky confidence would be permanently pulverised.

"Couldn't we call it off?" I pleaded. "Couldn't you say you made a mistake in the date, or something?"

She said gently, "You know I can't, dear."

"It'll be Dany's party, not mine," I said stonily.

"I'm beginning to realise that," and then fire lit her eye. "Heavens above, it's your birthday, and I'm going to see to it you give that one a run for her money. I saw a dream of a dress in town the other day. . . ."

I don't know how she convinced Dad a second expensive dress was a necessity, but on the night of the party I was wearing it. It was bouffant and beautiful, white, patterned with green and with a green silk stole. It was the perfect dress for a young girl with red hair, and as I twirled in front of the mirror, admiring my new slim waist and flying hair, the gaiety that had been submerged beneath my shyness began to bubble to the top.

Because of the magic spell of this dress, I thought, tonight I can look pretty and happy, like all the other girls. Tonight I will find something to say to everybody—even the boys.

Tonight I will be friendly, without fear of rebuff, because dumb-struck Tubby Blair has been magically transformed into Miss Honor Blair, and though she may not look at all peaches and cream like Dany, she still looks very well, considering.

I made my way to the guest-room, pirouetting proudly in my wide, foamy skirt. At Dany's door I struck a Spanish dancer pose and cried joyously, "Ole! What do you think of my new dress?"

My cousin was crouched in front of her dressing-table, staring with furious intentness into the mirror while she patted powder on to her face. "Honor, come 'ere. Smell. 'Ave I enough perfume on?"

I bent over her. "You smell wonderful."

"Eet is not too much, non?"

"It seems all right to me," I said. "Don't you know?"

Continued overleaf

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

"I keep getting a whiff of castor oil"

• From Page 7

She shrugged impatiently. "No, I do not know. I've caught a cold. A cold! In summer! Quel climat! I cannot smell a seeng!"

"You don't look as though you have a cold." She looked almost edible. Hair like pale gold whipped cream, slanted blue eyes in a tanned, glowing face . . . I would have given a lot to look like that when I had a cold. I went on timidly, hoping for a word of praise. "Do you like my dress?"

She cast a cold, assessing glance over her shoulder. "A little provincial, perhaps, but it suits you."

And that is where the magic failed, as abruptly as though it had been turned off at the switch.

I saw in the mirror not a vital, joyous girl in a beautiful dress but a pale-faced, gawky creature whose freckles stood out disfiguringly, a wet blanket that no boy would willingly dance with, even if she was dressed in cloth of gold. What had she to say for herself? And who would listen when she tried to say it, in her stumbling, provincial way? Oh, it would definitely be Dany's night, not mine!

When the first guests arrived I went woodenly to greet them. For a while I was kept busy showing people where to put their coats and putting on records, and then, as the party got going, I took up my usual position, back against the wallpaper. When anybody spoke to me I gave them a flat "Yes" or "No," which meant, translated, "You don't have to put yourself out just because it's my birthday, I know I'm dull." And as soon as it was polite for them to leave me for gayer company, they did.

"Bonsoir, tout le monde!" It was Dany, posing on top of the stairs. Male faces turned towards her like so many bronzed sunflowers. She ran down with quick, pretty little steps and launched herself into the party.

As she danced off in Frank Barker's arms I hugged to myself my only crumb of comfort: at least Adam Potter was safely in Melbourne. That lilting French voice could not babble flattery in Adam Potter's ear, nor could she wave her eyelashes at him. I knew that Adam with his tall, dark good looks, his sweet lazy smile, his air of having seen more than he'd tell, would have far greater appeal for Dany than the raw youths that were all she had to work on in our house.

And Adam would not witness my vast unpopularity—that was a comfort, too. Please, dear Lord, I prayed silently, keep him in Melbourne till Dany's gone back to Noumea. Please!

MY MOTHER said warningly: "There's someone at the door, Honor!" So I stood up, straightened my shoulders, and chumped doggedly towards the hall. And when I opened the door, standing on the mat marked "Welcome" was Adam Potter. My knees turned to jelly. I said foolishly, "I—I didn't know you were back in Sydney."

"I saw your mother at the grocer's this morning—she invited me."

I said helplessly, "She didn't tell me."

He raised a quizzical eyebrow. "I hope I'm welcome?"

"Oh, Adam," I said from the depths of my foolish heart, "there is no one I'd rather see." And it was true, Dany or no Dany. To have him within

reach of my outstretched hand was pure happiness.

He looked at me with an indulgent tenderness. "You've grown into a lovely girl."

"Me?" My astonishment must have been plain in my voice because he laughed. "Yes, you." Then he bent and kissed my cheek. "Happy birthday, Honor."

I thought: No matter if I lose him to Dany a minute from now, this much I have had. Slipping my hand in his, I brought him inside. As we passed the mirror I saw a girl I did not know, a girl in a white and green dress with huge, shining eyes. And I almost said aloud, still in astonishment, "Me?"

When we got into the living-room we found the only person he did not know was Dany. I raged silently, "I don't have to, I don't have to," but I did have to, so I took him over and introduced him. She gave him a laughing, intimate glance—as though they were old friends—and dropped her voice an octave. "Enchante," she murmured huskily, "I've heard so much about you."

This barefaced lie so unsettled me that I lost all caution. My face burned and I croaked desperately, "It's not true, I didn't say a word!"

Immediately I'd finished speaking I realised I'd made what amounted to a public declaration of love. I didn't dare look at Adam, but I saw Dany's eyebrows shoot up and she said with a malicious little smile, "Aha! La petite Honor 'as a tendresse for you, m'sieur—ees it not charming?"

I STOOD there, stiff with embarrassment, my hands clenched at my sides, till Adam changed the subject, saying easily, "You know, it's probably my imagination, but I keep getting an elusive whiff of castor oil. Can you smell it?"

I could, and it seemed to come from the chair in which Dany was sitting. She said, "Mais oui! I've a bad cold. I cannot smell much, but I can smell castor oil. Everyone I've danced with 'as smelt of castor oil. I ask myself, is this the Australian sense of humor? I do not mind the smell of a cigar, but the smell of castor oil does nothing for a man."

"How true!" said Adam. "Dance, Honor?" As we waltzed I thought: This is his duty dance—after that he'll feel free to concentrate on Dany. I could see her gazing at us with the benign smile of a well-fed cat. He's probably watching her over my head, I thought, but at least, for the space of a waltz, it's me that's in his arms.

The music stopped. He smiled down at me indulgently. "Your hair smells of roses."

"It's the soap I got for Christmas." (Now you can go to Dany). "Excuse me, I've got to help mother with the supper."

I left him, and even before I was out of the room, Dany was heading towards him. "Good-bye, my darling," I said silently, and closed the kitchen

door on what seemed all my hopes of happiness.

MOTHER wasn't in the kitchen, but Johnny was there, in pyjamas. He said eagerly, "Did it work?"

"Did what work?" I said impatiently, and then, not waiting for a reply, I scolded, "I don't know what you've been up to, Johnny Blair, but the living-room smells like a medicine cabinet. Maybe you think it's very, very funny to try to spoil your sister's birthday party. Well, you were too late—Dany had already spoiled it satisfactorily, thank you. But I do think you're a nasty, selfish mean little boy."

He looked as though I had hit him unexpectedly. "Gurg. So this is all the thanks I get for trying to help you. Sniffing, he headed for his room. "Yaaah, Tubby! Yaaah, Fatso!"

And now, I thought, not even my brother loves me. A tear dropped on one of the cheese savories, I picked it up and ate it. What did it matter now if I grew as fat as a pig?

The door opened behind me and Adam said, "Can I do anything to help?"

I whirled. "You'd better go back," I said childishly. "Dany's probably looking for you."

He said, "I'm not disposed to let her find me, if she is. I've never met a pretty girl who smelt so vilely of castor oil before."

"She what?"

"She insists on dancing cheek to cheek, and the smell is frightening. Castor oil, blended with French perfume. It seems to be coming from her hair."

Frank Parker poked his head around the kitchen door. "There you are, Tub!" he hailed me. "Shall we chacha, little flower?"

I gave him a lifeless smile. "No thanks, Frank, I have things to do." And when the door closed I said bitterly, "Everyone is being so kind to the poor little birthday girl."

"Now there—" said Adam pensively, "is a boy who won't ask you to dance again — not after that rebuff."

"Rebuff?" There was a lump in my throat I could do nothing with. "You don't think he really wanted to dance with me, do you? Any more than you want to sit out here talking with me," I added glassily. "You just feel you ought to, because it's my birthday and you're sorry for me."

He looked at me quizzically, and said, "Well, there might be other factors. It might be because you've got a lovely, eager look that touches the heart—when you've got that scowl off your face. It might be because you're gentle, and have a sweet old-fashioned way of saying things—when you're not thinking about yourself. It might simply be because you look like a September morning in that dress."

He came over and tilted my chin. "Honor?"

I whispered, "Yes."

"You know, it's a terrible thing to be an adolescent male. You feel that your feet are too big and your voice

is too loud and your face is too spotty and all the girls are giggling at you. You'll say or do anything to make people notice you, and when they do you want to die. Any ill-considered phrase is a rebuff, and a real rebuff is a catastrophe. Now go and tell that poor boy you're not too busy to dance with him."

I said helplessly, "I can't."

"A pretty girl can do anything," He bent his head and kissed me, the lightest possible touch of his mouth on mine. "Yes, you can."

"Now I can," I said, knowing that nothing would ever destroy the confidence that gentle kiss had given me. I added "I love you, Adam."

His eyes grew warm with laughter. "I'll remind you of that in a few years' time. You'll flatly deny that you ever said it."

I SHOOK my head and went back to the party and said to Frank Barker, "Will you dance with me?"

He said unco-operatively, "Changed your mind, ha?" — just as I would have done.

I smiled sunnily. "As a matter of fact, I have."

"Good-oh." He leapt up and, as there was something rousing on the radiogram, swung me into a polka. "I'll dance with anybody as long as they don't smelt of castor oil."

I raised an eyebrow. "Dany?"

"Yes." He grinned down at me, relaxed now. "I can't imagine what she's playing at, that one."

It was then I remembered Johnny saying, "Did it work?" and I said aloud, "Oh, no!"

"Oh, no, what?"

"Come on."

On Dany's dressing-table was a lavish array of tubes and jars and prominent among them was a large bottle of brilliantine. I opened it, smelt, shuddered, then passed it silently to Frank. He turned a little green.

"My devilish brother," I guessed, "must have emptied her brilliantine bottle and filled it up with castor oil." I began to laugh. "Poor Dany!"

"No wonder," Frank whooped with mirth, "that she has been holding up the wall half the night!"

I knew I could afford to be merciful. "Here, take this cotton-wool and plug your nostrils with it and give some to the rest of the boys. And tell them they must dance with her. She's my guest," I added — smugly, I fear — "and I don't want her to be left out."

"Cotton-wool plugs for one and all," said Frank cheerfully. "Right you are."

"All," I said, smiling sweetly, "except Adam. Thank you, Frankie."

From then on, as far as I was concerned, the evening went with a bang. Even Dany enjoyed herself.

I think she sensed an undercurrent of hysterical gaiety she couldn't quite understand, but, as she remarked more than once, she never would be able to understand Australians. The way Adam Potter had recoiled when she nestled against him as they danced — ah, they were truly incomprehensible!

When it was over I went to Johnny's room and put the brilliantine bottle under his pillow for him to dispose of as he saw fit. Cherubic in sleep, he smiled when I dropped a kiss on his freckled nose. "Thank you, Johnny darling."

"Thash orright, sis," he muttered drowsily. "Anytime."

(Copyright)

NEXT WEEK we start a new series of stories about an enchanting girl in her early teens — CRESS DELAHANTY

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Never asked out

"I AM 14 and I like a boy who is 20. I know he likes me, because he has told me. What I am wondering about is that although he said he likes me he has never asked me out. He has often said he would, but says people will talk about it if he does. Do you think he is really scared people will talk or just doesn't want to take me out? I have known him for nearly two years and would like to go out with him very much."

"Wondering," W.A.

He is not scared that people will talk if he takes you out; he knows they will, and he is very sensible not to ask you.

In Australia, society does not approve of men, or boys, going on romantic dates with girls under 16.

Although you may protest that any outings you planned were entirely innocent, such dates can lead in time to serious situations.

You are only 14. Start acting like a 14-year-old girl and devote the next two years to growing up, maturing, and passing your school examinations.

Present for boss?

"I REALISE that this problem is not of a nature usually answered on your page. However, I'm sure that with Christmas fast approaching there will be many girls working in small offices faced with the same situation—whether to buy the boss a present. Last year I decided I wouldn't, but then at the last minute I felt so embarrassed I went out and bought a

large box of sweets for his family. Now what do I do this year? If you think one should give a gift, could you suggest something suitable?"

"Gift-Giving," N.S.W.

The etiquette of Christmas gift-giving varies from office to office, but although I appreciate the way you felt last year, I don't think you should give the boss a present.

If he gives you a present, thank him and wish him well, but don't feel embarrassed because you haven't a present. Think of it from his point of view. He would hate to think of you spending your hard-earned salary on something for him.

He knows that probably you are hard put to make your money stretch round the family and close-friend Christmas list, anyway, and I'm certain would prefer to have your good wishes.

This year I'd be in the door early on Christmas Eve and wish him a happy Christmas. He'll know then that you don't intend to give him a gift and will have a happier day because of it, and so will you.

Boys as friends

"I AM a girl of 17 and I and my friends go to a lot of parties and dances. All my friends are either going steady or else they just like one boy, though they are not going steady. The boy I'm in love with lives in another State and we see each other only once a year, but we write regularly. We have agreed that it would be silly to go steady under these circumstances, so we both go out with other people. I have two special boy-friends who

live within 25 miles of me and I date them frequently, but I like to meet new boys and often if I make friends with a boy whom I like at a party I will accept an invitation to go out afterwards. My problem is that I know several girls who go out with any boy who asks them, and I detest this, but because I go out with about five or six boys at the same time some of my friends say 'Not another one?' when someone tells them who I'm dating. They also say that I go out with any boy who asks me, and this is not true. I don't want to become a boy-collector, but I also don't want to get into a rut or become seriously involved with another boy. I just want to enjoy the friendship of more than one boy. Is there anything wrong with this, and am I becoming fast? Should I do as my friends do and stick to one or two boys?"

J.F., Vic.

I think you should go your own way, it sounds very good to me. I envy you. It's a rare girl who can manage to get the right recipe to enjoy the friendship of so many boys.

Club introduction

"ABOUT six years ago I joined a tennis club. I am now 16. Not so long ago a rather pretty girl joined and I would like to meet her. Could you please tell me how? She's about 15 or 16. I have read many times in Teenagers' Weekly and other magazines that boys and girls should join clubs, etc., to meet each other. Well, now I have, what should I do now?"

"Bill," N.S.W.

Belonging to the same tennis club constitutes an introduction, I think. Say "Hullo" to her next time you meet her or, if you are the very formal type, ask a mutual friend at the club to introduce you. Another thing you could do is to ask her to have a set of tennis with you. Don't be shy, she's probably dying for some nice boy to talk to her, and you should go out of your way to welcome new members. You've waited long enough.

Overweight at 13

"I AM 13 and worried about being fat. About six months ago I was on a diet with tablets, but had to stop suddenly due to eye disease. I had lost about one stone, but now that I've been off the diet I've put it all on again. My mother is careful with the food she gives me. For lunch I have salads, and I don't have anything much for breakfast. But at school and when I'm out, if I even pass a milk-bar I'm tempted to try something. I am 4ft. 10in. tall and weigh 8st. 2lb. My measurements are 36, 28, 35. What could I do to improve my figure?"

"Fatty," N.S.W.

Something inside you has to make you want to diet; no one else can. And it is only when you really want to get thinner that the delights of the milk-bar and tuckshop will stop tempting you.

But you are obviously overweight, and the only way you'll ever lose it is by eating less. You should ask your mother to take you to the doctor. He is the only one who can advise you about a diet at your age and prescribe one for you.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

ARE you an ideal house-guest? With the holidays looming ahead, you'd better check and see if you're the type who will be asked again.

First of all, fit in with your hostess' plans. Perhaps a picnic isn't exactly your idea of sophisticated living, but if it's been arranged, go and have fun.

You needn't develop into a clock-watcher, but do find out what time you're expected for meals, and make sure that you're there ON TIME.

Lots of people actually prefer to give their guests breakfast in bed. Inquire tactfully before you leap out at 6 a.m. and start prowling hungrily round the house.

Do make an extra effort to keep your bedroom neat and tidy, and, horror of horrors, don't leave your bed unmade. And if you're sharing, as you probably are, don't spread out into the other half.

And it's a very welcome guest who offers to lend a hand with the housework and doesn't just sit round admiring the view.

Even if you do meet the man of your dreams, it's not polite to accept his invitations and whizz off leaving your hostess at home.

Explain the situation to him and, if he's as nice as you think he is, he'll arrange a foursome—or something.

And when your stay is over and you're home again, sit straight down and write a "thank you" letter.

It's also a very nice thought to send a small gift—handkerchiefs or hand-towels—to her mother with a little note.

But, of course, you'll be asked again.

All I can do to help you is to tell you how much happier you would be if you were thinner. Giving up milkshakes, gooey cakes and pastries, and the things that make up those between-meal snacks is hard, but it is harder to take jeering remarks about your figure and shape, and label yourself "Fatty" as you have with your pen-name.

In a few years' time, too, when you become interested in boys, in going to dances and parties, it will become much more important to be thinner, and indeed a source of unhappiness if you're not. So do try to eat less.

Even before you see your doctor, make a resolve only to eat three meals a day—don't even have a bite between meals. But don't kid yourself. This would not be dieting—not eating between meals is just a sensible rule for good health.

Talk trouble

"I AM a 14-year-old girl and quite attractive. I have liked a 16-year-old boy for a while now, and he knows I like him, because every time we see each other he speaks. Do you think I should try to make conversation next time he speaks? Also, what should I talk about, as this boy doesn't talk about 'the weather.' I know also that he is popular with girls as well as boys, and I am afraid he won't like me when he gets to know me."

"Should I?," W.A.

Life is just decisions, decisions, decisions. And you'd better hurry and make up your mind to make conversation with this boy or he'll stop talking to you.

Try "How are you?" and the weather, too. He must talk



about the weather, everybody does for a start, although there's no need to give it Academy Award treatment. Say something like "Wonderful beach weather, isn't it?" Any remark does really give him the assurance that you like him.

You'll have to take a chance on whether or not he will like you when he knows you better. There's a good chance he will. But unless you make that first decision, you'll never know for sure.

A KISS FOR A SLEEPING BEAUTY . . .

● I've clowned around here quite a bit in the past, I know. But this week I'm on a very serious subject.

I'M considering the problem of how a teenage girl with some affliction that makes her not quite an average lass can expect to achieve that dream, that birthright of every girl—romance.

A letter I received recently prompts me to touch on this subject.

Alison (where she lives I don't know) wrote and told me that she suffered injuries at birth that have left her with a badly scarred face and a deformed foot and hand. She is 16.

"How can I ever expect any boy to love me?" she asked.

Well, Alison — and all the other Alisons with similar fears—I'd like to tell you a true story, a story that might help you believe that love will find a way—even in the face of apparently insurmountable barriers.

I think it is a very special, very beautiful love story. Here it is . . .

A book of poetry that has never been opened and a pair of dainty ballet shoes that have never been danced in are the most precious possessions of Wally and June Smith.

The Smiths (that's not their real name) are one of Sydney's happiest married couples.

Their love story all began in the brick and concrete canyons of Kings Cross. There June and Wally had rooms that faced each other across an airshaft.

They might never have met, except that Wally loved poetry.

One evening, June was sitting at her window when she heard Wally reciting, aloud.

"I was reared," he began, "in the great city—pent 'mid cloisters dim . . ."

"And saw nought lovely," finished June from across the airshaft, "but the sky and the stars . . ."

For hours they talked, from window to window, as they had never talked to anyone else.

Wally told June how much he wanted to be a poet. She shyly told him how she had always wanted to be a ballet dancer.

They arranged for Wally to call at June's flat the next day. The door was open when Wally arrived to keep the tryst. June was sitting and looking radiantly beautiful.

"I've got a present for you," said June, and handed Wally a beautifully bound volume of Byron's poems.

A frown clouded Wally's face, but he smiled and said: "I've got something for you, too."

And he gave the girl a pair of ballet shoes.

"How could you?" June sobbed. "Can't you see I'm crippled?"

"I'm sorry," said Wally, clutching his book, "I couldn't see." And he lowered his blind eyes.

The Smiths never found their dream careers but they found each other.

One day, Alison, you, too, will discover that love laughs not only at locksmiths but also at blindness, deformity, and scars.

Sleep on that tonight. And may your dreams come true . . .

—Robin Adair

HOLD THAT HAIRDO

● Here we discuss various devices such as hair-sprays, caps, and pomades that can take you from setting to setting (your own or your hairdresser's) with every hair in place—well, almost — and handbox neat no matter what.

By Carolyn Earle



SPECIAL little trick of this hairdo, which is brushed back from brow to crown with no part, is best controlled with a wee bit of spray. Apply the spray as shown in picture below.

A GIRL with the wind and rain in her hair makes a lovely song lyric but not such a pretty sight after the rain. If a sudden storm blows up, you'll be prettier to sing about if you're the girl who remembers to carry a fold-into-nothing plastic rain-hood or a scarf in her handbag to cover her topknot at the first sign of a drop.

And keep that scarf handy — in your handbag for draughty rides by bus or car or for windy-day walks. At times like these, a scarf on the head is worth two (or 10) in the wardrobe drawer.

On the other hand, if you have the type of hair that tends to droop at the slightest rise in humidity or faintest suspicion of fog (or the type that curls too curly under those conditions), then you have to take your precautions before you venture out.

A spray is your protection and you should have no trouble in finding one that's just right for your particular hair and problem.

Whichever kind you use, follow the label directions for the specifics, but in general the idea is to brush and comb your hair first, shape it into the style, get it just the way you want it, and then spray. Don't comb it after — push the hair into shape with your fingers, if you must, but let the spray do the keeping.

If you haven't used a spray for some time, you'll find them vastly improved. Most are less sticky now, not at all like the lacquery first sprays. And some come in conveniently sized containers that you can carry around with you, if need be, so there's no excuse for wisp locks.

But if all that fails, and there you are at the end of a humid or rainy day, with a mass of straggles on your head and a big date on your hands, there is still a way out. A quick set and a steamy shower will make your hair and you look and feel better.

First, brush your style and pin it in place. Use a spray before the setting or after, whichever way the directions on your particular spray recommend. Then

into the shower — a warm and steamy one — with you and your curls (a shower cap covers them) and out, on to your make-up and dressing, saving the comb-out until the last minute.

It's a safe bet you'll find your hair considerably more eye-catching now than before.

The sun can be just as hazardous to that pretty hairdo of yours as the rain and humidity, but in a more subtle and permanent way.

You can see the droop the rain puts in your hair, as it does it. But the dryness the sun brings isn't as apparent as quickly and it's more serious. And when that drying is coupled with dunkings in water at the beach or pool, your lovely hairdo can go astray all too easily, unless you've taken your precautionary measures.

Best way to counter-attack the sun's work is to lavish your locks with a conditioning cream before long exposure. After you've been out in the sun, increased brushing will put some of that lost natural oil back in your hair and return some of the sheen.

Good, too, for this plight are the greaseless hair-dressings you apply with the fingertips or palms of your hands, then brush into the dry hair.

In the case of bleached or tinted hair, the sun is even more treacherous, for along with drying the hair, the sun tends to discolor it. If yours has been colored or bleached, better be careful in the sun.

Try to keep it covered with a scarf or sun hat and do use a lanolin-base conditioner and lots of brushing to keep it from getting that horrid straw-dry look.

If a warm summer day leaves your hair wilted, the rainy-day treatment works here, too, to perk you and it up for the evening.

If your hair has natural curl or a permanent, you should not have to pin it up nightly to have it keep its set. Actually, brushwork — the right kind — will do more to keep your hair the way it was set. Watch how your hairdresser wields his brush to shape your hair into its nice styling and copy his technique.

At night a broad ribbon or a net will keep the hairdo from going too far astray while you sleep.



LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Newest recorded voice to come out of the West (Perth, W.A., to be exact) belongs to green-eyed former Country and Western singer Robby Royal.

BORN on a farm, he's a boat-builder by trade, and graduated through talent quests to C. and W., leading a skiffle group, then rock-'n-roll, and TV.

His first single for the Rex label is his own rock-ballad, "Broken Love." On the flip the same disc introduces Johnny Devlin's New Zealand cousin Tony Mercer, with a narrative-style ballad, "The Watch," which Johnny wrote for him.

Tony, now chasing the pot of gold in Australia, is 22, dark, hazel-eyed. He set out to be a wool-classer, and worked with Johnny's old N.Z. group, the River City Ramblers, sharing vocal spots with his cousin.

Local talent: One singer who doesn't believe in flooding the market with frequent discs is Johnny Rebb. His new Coronet single, "Think Me A Kiss," backed with "L-o-v-e-v-i-l-l-e," is one of his best ever, and proves him to be easily one of the most polished and attractive local artists.

POPULAR vocal trio The Crescents are out with their second EP, "The Crescents Hit It For Six" (Leedon). Mike, Kel, and Colin break the EP four-track practice by singing six numbers—among them "Mr. Blue," "You Broke My Heart," "Hand of God."

WANT to hear the wonderful "Oliver Cool" with a new accent? A somewhat fabulous character himself, hypnotist-magician-entertainer Rock Martin, a new-style travelling showman, does a just slightly different version on a Rex 45. He makes a real magician's personality-change for "Dear John" on the flip.

BOTH sides of Dig Richards' Rex 45 "You Gotta Love Me" (he wrote this one) and "My Baby's Not a Baby Any More" have teen-slanted lyrics. His own tune seems too slow for him. I'd like Dig to try something with more beat next time—he sounds easier with the "Baby" number.

HERE'S a great boon for a teenage party—11 up-to-the-minute hits on the one disc, and all sung by up-and-coming local boys and girls. The disc is "All-Australian Hit Parade" (Rex LP), and the singers include Noeline Batley, Johnny Byrell, and Bix Bryant. Let's hope there'll be more of these.

Pops: Remember "True, True Love"? Then you'll remember 21-year-old Johnny Tillotson, of Jacksonville, Florida, who sang it. Now he has something more to say about a girl—how she walks—and



Bobby Royal

he calls it "Poetry In Motion" (London 45). Girls seem somewhat on Johnny's mind, for the flip, which he wrote himself, is "Princess, Princess."

A COUPLE of recent releases from The Browns have just missed ringing the bell. Their new one, "Send Me The Pillow You Dream On" (R.C.A. 45), is a Hank Locklin melody that could do the trick. "You're So Much A Part Of Me," on the flip, is typical of the sweet and romantic ballads this brother-and-sisters team do so well.

WHEN your christian name's enough—you're one of the greats. And that's how it is with Ella Fitzgerald. You can hear her in some of her more popular and less jazzy moments on "Ella And Her Fellas" (Popular Record Club LP). In a collection of memorable hits there's "Stone Cold Dead In The Market," "A-tisket A-tasket," "Flim-Flam Sauce."

Movie music: Here's one everyone's been waiting for, Dimitri Tiomkin's haunting theme music from "The Sundowners," the shot-on-location-in-Australia film starring Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum. Bob Thompson and his orchestra play it on an R.C.A. 45, with the fascinating "Cora's Melody" (from "The Dark At The Top Of The Stairs") on the flip.



Johnny Rebb

Star turn: No one in recent years did as much as Johnny Horton to bridge the gulf between teen and adult taste in popular music. Grumpy grandpas and grubby sub-teens responded equally to the beat, the humor, and the surprise historic material of his million-selling "Battle Of New Orleans." "Sink The Bismarck" was a top-seller, with both "North To Alaska" went into the charts both here and overseas.

Johnny was killed in a car crash in his own State of Texas last month, but for a memento of him there's a new Coronet LP, "Johnny Horton Makes History," described as action tales of battles, heroes, and epic events, with both "Battle" and "Bismarck" along with material that's new.

Jazz: To be in it these days you've got to have a jazz record to play on request, and to be really up to date it had better be one of the new local discs. One of THE groups at the moment is The Australian All Stars, with their cool, cultivated "Jazz For Beach-Niks" series, Vol. 2 of which is now out (Columbia LP). Cover notes introduce you to the members, and they play mostly original Australian compositions.

Classical: In the years between 1910 and 1950, when he retired at the age of 75, violinist Fritz Kreisler made more than 200 recordings, and was noted for the romanticism and sweet tone of his playing. Kreisler in his heyday can be heard on a Camden LP, "The Art of Fritz Kreisler," in a recital of typical charm. Debussy's "Girl With The Flaxen Hair," the Albeniz-Kreisler Tango, and two Dvorak-Kreisler Slavonic Dances.

A POPULAR Record Club LP that should appeal to those who like variety offers the Berlin Concert Orchestra, under Lajos Kevchazy, in a programme consisting of Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite" No. 1, Dukas' imaginative "Sorcerer's Apprentice," and Beethoven's noble "Egmont" Overture.

AN attractive LP from Decca's Ace of Clubs offers Karl Munchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra and members of the Suisse Romande in Mozart's ever-entrancing "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and youthful Divertimento in D Major, with Haydn's Symphony No. 45, the "Farewell," occupying side two.

If you don't already know it, the story of the "Farewell's" composing is told in cover notes, and will add to your enjoyment of this lively work.



JOHNNY HORTON, who was killed in a car crash last month. His latest LP is now on sale.

WORTH HEARING

SCHUBERT: Trio in B Flat.

A POPULAR combination of instruments among the classical and romantic composers was that of violin, cello, and piano, conveniently but not very logically called a "pianoforte trio."

The effect of it is agreeably like that of a vocal duet by soprano and baritone with a pianoforte accompaniment, though perhaps the main reason for the demand for works for this combination is that it employs the three most-played solo instruments. It is always the easiest chamber group to "get together."

The sweetest and most irresistibly tuneful of all pianoforte trios, perhaps, is the B Flat Trio of Schubert. It makes an excellent introduction to this branch of chamber music.

There is a fine recording of it by three Russian virtuosos—Oistrakh, Knushevitzky, and Oborin (Columbia). —Martin Long



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● Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson's home, "Kimo." Mrs. Robinson is a keen gardener. The original James Robinson came to Australia from Finton, County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1838 at the age of five.

AUSTRALIAN HOMES

● Two lovely old homesteads in southern New South Wales illustrate the charm of early Australian architecture. One of them, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson's home, "Kimo," near Gundagai, on the Murrumbidgee, is pictured above and right. The other is "Springwell," Cooma, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Litchfield, which has 17 rooms and a large gracious garden.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



● Section of the wide, glassed-in verandah of the Robinsons' homestead, "Kimo," in 4000 acres of sheep- and cattle-breeding country in the irrigation area of the Murrumbidgee. It is three miles from the town of Gundagai.



● Tall trees, as protection from icy winds from the Snowy Mountains, surround "Springwell." Flowers grow in crannies of the steps, aubretia trails from a white urn, and massed polyanthus borders the path.

● "Springwell," Mr. and Mrs. Jim Litchfield's home, 3100 feet above sea-level, near Cooma. The Litchfields' son, Patrick, and his wife live in a self-contained flat in the big old house, which has huge fireplaces.





"Just a quick weekly rub-over with Silvo keeps my silver at its gleaming best."

"Yes, there's no doubt about Silvo—it's so easy to use that regular weekly cleaning takes almost no time at all. Silvo is so gentle, too, and will not harm the most delicate surface. It really is a joy to see what a lovely shine Silvo gives to everything it touches."



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Illustrated: Gandelabra, entrée dish by Hecworth, "Berkeley" pattern table silver, by Kedd, Coffee set, cake stand and salver by Paramount.

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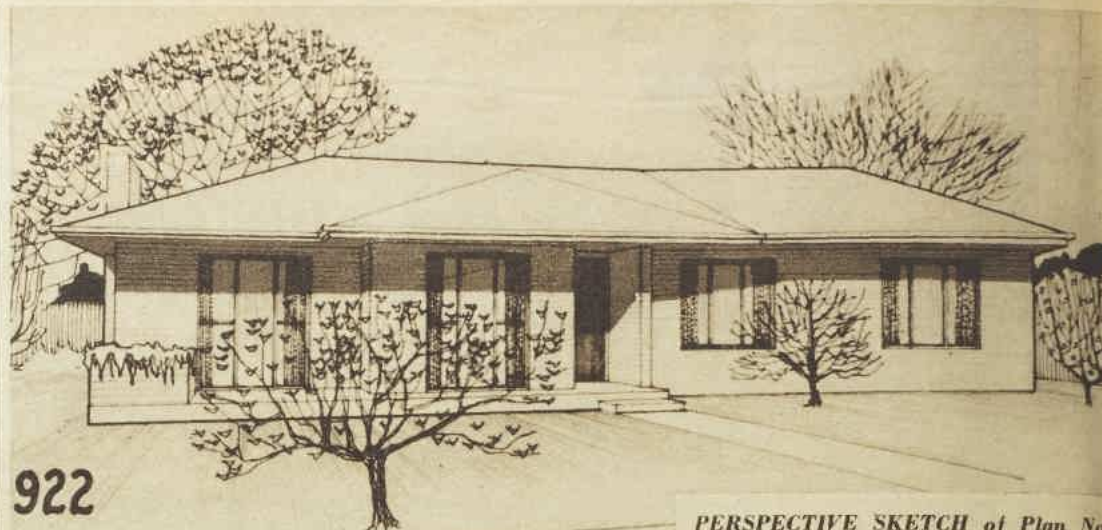
keep them gleaming beautifully with

BRASSO

Brass Salt and Pepper Grinders—David Jones, Sydney.



TRIPLE-FRONTED HOUSE



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of Plan No. 922 shows the triple-fronted design of the house.

● Plan No. 922 in our series is a triple-fronted house of unusual design.

ONE wing has been placed at an angle to give an interesting and "different" exterior.

Plumbing costs have been cut to a minimum by placing the kitchen, laundry, and bathroom together along the back wall.

The kitchen is unusually large, 21ft. by 8ft. 6in., and includes a dining recess overlooking the back garden. There is a separate dining-room for more formal entertaining.

The bathroom has a separate toilet and is close to the three bedrooms.

The spacious living-room, 21ft. by 13ft., has an open fireplace and a doorway through to the kitchen.

All the bedrooms have built-in wardrobes, and have been placed together so that, in effect, there are separate wings for living and sleeping.

To build this house in timber would cost £3750-£4150, covering 12 squares. In brick, the cost would be £3950-£4300—13 squares.

It should be remembered that these building prices are approximate and do not include the price of the land.

Each of The Australian Women's Weekly eight Home Planning Centres is under the direction of a qualified architect and supervised by qualified personnel, who can advise you on all aspects of home planning and building.

Plans for the house you choose are available for £10/10/- a complete set (five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications).

Furnishing your home

Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Centre is located will advise you, if you wish, in the choice of furnishings and decoration for your home.

Modifications can be made to any plan you may choose,

but if any extra draughting or printing is involved in the alterations a small extra charge will be made.

All plans are available in mirror reverse position. They can be placed at any angle on the site. Generally they can be built on stilts or on the side of a steep hill.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, please return the plans or specifications to the Centres, and they will deal with your problem and return your plans as soon as possible.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be incorporated in the design.

Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

For a small fee, the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect the proposed site for you, and advise as to the house most suited to the land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

ADDRESSES OF OUR CENTRES

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

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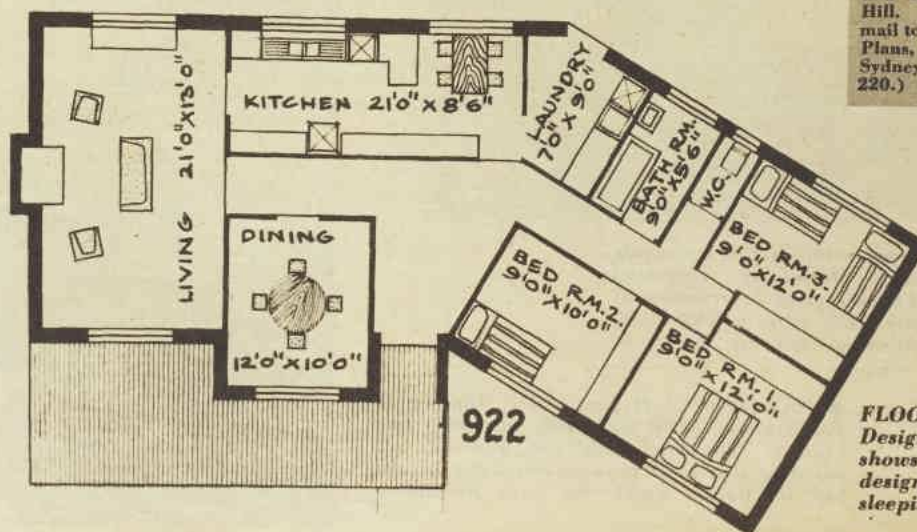
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this Centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald and Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this Centre.)

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SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Tel. B0951, ext. 220.)



FLOOR PLAN of Design No. 922 shows the unusual design with the sleeping-wing at an angle.

FRAGRANCE



A SMALL BED can perfume a whole garden. *Heliotrope* and *verbena* are planted here. Both are hardy perennials with lovely colors. Sow seed of *heliotrope* February to May and *verbena* August to December.

● When planning your garden for 1961, plan for new old-time fragrance—often lost in these days of plant improvement which gives an increase in size, color, and the number of petals.

THE plants listed here will produce wonderful scents, spring to autumn, in even a moderately spacious garden.

To start with there is native acacia or wattle. Some varieties bloom in winter, but mostly they are at their best in early spring.

One of the loveliest is the Western Australian variety, *saligna*, which has large fluffy flowers and weeping branches.

If the garden is big enough, plant a *Magnolia grandiflora*.

This grows to 40 feet and has highly perfumed large white blooms.

For smaller gardens, *Magnolia fuscata* (port-wine magnolia) is more practicable. Plant in spring or autumn.

The native *daphne Pittosporum undulatum*, which grows from 20 to 40 feet, fills the whole garden with perfume at night. It needs shelter from frost when young.

Crataegus oxyacantha, a small tree less than 20 feet tall, has double white flowers. Commonly known as the Maybush, it has a sweet perfume in spring. Plant in winter.

Syringa (or lilac) is perhaps the most beautiful of all deciduous shrubs. Lilacs are seen at their best in colder districts. There are many new varieties in shades from dark

purple, lilac, white, pink, blue, and a delicate shade of primrose yellow named *Primrose*. Plant in winter.

Several of the broom family, like *Cytisus fragrans*, make a wonderful splash of color as well as a fragrant spot in the garden. *Spartium junceum* and *Genista tinctoria* bloom in summer after other blooms have finished.

GARDENING

Other fragrant shrubs are the buddleias. The many varieties include: *Chimonanthus fragrans* (Japanese all-spice); *osmanthus*, a hardy shrub with sweet-scented white blooms or ornamental foliage; *Osmanthus fragrans*, which has tiny apricot-scented flowers.

Philadelphus (mock orange) is hardy and deciduous with white flowers, sweetly scented.

There are several scented varieties of *Viburnum*, including *V. carlcephalum* and *suspensum*.

As well, there is the insignificant looking *Cestrum nocturnum*, which will fill the night air with a heady scent. Others are *frangipani*, *gardenias*, *Luculia gratissima*, *Prunus mume* (Japanese Apricot), and *Daphne*.

Climbers such as *jasmine* (in its different varieties) make scented screens. First choice would be *grandiflorum* and *polyanthum*. *Lonicera* (honeysuckle) and dainty *mandevilla* are musts among the fragrant creepers.

Lathyrus latifolius (perennial pea) is another scented climber.

Annuals include *mignonette* and *Mathiola bicornis*, the sweet night-scented stocks, which should be sown to stay put. These are dwarf plants growing to 12 inches high with lilac flowers.

Lupins provide both spectacle and perfume. Choice may range from tall annual large seeded varieties to the *Hartwigii*, a more compact plant, the dwarf annual varieties, or again the *Russell* perennial lupins. The semi-dwarf yellow, which has rich canary-yellow flowers, is one of the best.

Plants with fragrant foliage include *artemisia*, *lavender*, *melissa* (balm), members of the *thymus* family, and the pungent *Lippia citriodora* (lemon-scented verbena).

Bulbs including *freesias*, *daffodils*, *jonquils*, and *hyacinths* can be planted in February and March for winter perfume.

Many of the splendid new roses have no scent, so check with your nurseryman before ordering.

Scented roses include *Etoile de Hollande*, *Spek's Yellow*, *Lady Sylvia*, *Souvenir de Madame Bouquet*, *Nocturne*, *Tassin*, *Madame Butterfly*, *Ophelia*, and *Shot Silk*.

On the odd wet day in the holiday season, settle down with a catalogue or take time off to stroll through a nursery and make your personal choice for your 1961 fragrant garden.



FRAGRANT WALLFLOWER is one of the most easily grown of the winter and spring flowering annuals.

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MODESS?



New Modess

has the "Magic Channel" of protection

The exclusive "Magic Channel" is a panel of tiny perforations centred along the napkin to give quicker absorbency, greater protection. This extra feature, plus the luxurious softness and comfort of the MASSLINN cover, makes new Modess the most trustworthy napkin ever.

Try new Modess with MASSLINN cover... and the new "Magic Channel" you can trust. And for complete comfort—buy a new Modess Belt, too.

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Modess with Gauze cover
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Page 55



THE MOST FAMOUS NAME IN HOME APPLIANCES, ANNOUNCES THE

NEW HOOVER

5-ZONE REFRIGERATORS



HOOVER 5-ZONE REFRIGERATOR, AUTOMATIC DEFOST DE LUXE 12.2 CU. FT.

WITH 5 SEPARATE ZONES OF COLD— FROM ARCTIC-FREEZE TO DAIRY-COOL

The five special zones of cold in Hoover 5-Zone Refrigerators save you time and money because food keeps better when it is stored at its correct level of cold. Every inch of the big storage space works more efficiently because it is tailored to do a special refrigeration job—every kind of food has its own perfect level of cold in the Hoover 5-Zone Refrigerator.

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- 5 Door Zone:** Big, deep door is Dairy-cool from top to bottom. Shuttered Dairy Bar for butter and cheese, big, wide racks for eggs, snacks and bottles.

Foods stay fresh longer, taste better when kept at their correct cold levels.

ALL MODELS AVAILABLE WITH DOOR OPENING LEFT OR RIGHT.



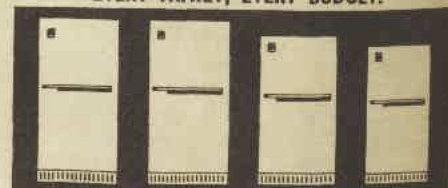
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Hoover's 5-Zone Automatic Defrost Refrigerator defrosts completely every night. Not even a button to push! Automatic Defrost operates so fast frozen foods do not thaw. Evaporator tray gets rid of defrost water.

MAGNIFICENT STYLING! SPECIAL FEATURES!

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See the new **HOOVER 5-ZONE REFRIGERATORS** today!

ANOTHER TRIUMPH BY THE MAKERS OF HOOVER CLEANERS, WASHERS AND POLISHERS.

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Margaret Sydney, a typical Sydney wife, writes about her growing children, her husband, and the everyday dramas of the family circle.

EVERY year in September I make a solemn vow that I will have all my Christmas shopping done by November 30. And every year at the beginning of December I find that somehow the time has slipped by and I haven't even managed to make a start.

Books are always my great standby. It seems a thin Christmas to me if I'm not given a book or two myself, so I work on the principle of "Do unto others . . ." and give books wherever I can.

They're expensive, unfortunately, but if you can manage to find the right book for the right person I do think it's a more lasting present.

For outsiders the books have to be new. Not for the family. Our children were persuaded quite early in life that the contents of a book were more important than the cover, and all of them would far rather be given half a dozen second-hand books, ranging in price from 1/6 to 5/-, than one glossy new volume at 22/6.

So my first port of call when I'm doing my Christmas shopping is a second-hand bookshop, where I can spend a glorious morning digging out authors, some of them now out of print, who delighted me when I was at the age my children are now.

This year's harvest includes a Baroness Orczy, some early Dornford Yates, some Jane Austen for Katherine, and, greatest treasure of all, a copy of Anthony Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Hugh and I are squabbling over that at present—both wanting to read it at once and revive our lost youth.

High cost of swimsuits

A PART from books, the girls are easy to shop for—they want clothes, and more clothes.

I wish somebody would invent a way of having Christmas before the Christmas festivities—the things I buy for Katherine and Diana are always so badly needed for pre-Christmas parties that I'm tempted to hand them over when they'll be of most use.

But if I do, it seems mean on Christmas Day to say, "Well, you had your present three weeks ago," so if I've weakened I have to provide a double issue.

Katherine has never asked for much in the way of clothes, though just recently she's realised that now is the time to replenish her wardrobe, before she goes on to an allowance next year and has to buy her own.

But Diana has a strong streak of the "gimme" girl. Her cry is always, "Everyone, absolutely everyone, has one except me," for everything from a special ball-point pen to a transistor radio.

When Hugh announced with a perfectly straight face at dinner the other evening that "absolutely everyone in the office except me is getting a new car this Christmas," Diana quite failed to see that her leg was being pulled, and looked at him with rather touching sympathy.

Her wail at the moment is that she can't possibly be expected to go on wearing the bathers she was given last Christmas. It appears that they're "hopeless, utterly out of date, and too ghastly for words."

I was quite content to go on wearing my old bathers until Diana started this lament

of hers. They're a different color and material from hers, but made exactly the same way. Now I find I'm looking at them with a very jaundiced eye.

Where did this idea grow up that new bathers are essential every swimming season? And why are they such a price?

I often wonder whether good bathers can't be had for half the price in countries where people haven't got our passion for the sea.

Jobs for the holidays

HUGH has agreed to let Diana get herself a job between the school break-up and Christmas. He wouldn't let Katherine do it at the same age, but I think he feels that it might be good for Diana to find out that considerable hard and tiring effort goes into the earning of money. She's to work in the stocking department of one of the big stores.

I can't imagine anything worse in the Christmas crowds, but she has a ton of energy and high spirits, and will probably love it. She's already started borrowing against future salary—8/11 from me for mesh stockings, 10/- from Hugh for an undisclosed purpose, and 1/3 from Mike for a "dish job" at the local milkbar. "Dish job" was a new term to me—it means an ice-cream served in a dish instead of in a cone.

Katherine is not going to get herself a job until after the New Year.

I think this is a better arrangement for her. She's worked hard for her exams, and she's tired. And she also has no less than ten invitations between the break-up and the New Year—a lunch, four barbecues, one formal dance, and four informal ones.

I can't help feeling it's a pity they come with such a rush the year the girls leave school. Spread out they'd be great fun, but one after the other like that they may well prove to be a bit of a bore.

Bumper to bumper, but no headway

FOR years now we've stayed away from the beach on Sundays because of the heavy traffic. Last Sunday we gave in to the kids' demands, had a glorious day at Avalon, and then took just a fraction under two and a half hours to get home. Cars were bumper to bumper all the way back to town, and stationary a good deal of the time. We sweated it out, arguing about possible solutions to the traffic problem.

Katherine advocates some sort of small, family-sized hovercraft. They'd have the advantage that the traffic police would hardly be able to cruise alongside and say, "Pull over, driver." Mike was all for the invention of powered wings strapped to each person's body.

All right for the young, perhaps, but not so good for the harassed mother of half a dozen children.

Towards the end of the second hour of changing gears and creeping forward in a dense cloud of other people's exhaust fumes, Hugh announced that he'd found the perfect solution: stay at home on Sundays and get on with the gardening.

This was greeted by groans of despair from the junior branch of the family, but I don't think they'll get him out again till time has softened the memory of that long crawl home.

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MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**
CLEARs DANDRUFF INSTANTLY



How new formula Loxene with "Iolan" attacks and beats dandruff three ways

1. New formula Loxene with "Iolan" clears dandruff instantly.

The effective, gentle antiseptic action of "Iolan" controls dandruff and helps stop it starting again.

The deep penetrating nourishment of "Iolan" conditions the hair and scalp and brings out a healthy, natural gloss.

Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff instantly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo—the only preparation on the Australian market containing "Iolan." And with "Iolan" added to its own gentle deep-cleansing action, new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo gets results that dandruff sufferers would never have believed possible. It clears dandruff instantly. Used regularly, it controls it and helps to stop it breaking out again. It conditions your hair and scalp, brings out the full depth and gloss nature intended your hair to have. New formula Loxene is remarkably effective—and economical to use. You get eight generous shampoos in every 4/6 bottle. Clear dandruff now—get a bottle of new formula Loxene with "Iolan" and put it to the test. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!



8
SHAMPOOS FOR
4/6

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Do your Xmas Shopping Right...right here at the

**Sunbeam
SHOP**



"Why I want a *Sunbeam* Shaver for Christmas..."

"I've used electric shavers for years. Wouldn't go back to the old scratch and scrape school. But now my old electric razor is getting a bit old I'd like a new one, and naturally I'd like the best there is—the smooth shaving perfection of Sunbeam Super-Smooth Shavemaster."



I want a *Sunbeam* because

"I thought I was too set in my ways to change to electric shaving until I tried Super-Smooth Sunbeam at the Free Shaving Bar at my retailer's. I've a real tough beard but never had such comfortable good shaving in my life. I'd like to enjoy it *every day!*"



A *Sunbeam* would be ginchy for me because

"I'm just starting to shave every day. Don't want to start off wrong and find in later years I have a sandpaper chin-skin! Also, I'm a modern lad, Dad. Blade shaving's strictly for the dodo birds!"

Whatever his age, whatever way he shaves now, every man appreciates

Super-Smooth
Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER
SHAVER



DELUXE PACK
in Jet Black, Ivory or
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**STANDARD
POUCH**
in Hunter Green or
Saddle Brown, £15-19-6

minute, then abruptly stilled itself.

They waited. On the street below a newspaper boy bicycled along and was passed by a car travelling too fast, its headlights opening up the street for a moment. No one walked the sidewalks.

They said nothing. A building, any building, had big, curious ears.

At 7.25 they called it quits. They took the stairs when they discovered the elevator in use. In the foyer a mother was wheeling a baby out. Rip stepped into a pay booth and dialled Nancy Ashton's number. He let the phone ring a long time before hanging up.

As he emerged he saw Branley standing outside the entrance. Rip stepped to Apartment 1-A, which bore a sign "Manager," and knocked. The door was opened shortly by a tall, thin woman in her forties.

Rip said, "I was up looking for Miss Ashton, but she doesn't seem to be home. Thought you might know where I could find her."

The smile vanished. "You a bill collector?"

"No—a friend."

"Oh." She was unconvinced. "Leave me your name and I'll tell her you were here."

"I was meeting her at seven."

"Leave me your name."

"Thanks. I'll phone her later."

He joined Branley outside. "Learn anything?" Branley asked.

"Yeah—I'm a bill collector. I think of myself as the F.B.I. type—and I'm a bill collector."

"Let's go," Branley said. He had three children he wanted to romp with before bedtime.

As they left, their glances went at the same moment to the third floor, to the small, iron-railed balcony that marked Apartment 3-B. Thinly outlined in the dark was a woman look-

ing down on them. They barely caught a glimpse of her before she backed away and was lost. "Think we should go back up?" Branley asked.

Rip shook his head. "She has got a reason. Something's happened since she phoned."

"If it's Nancy Ashton," Branley added.

Branley drove, and Rip sat strangely silent beside him. He was re-running Nancy Ashton's voice over the telephone, groping for something in or behind the words.

Branley said good night at the garage, and checked out. Going up the stairs, Rip discovered he was exhausted.

In his workbox he found a note from Peg. It was one sentence long, and written like she walked, in short, quick strokes. She had been able to get reserved seats for Saturday night for Nat "King" Cole. Usually they sat in the second balcony, but this time they had decided to splurge.

Back in Chicago, where they had met, it was always the gallery for them. At that time both had worked in the Chicago field office, before it was moved from the Bankers' Building. Then, in '56, he was assigned to the Phoenix office, and a year later to Los Angeles. Shortly after he arrived in Los Angeles, she requested a transfer from Chicago and the bureau unwittingly played cupid.

Thinking of Peg revived him, and he was about to phone her when an agent came up, a meticulous, older man who had examined Kelly Sherwood's car. He had found a cigarette butt, and vacuumed the carpet and seat on the possibility that a chance hair or soil from the killer's shoes might provide information. From the cigarette butt, the Crime Lab in Wash-

Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

from page 24

ington might learn the subject's blood type, through an examination of the dried saliva.

Next, Rip talked with the agent who had recorded the telephone conversation that afternoon between Miss Sherwood and the subject. Previously, Rip had obtained the bank's and Miss Sherwood's permission to listen in to and tape any calls for her.

The agent said, "I replayed it several times. He has got an odd way of saying certain

ports from the agents on stake-out about the bank, and phoned the agents in the Williams' garage next to the Sherwood house. They reported a street light out on Tustin. They had called the city and been told that an emergency crew would be out shortly. In the meantime, the neighborhood was almost blacked out.

Worried, Rip noted it was 9.35. The light might have burned out, although that seemed too much to happen. Yet stranger coincidences marked many cases. In fiction,



"Now, try not to look like a tourist!"

words. Just some of them. I haven't got an ear for it, but maybe Washington can figure out what he's doing."

The tape, too, had been despatched by air to Washington. Slowly—out of nothing, it seemed—a few facts were beginning to emerge. The subject had asthma, spoke certain words oddly, smoked cigarettes, had a strong body odor, and said he was wanted for three killings.

Rip scanned several log re-

everything was well thought out, orderly. Life wasn't that way at all. Street lights did burn out at critical moments. Criminals acted without reason—other people, too.

Once again he dialled Nancy Ashton's number, and listened to the measured buzz. He was hanging up when unexpectedly she answered.

"This is Ripley, Miss Ashton."

She was instantly apologetic. "I'm terribly, terribly

sorry I couldn't keep our date, but the traffic was so awful—"

"Some other time?"

"No—I've thought it over, and I told my friend she should get in touch with you rather than going through me. I don't think it's any of my business, really, and you know how involved these matters can become."

"You were quite disturbed when you phoned."

"Oh, that," she said deprecatingly. "I was in one of my moods. Women have them, you know. But I'll still buy you that drink some evening. I'd like to, very much."

"If there's anything we can do—"

"Thanks. You're a doll. Good - night and happy dreams."

He was smiling to himself as he hung up. He felt serious then, walking step by step back over the Ashton matter. He would dictate a memo: "Nancy Ashton advised 6-10-59 she had instructed her friend to contact this office directly." The memo would report the facts correctly, but not the tone of her voice.

Before he left for the night, at 10.15, he called the Sherwood home. Kelly's voice was husky as she answered. The dark hours were always the worst.

"This is Ripley, Miss Sherwood. Everything okay?"

He felt her relief. "How nice of you to call, Pete. I'm fine. Toby's home tonight. We were just getting ready to turn in."

Rip said, "I wanted you to know everything's okay at this end, and there's nothing to worry about."

She sat a moment with her hand still resting on the phone. His words, had brought comfort. He was a human being, feeling for another human being.

She returned to the bedroom. Toby had moved in with her and was undressing. Her long, slender body, growing into a woman was so young, and, looking at her, Kelly felt old far beyond her twenty-six years.

Kelly dropped to the bed. "Sit down a minute, Toby. I want you to hear me out. You remember Frieda Wellscott?"

Toby nodded. She was Kelly's college friend who lived in Albuquerque. Toby said, "What about her?"

"I want you to stay with her until this is over."

Toby rose in anger. "I'm staying right here."

Kelly said slowly, "You've got to listen to me, Toby. I'm older and I know better."

"I never thought you'd be like this. We always said—"

Kelly rose to leave. At the door she said, "We'll discuss it in the morning."

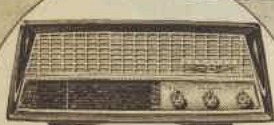
Kelly walked through the house, rechecking the windows and doors. The killer had come between them. He would come again and again if she permitted it.

After switching off the light in the living-room she stood a long time by the window. This had been her home for as long as she remembered. She had been four when they moved here. Toby had known no other home. Kelly remembered the afternoon her mother left in a taxi, and a neighbor hurried over to look after her. Shortly after one o'clock her father awakened her to tell her she had a sister. She was nine at the time. She had helped her mother bathe and feed Toby, had given her the nickname Toby. She had a friend who had a dog named that, but it wasn't until years later that her parents learned they had a daughter named after a dog.

From this house she had

To page 61

Make this Christmas a **KRIESLER**



PANORAMIC MANTEL
Magnificent music, new fashion styling.
Standard 23 gns.
Super Power 26 gns.

"3-in-One" PORTABLE STEREO-GRAM
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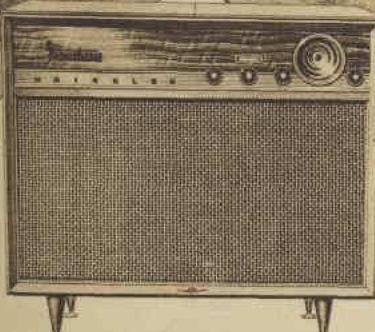
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Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

from page 59

gone to the same high school that Toby attended. Like Toby, she had never been too studious. Her father had never complained. "It's more important to get along with people, and know how to be happy," he had said, and her mother had agreed.

And now she was a prisoner in this house, in her own home.

Returning to the bedroom she saw Toby in the twin bed on the far side, her face to the wall. She sat down by her, saw the tears.

Toby turned over quickly and threw her arms about Kelly. "I won't get in the way, I promise, and you need me, and you've got to have somebody to look after you when you forget things."

The telephone brought them up short. Toby said, "I'll get it," and sprang out of bed.

Kelly grabbed her. "No, I'd better."

She hurried, afraid the party would hang up and afraid he wouldn't.

"Hello," she said. She could hear someone breathing.

She said again, "Hello—hello there—hello."

The click of a receiver going down at the other end came over. She continued holding the phone, staring at it as though it were some monstrous thing.

Toby startled her, standing not two feet away. "Who was it?" she asked breathlessly.

"I don't know. They didn't answer."

The cuckoo clock struck eleven times.

Rip picked up the receiver to still the clamoring phone and turned on the table light, in case he needed to make notes.

He said, "Yeah?" and rubbed his neck cords.

It was Captain Moreno. "I was getting ready to come over and see if you were alive."

"Barely, Pancho. Just barely."

Moreno continued. "You still got an interest in the Ashton woman?"

"Yeah."

"You can close the case."

"What happened?"

"She either jumped or was pushed from her third-floor apartment at 1015 Roxdale Avenue about 12:45 this morning."

Rip noted that it was now 1:30.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Moreno continued, "I just heard about it. I was checking out and stopped by Homicide. They wanted me to ask what your interest is—if it's no secret between you and Washington."

"No, no secret. I'll be down in fifteen minutes, Pancho. Okay?"

"I'll be in Homicide."

Soon Rip was pulling up alongside a new, slender, eight-story building which was mostly glass. The flags of the United States, California, and the City of Los Angeles flew impressively overhead.

Moreno was waiting upstairs. He glanced at his watch, shook his head. "Fifteen minutes to the dot. I don't like it. It's uncanny. My mother used to say, 'Never trust a man who's on time; he wants something.'" He added, "Come on in. They've got a woman in there."



"I rearranged the bathroom today."

As they entered an inner office, the Homicide lieutenant looked up and nodded, businesslike. He was a slight, thin, tired-looking man who was impatiently patting the arm of his swivel chair.

A woman sitting by the desk turned, and Rip saw the apartment-building manager he had talked with a few hours before. She rose excitedly. "That's him. He asked me, 'Where's Miss Ashton?' That's what he said, 'Where's Miss Ashton?' I was meeting her at seven," he says.

Moreno broke in. "Madam, please, this is—"

She didn't hear him. "He wasn't getting anything out of me. I know his kind. Big blue eyes and sweet smile and

all. I said for him to leave his name and he took off like a scared rabbit."

Moreno interrupted again. "Please, madam—"

"I knew he was up to no good the minute I put eyes on him."

Moreno shrugged helplessly, and the Homicide lieutenant smiled. "Thanks for coming in," he told the woman.

"If you want me to testify against him, all you have to do is phone me and I'll come right down."

"Thanks so much," said the lieutenant.

As the door closed behind her, Moreno studied Rip. "You do look kind of suspicious." He roared over his little joke.

They drew up chairs about the desk and began exchanging information. Rip reported the little he knew, and Moreno and the lieutenant went over their findings.

The apartment manager, who said she was in bed but unable to sleep, heard the body strike outside her window and called the police. When they arrived the lights were on and a record-player going. The apartment held no sign of a struggle, and no one had been seen to enter or leave. The body revealed no cuts or gun wounds.

The dead woman apparently had taken a shower an hour or so before, since the shower curtain was still quite wet. Either before or after the shower she probably had painted her toenails a blood-red. A bottle of nail polish stood on the washbasin. She had spilled powder on the bathroom floor, and her damp feet had tracked it into the living-room.

If it were murder she might have been shoved off the balcony and killed by the fall, or slain before she was pushed, by strangling or poisoning.

"The doctors are working on her now," Moreno said. "It could be suicide. But why bother to take a shower—paint your toenails?"

"You never know how someone's thinking," Rip remarked.

The lieutenant handed Rip a police photograph of her body as it lay on the ground. She was on her back, her arms flung out by the rush through space, her legs wrapped in a tight wool skirt. She was wearing a simple white blouse.

"That's all she had on," the lieutenant reported. "No underclothes." He picked up a slip of paper. "This was in her purse."

The names of two men and

To page 62

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Cuticura soap

Keep a young skin always—with Cuticura

Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

from page 61

a woman were written in pencil, together with their telephone numbers, and at the bottom Rip's own initials, J.R., together with the field-office number.

"Turn it over," Moreno said.

In one corner, written very small, as if she had wanted no one to see it, was the name "K. Sherwood," the address, "14712 Tustin Street," and the number "SP4-2852."

Rip said slowly, "She was in on the deal, or somebody told her, or she overheard something."

Moreno nodded. "I've got something else for you. May have something to do with her, may not." He settled back. "We've got an informant. His name's Jim Durga, but everybody calls him Popcorn, 'cause he's always eating it. Cheap way to fill up when you're hungry."

Rip nodded. He'd eaten plenty of popcorn in college. That had been his last year, when cattle prices tumbled and his mother almost lost the ranch.

Moreno continued, "This guy's no stool pigeon. He thinks of himself as being in the newspaper business. Like the Los Angeles Times. He circulates around the flophouses at night, picks up a little news here and there. Makes his living that way."

"You mean he sells news?" Rip italicized "news."

"That's right. If he hears some police officers talking about raiding a bookie, he peddles the info to the bookie. Or maybe he learns about a hijack and sells it to us for ten bucks. If we don't want it, he'll try to hawk it to a newspaper."

Rip sat straighter. "He knows about the Sherwood case?"

Moreno nodded. "He hit up one of our men tonight, said he had some done on a bunk job. He said, 'It's the Sherwood case.' Just like that. Our man said he'd check around to see if we wanted it."

"You're going to talk with him?"

"If you want me to."

"Could I come along? I know he's your man, but—"

"You can talk with anybody I got. You know that. Let's give a few places a swing, see if we can find him." He added, "You're too dressed up. Here."

—he picked up a beaten old jacket from a chair—"get into this."

"Hey," the lieutenant said, "what do you mean, giving away my clothes?"

Moreno walked toward the door. "The Salvation Army wouldn't have that as a gift."

They sauntered down Main Street, past the Folies burlesque, the Midnight Mission, with "Onward, Christian Soldiers" marching forth, a tired clothing shop with out-of-pawn suits in the window for eight dollars and fifty cents, a hotel where the smell of liquor and staleness floated out the door, bars advertising a shot of whisky for thirty-five cents, a hotel with rooms for a dollar and a quarter. They passed hopes shattered, homes wrecked in years past, decades of failure. They passed shabby men; few walked straight, and most had been dead a long time. It was not as much a street of sin as a street of desperation, a street one block from the graveyard.

Eventually they came upon Popcorn. He was sitting on the sidewalk in a canvas lawn chair, under a street light, by a big waste receptacle. He was settled back, comfortably reading. As they approached, he lighted a cigarette, carefully extinguished the match, and put it in the receptacle. He was at home; this was his living-room.

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

the street his television set, the noises his mood music.

Popcorn was older than Rip had expected, possibly seventy, judging by his soft, wrinkled face. He had quick, amiable eyes, and a pious personality.

They passed him, and Moreno led the way to an all-night movie house which advertised three films for thirty-five cents. Moreno smiled at a battered female face in the booth, and she gave him a sleepy, bored nod. They stepped into almost total darkness. The customers liked it that way. They would have liked it better if there had been no movie.

Moreno quickened his pace, turning right and entering a cubby-hole room where photos papered the walls. "My Main Street office," he said, resting himself on a desk minus one leg.

He continued, "You'll like this guy. Everybody does. That's how he gets his dope. Some newcomer drifts into a joint for a drink, and the bartender sizes him up as a hood."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



They can tell almost every time, same as we can. So the barkeep tips Popcorn off. It's no secret he's in the news business."

Rip asked if he had a record. "No, no ticket," Moreno said.

A few minutes later, Popcorn came along, carrying the lawn chair, now folded up, and his book, "Effects of Nuclear Fission."

"Care for a drink?" Moreno asked, taking a whisky bottle from the bottom drawer.

"Don't mind if I do," Popcorn said.

Handing him the drink, Moreno said, "I've got a new partner. Name's Ripley. He's okay."

Rip offered his hand, "Glad to know you."

Popcorn's hand was a child's. "Same here, sir. New, are you?"

Moreno put in, "No, he has been at it for years. Just looks young."

Popcorn nodded. "I was like him. Never did show my age."

Moreno said, "Hear you haven't been feeling so good."

"Not so good, Captain." He chuckled. "The doc says if I was a building, he'd condemn me."

Moreno laughed, then turned sober. "What've you got on this bank deal?"

Popcorn shifted uneasily. "Bailey told you?" Bailey was a homicide detective.

"Yeah," Moreno said.

Popcorn unfolded the chair, sat down. Rip leaned against a wall. "It's a pretty fair story, Captain," Popcorn said. "Page one?" Moreno asked. Popcorn squirmed.

"No sir. Maybe page three or four."

"Ten bucks okay?" Moreno asked.

"I was figuring on fifteen."

"It's hard muscle money."

Moreno counted out ten silver dollars, stacking them on the desk. He added two more.

"I didn't get a name," Popcorn said.

"I didn't figure you did."

"I'll give it to you the way it came to me, Captain."

"Okay."

"The hood who's pulling this—"

he asked the other party to go out to the Sherwood home.

Seems that the other party was to park and walk up and down the street, and go up to the Sherwood house, stand a couple of minutes, and then decide not to go in but to leave. The hood figured if the police were around, they'd pick up the other party for questioning, and if they did, it wouldn't matter, because they couldn't hold the other party."

Rip asked, "What'd the other party say to that?"

"He asked if anybody was marked for a killing, and the hood said, 'Might be.' The other party didn't like it."

"That all?" Moreno asked.

"Just about, except the hood asked how the passport was coming along the other party

was getting for him." He hesitated. "I couldn't say how that came out."

Moreno broke in, "You know where they might get a tricked-up passport?"

"I'll ask around."

Rip asked, "You saw the hood?" He didn't like this business of playing games.

"I'd rather not say, sir."

Moreno said, "I know, I know." He turned to Rip.

"He's nearsighted. Can't see three feet past his nose. I've offered to get him glasses, but

he was being insolent, and with effort she restrained herself. "What do you want?"

"I don't like the way you're talking. For the kind of cut you're getting you can talk nicer."

She lowered her voice, fearful Toby would be aroused.

"I'm not awake yet."

"That's better. I'm reconfirming, as the airlines say. Seven o'clock tonight."

"I said I'd be there."

"I hope you are. If you need any proof that I mean business—think of your sister. I can have some fun with her. You know what I mean?"

Before she could answer he hung up. She sat stunned, then noted the time, and, by rote, showered and put on her make-up. She stood a moment at the kitchen window. It was a glorious morning, but she felt as she had when her mother and father died. You walked into the sunshine, heard the birds, saw the flowers, and wondered how it could be that life could go on so radiantly when life had ended for someone you loved.

Her hands reflected her thoughts as she broke the eggs. She dropped a salt-shaker in the pan, and the spraying grease burned deeply into her wrists. She sat down quickly, thinking she was going to cry.

Toby breezed in, clad in a slip. "I haven't a thing to wear," she said; then, seeing Kelly, she squeezed her. "I'm going with you tonight."

Kelly spoke brusquely. "No, you're not. If he sees you—"

She broke off. "Look, be sensible. I'll have the whole F.B.I. watching out for me. Nothing can happen, you know that."

Toby brightened with effort.

To page 65

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She answered the ringing at one o'clock, but at two she lay in bed, never stirring. She heard the groaning of the old house. She raised up on one arm, tense. "Toby," she whispered, but Toby didn't awaken.

She switched on the bed-light, walked resolutely to the bedroom door. For years she had intended to putty up the keyholes in the old-fashioned house. She closed the door and found with relief that the key still worked.

He telephoned at three, and four, and five. He was wearing her down, she knew; he was wearing her down for the ordeal coming up that night at Angel's Flight. He wanted her in a stupor, induced by the loss of sleep.

Even when she dozed she heard the phone ringing. It had been a friend all these years, and now overnight it was a monster.

She heard the Green sheet, the throwaway, tossed in the driveway about three, and the Examiner at five, and the coming of the milkman at six. And all during the tedious hours she re-ran "the batches" of the afternoon before. She had been short a hundred dollars when she ran the cheques and the "tickets," as the deposit slips were called, and counted the cash. She was sometimes short or long by a few cents and occasionally a few dollars, but never more.

Sometime after five Kelly fell into a dead sleep, awakening slowly at six, when the phone shrilled persistently. At 6.05 it sounded again, and at 6.10. At 6.15 she struggled out of bed, thinking it might be some friend of Mr. Ripley.

But it was the killer, as she had known it would be. He said, "You haven't been answering the phone. You should, you know, because we've got to keep in touch."

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Toby brightened with effort.

To page 65

At midnight the phone call was repeated, and Kelly, half dozing, ran for it, and once again the party hung up.

She answered the ringing at one o'clock, but at two

Did your family have

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BREAKFAST

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"Sure. Sure, you'll be all right. I won't worry." Later, as Kelly dropped Toby at the school, Toby took a deep breath and threw her shoulders back. "You'll call me the minute it's over. I mean the very minute."

Kelly nodded and hugged Toby hard. As Kelly rounded the corner, she turned for one fleeting glance and Toby waved.

Pete Morrow waylaid Kelly as she passed Escrow. "Hi. Hear you robbed the bank yesterday."

The grapevine travelled fast. "Pete, I don't know what happened. I can't find the hundred dollars."

"Don't let it get you down, hon. Happens to the best of 'em. How about that date?"

"I'm holding you to it."

As she started on, he called her back. "You all right, Kell?"

She stopped quite still. "What makes you think I'm not?"

"You don't look like you had any sleep. Thought maybe something's got hold of you."

She smiled. "You're sweet. I'm all right, except for payments on my car, my teeth, and my insides."

His laugh lifted the weight from her. It gave her the old feeling, that everything would be all right. The girls said good morning at the vault, and she was swept into their orbit.

She felt Mr. Welk's appraisal as she took the cash drawer to her window. Penny, next to her asked, "Are they going to dock you?"

"Nothing's been said about it."

It was then she noticed the memo under the glass weight. She waited until Penny was occupied, then opened the note. Raymond Burkhardt, the bank's manager, asked her to meet him in the conference room at 9.30. She scarcely knew him, a big tall man, possibly in his fifties, with a broad white streak through his hair.

She arrived in the conference room first and waited, looking out of the window, down into the customer's parking area. It was almost deserted at this hour.

Burkhardt walked in briskly. "Good morning, Miss Sherwood. I'll keep you but a minute."

He meant she wasn't to keep him, and she understood.

"I wanted to catch you before you left last evening, but I got tied up. I had a long talk with Mr. Ripley, and we went over everything. I want you to know the bank appreciates what you're doing. We'll be with you all the way."

"Thank you," she said. "I was anxious, of course."

"Of course," he hurried on. "I don't know what instructions Mr. Ripley gave you, but for our part, we don't want you to take any chances." For a second, he dropped out of the executive pattern. He was looking at her as if seeing her for the first time, an attractive, poised young woman.

"Please be very careful, Miss Sherwood, and don't take any risk for any money involved. You come first, money second."

He smiled. "I have a daughter about your age. Couple years younger, maybe."

He hastened to cover up the personal note. "Now, if you want my help, if you've got anything to talk over, I want you to feel free to come to me, or call me at home. The F.B.I.'s a great organisation, but you may want assistance that's a little more personal. Here, I'll give you my home phone."

That day she felt she had split into two beings. Her real self stood off to watch her double working at Window Five. The double moved slowly, and counted uncertainly, and repeatedly took deep long breaths. The

Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

from page 62

double said the same old inanities, but they were without life. "It's a warm day . . . it's a chilly day . . . how are you? . . . nice to see you again . . . where have you been for so long? . . . I didn't know you'd been sick."

They were mostly old customers. Sometimes they would wait minutes in line, even when no one was at another window. It was habit, partly. People went to the same window because they liked seeing the same face, talk-

"Would he try anything with—with Toby?"

"I'd like to tell you he wouldn't—but I can't. Until we know the man, know something about him—"

"But when she's in class—"

"We've taken her teachers into our confidence." He continued. "She went to a record shop after school with her boyfriend. She's there now. Has she known him long?"

He studied the map. "Now don't get upset if you run into the unexpected. He may send a newspaper boy or hire someone to give you a message, and maybe the message will tell you to meet him somewhere else, or it may set forth the plan for getting the money and you'll never see him at all."

"Now, one more thing. We won't move in to apprehend him until after you've left him, assuming that you do meet him. It'd be too dangerous otherwise. If you were about, and we moved in, he might use you as a hostage or try something else."

He asked then, "What're your plans for tonight? Will you be going home from here?"

"I hadn't intended to. There isn't enough time. I thought—if it's all right with you—I'd work late and then drive into the city and have dinner." Hollywood was approximately seven miles by the freeway from downtown Los Angeles.

He nodded in approval. He talked along quietly. He knew what an ordeal she was experiencing, but the more relaxed she was, the more fit she would be to cope with the situation. "Remember, he wants you stiff with terror when you take Angel's Flight tonight."

He felt the minutes passing, time rushing him headlong towards the rendezvous. He was keyed up, driven by excitement.

At the office, he glanced hurriedly through the surveillance logs turned in by agents running shadow jobs on Kelly and Toby Sherwood and the house at 14712 Tustin Street.

11.46: Toby Sherwood left Van Nuys High School with seven other students, including Jack Parmenter, described as her boyfriend. 11.51: Group entered the Hangout Restaurant . . .

And so the logs went, revealing every movement of the two, mentioning everyone who spoke with them, or stopped to look at them, or seemed to follow them. This was a business of detail, and sometimes the flicker of an eye was the trap a man walked into.

Moreno came by. He reported that the autopsy disclosed no poison, no drug, and no alcohol in Nancy Ashton's body. She had died from multiple fractures, caused either by the fall or by a blunt, flat instrument wielded with terrific force. A crime-scene search of the apartment had developed no evidence of foul play, and interviews with neighbors and others had proven negative.

When he had gone, Peg stopped by. "Remember me?" When he didn't retort, she caught his eyes about her hips. "Does it show that much?" she asked.

"What?"

"The extra pound I put on."

He smiled. "Do you always zip your skirt up the left side?"

She swallowed under his look. "Don't get personal, please."

"No, seriously. Don't skirts ever zip up the right side?"

"They don't make skirts for left-handed people. Up the back or up the front, maybe, but not up the right side."

"You're sure?"

"I'm a girl, Mr. Ripley—or have you been too busy to notice?"

She walked away, conscious of the zipper and smoothing out the ridge . . .

The briefing began at straight up four. Not thirty seconds early, not thirty seconds late. Seventeen agents and ten detectives assigned to the Angel's Flight operation crowded the room. Some sat, but most lined up about the walls.

To page 67

Fashion FROCKS

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 87. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

ing with the same teller. If they wanted a favor sometime, or merely information, they knew someone to ask.

Shortly after Kelly balanced for the day, she took the mezzanine steps towards the rest room, acutely conscious of Mr. Welk observing her.

At the rest-room door, she turned right and pushed into the conference-room, where Mr. Ripley waited by the window, standing where she had earlier.

"Hello, Miss Sherwood," he said. She wished she could feel as confident and as "in control" as Mr. Ripley. And suddenly, irrelevantly, she thought how nice it would be to have a man about the house, someone comfortable and lovable. For a flash, it became the most important thing in her life.

She said quickly, "I had another call this morning. . ."

He nodded. "I know."

"Since junior high." She added hastily, "He's a swell fellow. I know, because he's around the house a lot."

He offered no comment, but pulled a chair out for her, and took one alongside. "You didn't have lunch today."

"I couldn't. I couldn't possibly eat."

"You've got to, and get all the sleep you can. He's figuring you won't." He spread out a map of the Bunker Hill area, and she was conscious of his arm touching hers, of his closeness.

He said, "We've had to make two setups for tonight because of the two elevations. The subject said he would meet you at the top of Angel's Flight, but he may not. He may meet you here at the start of the cable car, or even on the cable car. So we'll post agents out of sight at the foot of the hill, and up on Bunker, and on the cars."



Judy Banks

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To page 67

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The S.A.C. stood with Rip before a diagram which showed the post position of every man by number, and the starting location of ten Bureau and six police cars. It spotted the control room from which the S.A.C. would direct the operation, a room high up in an ancient rococo building that overlooked the area. Even at night, the height might prove advantageous.

As Rip began the briefing, he slumped by habit, from his days of riding the desert. He remembered then and straightened. His hands dangled easily by his sides, but there was cold in the fingers. No matter how many times a man went on a stake-out or raid, he felt the cold.

"We'll close in fast, once she's away from the scene," he said. "We'll issue rifles in some strategic spots, and the cars will be equipped with tommy-guns and tear gas. One word of warning. Think before you move. Make sure you're not moving into cross fire—or catching someone else in it."

The S.A.C. spoke up. "I'd suggest each of you look over the area about five o'clock, during the rush hour, and get acquainted with the streets."

Some were dead-ends, and others narrowed and turned sharply. The nature of the area tipped the scales in favor of a killer.

"Will she be armed?" a police officer asked.

"No, she has never used a gun," Rip looked about. "Any other questions?"

THEY drifted out with the quiet of men who hold a healthy respect for fear. In a time like this, each held his thoughts within himself. He was cautioning himself. Use your head before you make a move; think before firing. Careful with the weapon. Make sure it's the subject before you squeeze the trigger. Breathe deeply; keep calm.

He was remembering other nights like this. He was recalling the instructions and rigorous training endured at the F.B.I. Academy at Quantico, Virginia . . . the pistol course he had run over and over with the targets bobbing up, targets shaped like men . . . firing off a quick volley of shots at the target of a killer . . . a target of a pedestrian bobbing up, and the finger instantly easing up on the trigger . . . a second to think, a second for a decision . . . a second that might end his own life, or an innocent person's, if he erred.

It was now that the pressure burgeoned. It began the night before, when a man awakened and remained awake, while all that could go wrong happened in the darkness of a bedroom. It swelled with the briefing, the checking out of weapons from the gun-room, the roar of the cars as they came out of the garage, the coldness of the shells as he dropped them in the chambers, the rumble of tyres as they rolled him closer to the scene.

A man held the pressure down. He smoked, he talked about the coming winter, or about what his youngster did last night, about the Dodgers or the Rams, about the price of General Motors or U.S. Steel.

He held the fear back, but not all of it. A little fear was good for a man.

Daylight still held the bastions against the night. In the deep canyons of the city, though, the dark was stealing in.

A block away from Angel's Flight, on Second Street, Kelly found a parking space, and backed the car in too erratically, scraping the kerb. A man passing along the sidewalk bent low to stare at her but continued. An older man pushing a stomach ahead of him limped across the street

Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

from page 65

diagonally towards her. Her hand stopped in mid-air as it reached for the ignition switch. The motor kept on purring.

He had his head down, reading the pavement. Frantically, she wondered if the F.B.I. were covering her this far from Angel's Flight. She had watched in the rear-view mirror, and no car had followed her into this gust-swept, dank corridor between blackened and ageing brick buildings, many deserted.

The man almost walked into the car before he saw the tyres and veered. On the sidewalk he turned to look at the car, and then her. She glanced at

grew louder, and waited in a tight knot as they passed.

Toby would be at the Hendricks' by now. Louella would be chattering and Toby would be trying to respond and at the same time waiting for the ring of the phone.

She must do something to let Toby know that she was touched by her insistence on staying. Toby wanted her own telephone, and somehow it might be managed.

She must stop at Ralph's on the way home and get a pound of bacon for tomorrow.

Tomorrow. Everyone believed

whim of nonsensical engineering. But it had operated its three hundred and fifteen feet of track without mishap since 1901, and boasted it had carried more passengers per mile—one hundred million in fifty years—than any railroad in the world. It had two cars. One ascended as the other descended, counterbalancing each other.

She paused at the street corner, and searched out the growing dusk. A few figures hurried for a car waiting to take off, but none loitered. She crossed the street, walking fast, but the car was rising by the time she reached the turnstile. As she waited, she kept turning about. She wanted to see the man as he approached. She trembled as a fluttering newspaper unexpectedly brushed her ankle.

Her gaze followed the long steep concrete steps that paralleled Angel's Flight up Bunker Hill. An old woman emerged from the murkiness, slowly making her way down. Every few steps, she paused to rest.

Then the babble of soft Spanish was in Kelly's ears as two Mexicans joined her. The babble was drowned the next second by a girl's throaty voice floating from a television set in a nearby bar.

When the descending car came to a stop, a few passengers left, single file. Then she was on the car, which was a series of stairstep seats, two on each step, facing each other, so that the passengers sat on even keel during the ride. She took the nearest seat, smoothing out her skirt as she sat.

Others came out of nowhere, it seemed, and within a moment the car was filled, mostly with men. Only two other women entered, one who looked like a saleslady and the other a teenager.

She hopped from one face to another, and stopped twice, first on a man in the garb of a service-station attendant whose eyes held hers before she looked away. The next time around, he was devoted to a newspaper.

The second was when her hands went to check her skirt line and she caught a man about her age sizing up her legs. He was thin and quite pale. He wore a neat but inexpensive dark suit, a white shirt, and a conservative tie. He might have been an accountant or a shoe clerk.

Her gaze drew his eyes and they loitered on her. His lips pursed slightly.

She moved on to the next face, and the next, but his lingering scrutiny was the brush of a man against her body that she could feel without seeing.

The car began its ascent with a jolt and much grumbling of machinery.

In an old-fashioned bedroom, in a mansion that clung to the past of Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady, the S.A.C. and two agents sat around a two-way radio tuned in to Bureau cars and to agents hidden out along the course the victim was taking.

They sat in the dark, the radio on a marble-top table by an iron bedstead where a grey cat slept peacefully. A spry, twinkling-eyed woman, older than the mansion, had offered the room without charge when an agent that morning had identified himself.

"Just don't bother Sylvester," she said. "He sleeps up there. Oh," she said, seeing the agent's puzzlement, "Sylvester's my cat." She chuckled. "My cat. He thinks he owns me."

So now Sylvester slept soundly, undisturbed by the manhunt in progress.

Control, this is Two . . . victim boarding car . . . Agent

To page 75



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● Joff Ellen, Rosie Sturges team with Graham in comedy. Here Graham is Caesar, Rosie, his wife, and Joff, Brutus.

THREE FACES OF GRAHAM KENNEDY

● Graham Kennedy is Australian TV's big talking point. Whenever a group of TV experts is gathered together you can bet they're discussing why he's popular where, and disagreeing about it. Televiewers love "Gray" or hate him. Say a word against him anywhere but N.S.W. and watch out — but say a word for him in N.S.W. and most viewers raise their eyebrows. They don't like him much.

Graham has wheedled and wooed N.S.W. viewers with little result. Recently he greeted viewers in every capital city except Sydney and added a good evening to viewers in Sydney, if any. He should worry. He has got a good national show, he's right at the top of the TV tree, and loving every minute of it.

—NAN MUSGROVE

SHOW BUSINESS



"Dink"—the dog in Lorrae's life

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Lorrae Desmond has gained many fans since she arrived back in her home town, Sydney, several months ago to star in her own TV show on A.B.C.-TV and spend some time with her family.

MEN, I'm told, sigh over the pert, shapely Miss Desmond (36, 24, 36), who is suntanned, blond, and projects herself into your living-room via TV in no uncertain manner.

Those sighing men are just wasting their time. Miss Desmond does not like them. She prefers dogs. She has little time for romance and feels that she really is a bachelor and career girl.

Off screen, Miss Desmond tells me when she is home in London she bends her talents to keeping a Maltese terrier happy. This dog is small, white, and rejoices in the name Dinkum Aussie, which Miss Desmond shortens to a small, loving name, Dink.

Dink arrived in Miss Desmond's life some six years ago. At that stage she shared a flat in London with her friend Australian Kathy Lloyd and her brown French poodle. Kathy left to join her husband in America, and Lorrae bought Dinkum.

In the years that have passed, Dink has taken possession of Lorrae's heart, and rules her life in a way people who prefer people find very hard to understand.

Dink at present is staying with friends, and Lorrae says she wouldn't have left him and come back if he had had to go to kennels.

Dink has his own fan club, and gets dozens of Christmas cards and presents of his own, and is the official mascot of many English kennel clubs.

Fan Club

His fan club came into being when he was stolen some years ago, and TV England rose in a body to help find him and comfort his grieving mistress in her dark hours.

She got Dink back after she paid a handsome reward, and Dink's TV career romped on apace.

"I realised just what a TV personality he was soon after," Miss Desmond says. "I took him into a big shop to buy some sequins to embroider one of his jackets. And all the girls ran over and gathered round him and said, 'Oh, Dink, it's Dink, it's Dink.'"

Miss Desmond says Dink is not her TV gimmick—not intentionally, although he often appears with her on her show. He does no

tricks. All he does is conduct the orchestra.

Dink goes out everywhere with Miss Desmond, carried under her arm, wrapped in her platina fox stole. He goes to all the London night-clubs with her, to West End theatres, cinemas, and restaurants. He is so well behaved that he's never asked to leave.

I remarked that I didn't think Dink would be allowed to accompany his mistress everywhere in Australia, and Miss Desmond told me that it was not allowed in England either.

"But I won't leave him behind," she said, "and wrapped in my fur they don't know he's there."

His shampoo

In London, Miss Desmond walks Dink three miles a day in the park.

Dinkum sounds to me like one of those obnoxious poor little children you read about from time to time.

Once a week he goes to his own hairdresser, where for £1 sterling he has a shampoo (no rinses, Miss Desmond doesn't like them), a trim, and his nails cut if necessary.

Dink goes to the hairdresser by himself in a taxi and comes home the same way, which sets Miss D. back another 10/- sterling per week.

Dink has only one meal a day, but what a meal! His favorite is medium-rare fillet steak, although sometimes he gets a crush on liver for a few days, or on cheese or chicken.

He's not a drinking dog, doesn't like either beer or champagne, although sometimes he does have a brandy, egg, and milk nightcap.

Somehow I feel rather sorry for such a cultivated dog. I'm sure he would love to roll in the garbage, scrounge a bone, and be booted out the kitchen door occasionally.

I feel sorry for Miss Desmond, too. Men are nicer than dogs.

The evergreen

Fred MacMurray

I CAN'T say I was excited when I saw the news of the premiere of a new show, "My Three Sons," starring Fred MacMurray.

MacMurray was in his prime before World War II, jostling such characters as

Gregory Peck, James Stewart, and Clark Gable for box-office appeal. He was an actor who never quite made it as a heart-throb, an off-beat hero, or a good actor. He was just Fred MacMurray.

Now well into middle-age, I thought he'd probably be the same only more so—less attractive to look at, less of an actor. But he's an old-wine type, apparently who improves with age.

He fits admirably into his new role of Steve Douglas, widower, father of three sons, one of 18, one of 14, and one small one aged anything from 7 to 10. On hand to help him through his rearing problems is that excellent character actor William Frawley, who is as well the grandfather of the household, the self-appointed factotum, cook, and bottle-washer.

If you see a resemblance to "Father Knows Best" you're right. It's the same recipe without females in the household.

I don't think any TV show will ever notch up the phenomenal popularity records that "Father Knows Best" did—after all it was the first of its kind—but if "My Three Sons" keeps up the standard of the premiere episode, it should prove to be just as entertaining.

Mythology made easy

THE myths of Greece and Rome that I was forced to read as a child left me cold.

If you're the same, spend an hour with Sir Compton Mackenzie in the new Sunday night A.B.C. programme "The Glory That Was Greece."

The first programme was all about the Minoan civilisation on Crete (remember Theseus and the Minotaur). It really was something.

I commend the series and 75-year-old Sir Compton's commentary.

Sir C. does not boggle at anything, the taboos of gentility mean nothing to him.

His discourse on the charm of the dress of the Minoan ladies who wore nothing above the waist and his comparison with today's bikinis showed that he isn't only interested in archaeology.



TV SINGING star Lorrae Desmond with "Dinkum Aussie" (Dink), her pet Maltese terrier. In England, Dink has his own fan club.

Bounty-hunter hero

● TV's one and only Western bounty-hunter hero, Steve McQueen, is on his way back to your screen in a brand-new series of "Wanted—Dead or Alive."

IT has taken over from "Mr. Lucky" and is back on the old time slot on Channel 9—Saturday night at 9.30.

"Wanted—Dead or Alive" has always been exceptionally popular, although it breaks one of the big traditions of the Western film by having a bounty-hunter for a hero.

(A bounty-hunter is a man who hunts criminals and brings them back, dead or alive, for the reward on their heads.)

Steve McQueen, as bounty-hunter Josh Randall, is quite a character. He's rather untidy, scruffy-looking, and small.

He's not a scum-of-the-earth bounty-man, as they usually are, but gets his man, or woman, graciously—if that's possible—and brings them back alive.

Through "Wanted's" clever scriptwriters, Randall always manages to give the impression that he's doing a public service by getting his man and the reward.

He is human enough to make it plain that he is in the job for the money it puts in his pocket; but he's also noble enough to pass the reward up sometimes and leave it for the sorrowing widow or orphan.

"Wanted—Dead or Alive"

is really one of the best of the Westerns; it is reasonable and logical enough to be true to life.

Bounty-hunter Randall is timid compared with some of the boys who roam the TV West, and in the new series he is even more so.

"The producers came to me and said we had too much violence on the show," Steve McQueen said the other day. "So who am I to argue? A guy has to eat."

Steve was carpeted because he used too many bullets on one bad hombre.

"I wanted to empty my gun into him," Steve said.

"He'd made me mad. But the producer said I couldn't shoot him more than twice. Now if it had been real-life I'd have emptied my gun into the guy."

There's another change, too, in the series. You'll see it in the first episode.

Josh Randall falls in love.

In real life Steve McQueen is married to actress Neile Adams (they appeared together recently in "Alfred Hitchcock Presents"), and they have a daughter, Terry, who is 18 months old. Steve's ruling passion, apart from his wife and daughter, is sports-car racing and messing about with cars.



HIS day's work at the studio over, Steve McQueen farewells his horse, "Doc," before zipping off in his Jaguar.

"POLLYANNA"

★ Adapted from the famous Eleanor H. Porter novel for M.G.M., Walt Disney's "Pollyanna" tells how a young girl's "Glad Game" philosophy changes the lives of a small American community.



SHH-H-H! . . . Orphan boy Jimmy Bear (Kevin Corcoran) warns Pollyanna (Hayley Mills) as they enter the forbidden grounds of Mr. Pendergast (Adolphe Menjou), "the meanest man in town."



ORPHANED Pollyanna Whittier (Hayley Mills) arrives in the small town of Harrington to live with her Aunt Polly (Jane Wyman). The 13-year-old daughter of British actor John Mills, Hayley rocketed to stardom in the sensational English film "Tiger Bay."



A DOMINANT LEADER of the community, Polly Harrington (Jane Wyman, left) reprimands Pollyanna and her maid, Nancy Furman (Nancy Olson), for being late home.



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Natalie's chance in slum musical

● Clutching the wedding veil to her velvety smooth skin, actress Natalie Wood begins to sing about her new love and dance around the cramped gown shop in the heart of New York's gang-infested slums.

IT was raining outside the Hollywood movie set, but, inside, the sound-stage was filled with excitement—for Natalie.

Her song-and-dance routine takes place in what will probably turn out to be the most important film in Natalie Wood's career: "West Side Story," the screen version of the smash London-Broadway musical-ballet based on the Romeo and Juliet legend and set in the slums of Manhattan.

After several rehearsals and still more takes, Natalie finished her dance, which, although it will last only three minutes on the screen, took almost three weeks to film.

Jerome Robbins, who did the London and Broadway stage production, is co-director and choreographer for the film.



● Co-director and choreographer Jerome Robbins barks orders to Natalie Wood on the set of "West Side Story." The star thinks Jerry a genius—the greatest choreographer living.

★ ★ ★
THE Fernandel-Cantinflas film, as yet untitled, will get under way in Rome in several months. The story deals with two circus clowns—one French, the other Mexican—who get stranded in Rome during this year's Olympic Games when their respective circuses go bankrupt. Neither comedian speaks the other's language—or Italian—so they will go through most of the film with little dialogue.

★ ★ ★
ERNEST BORGNINE, who won an Oscar playing a New York Italian butcher in "Marty," will soon make his first Italian movie for Dino De Laurentiis. The film is a service comedy, "Two Generals," and Dean Martin is being sought for the other starring role.

IT was certainly a maternal-looking Kim Novak who spent a recent Sunday afternoon at the zoo with boyfriend-director Richard Quine's children. But Kim won't say whether or not this means she and Quine have marriage on their minds again. "It just means that I like children," Kim said.

★ ★ ★
FORMER child star, now a Broadway star, Roddy McDowall has become engaged to newcomer Ina Balin. The pair have planned a summer wedding.

AS her one 1961 film for Columbia, Kim Novak will star in "The Widower," a story she brought to the studio's attention herself. It's about a career girl in her late twenties who falls in love with an older man, whose supposedly happy marriage ended with his wife's suicide. Kim wants Henry Fonda to play her husband—and is trying to talk the company into making the film in New York, where Fonda will be starring on Broadway in "Critic's Choice." She made "Middle of the Night" in that city and it's her favorite film—"the only one I believe in wholeheartedly."

niere's apartment, Brigitte snowballs trouble for her host, his fiancée, and the bland butler. The action's fast, the script's risqué, and she's provocative, but there's nothing new. It's just a BB blueprint. —Esquire, Sydney.
In a word . . . Lively.

GOLIATH AND THE BARBARIANS
"I shall fight to the end," vows Goliath (he-man Steve Reeves), flexing his muscles—and, with the rest of the cast, he does. This action-packed film is just one long free-for-all. Butchering bear-skinned extras, Goliath and his rustics battle the barbarian invaders of their A.D. 568 Italy. But all they win is laughs. The stilted acting, weak script, and shaky sets result in a modern Keystone comedy. —Palace, Sydney.
In a word . . . WHERE'S DAVID?

out the humorless intensity of a Nordic space-devotee.—State, Sydney.

In a word . . . MECHANICAL.

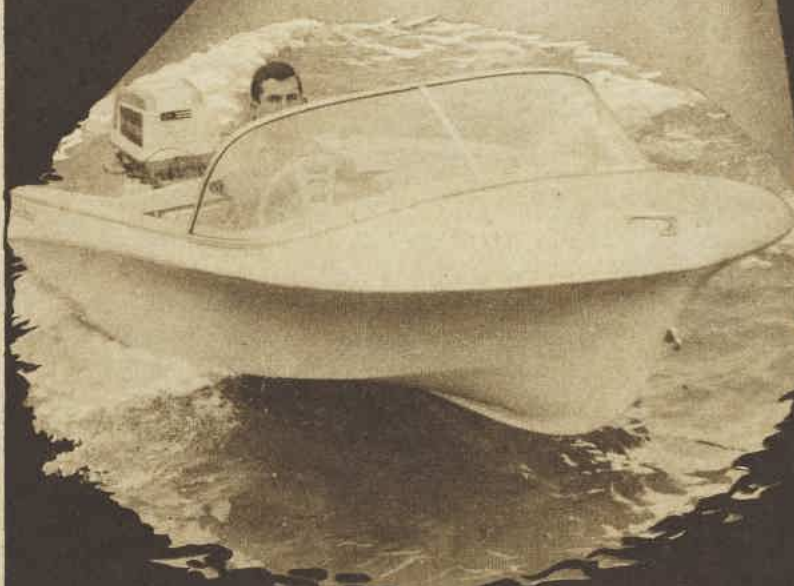
★ THAT NAUGHTY GIRL

If you're a BB fan, you'll get it—the wiggles, the squeaks, and the bath-towel scene. While baby-doll Bardot plays peek-a-boo with singer Jean Bretonniere and the audience, this patchy farce plays along to an anticipated climax. Hidden from the police and a counterfeit gang in Breton-

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★ I AIM AT THE STARS

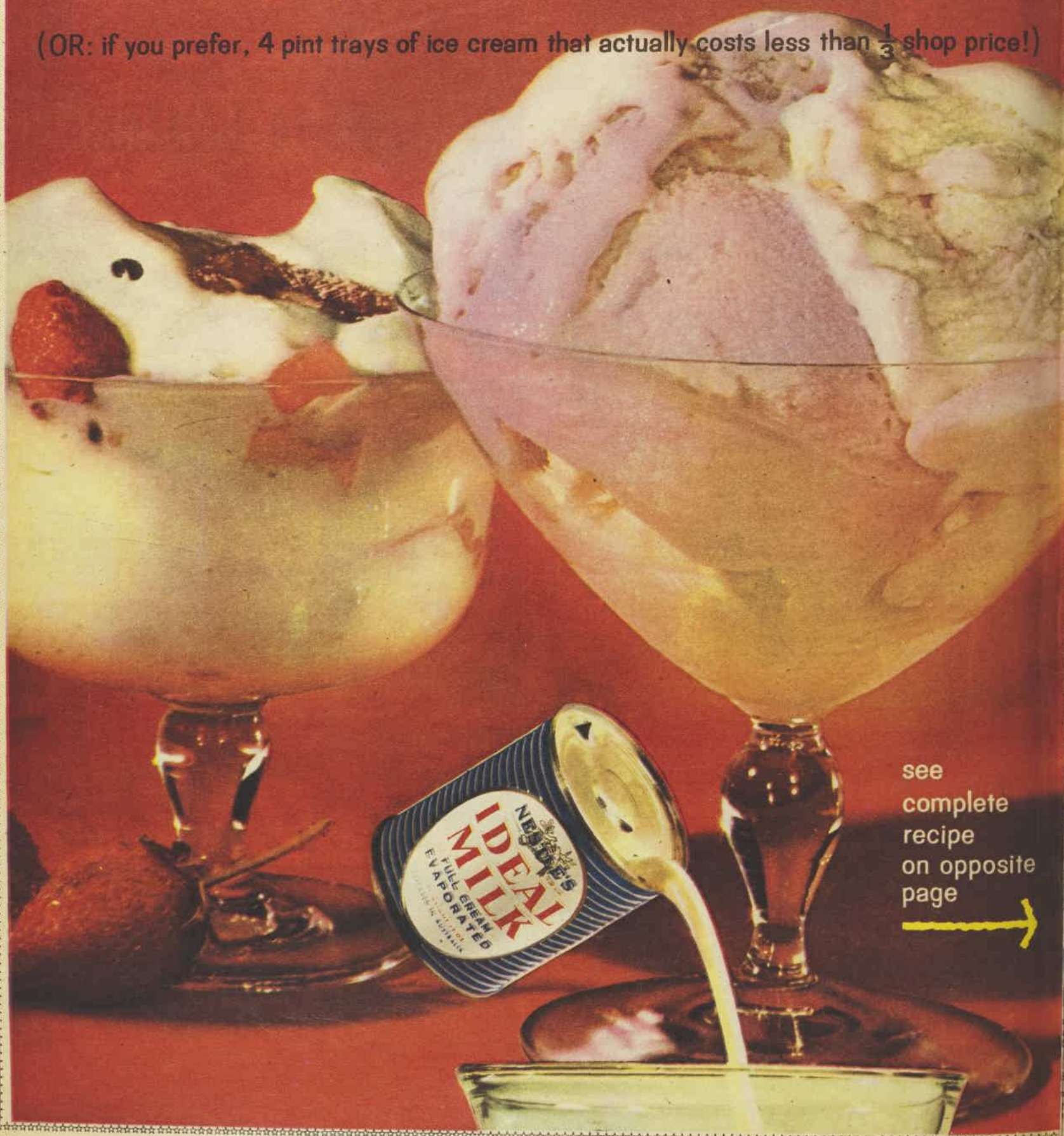
It's stark, it's technical, and it's interesting. With militant precision, this semi-documentary traces the work and dreams of German scientist Werner von Braun (Curt Jurgens) from his invention of the Nazi V-2 to his American satellites. The plot rushes from experiment to experiment, with little time given to the romance of Braun's wife, Victoria Shaw—who adds even less to the film. But Jurgens, ably supported by his scientific team, deftly pounds

New Films With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

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Plus 6 servings of luscious Fruit Whip!

(OR: if you prefer, 4 pint trays of ice cream that actually costs less than $\frac{1}{3}$ shop price!)



see
complete
recipe
on opposite
page



from page 67

Cronin following, taking seat next to victim . . . Fourteen aboard, eleven men, three women, including victims . . . No contact yet with subject.

The reports from "Two" came from agents concealed in a dark, vacant office room on the second floor of an eight-storey building which flanked Angel's Flight as its lower level.

Three in . . . car starting . . . climbing at usual rate . . . Cronin reports all okay.

Cronin was carrying a small transistor concealed in his coat pocket. If he tapped a pencil twice to the mike, it indicated no development. If he tapped it repeatedly, it indicated that the subject had made contact with the victim aboard the car.

The S.A.C. said, "Come in, Five." "Five" was a post in a hotel room that overlooked the upper level of Angel's Flight.

Five in . . . Three men, one woman waiting to take car down . . . only four people on street in immediate vicinity and none loitering . . . Automobile approaching at normal speed, passing . . . No contact apparent at this end yet.

Three in . . . car nearing upper station . . . no developments . . . Cronin reports in negative . . . car pulling in . . . The S.A.C. spoke quickly.

"All units stand by. Victim about to disembark on Bunker Hill."

The car jarred to a stop. Already everyone was standing, and pressing forward a little, eager to get home. Kelly continued sitting, purposely waiting so she would be the last. She fended off curious glances by fussing with her lipstick.

The thin one, who had risen, lingered too, looking back and taking inventory. She felt him watching her, and knew she had reddened.

At last she had no choice but to leave. Her feet climbed the stair-stepped car as though partially paralysed, the muscles weak and unsteady. Passing the little station she dropped her nickel in the pay container. The attendant scarcely glanced at her. She crossed a small paved patio with a drinking fountain and marker in the centre, and palm and avocado trees to one side. By the time she reached the sidewalk everyone had vanished.

She stood uncertainly. The street lights had come on along the hill. They were far apart, and dissipated the night only within a short radius. Somewhere, a television blared, a baby cried, a man's voice was raised in anger, a dog barked fitfully.

A car approached, and she waited, but it passed without slowing, and then another, and

still another. The first sharp thrust of panic struck her. She had to walk, to do something. If she stood here alone with her imagination she would be lost.

She turned to the right, and it was then that he came up behind her, so swiftly that she scarcely heard his footsteps before he spoke. "Looking for someone?" he asked.

She swung about naturally, determined to keep control by brute strength alone, if there were no other way. His small eyes, had an odd, glazed cast and were fixed intently on her. His left hand was dropped in his coat pocket, and the fingers of his right hand rubbed each other nervously.

She nodded, and looked at him speculatively. Her nails sank into the plastic of her purse.



"With a western-musical - giveaway - mystery show, how can we lose?"

He said softly, "I could be that someone." He was standing so closely she felt his breath.

"Well, are you?" Her voice sounded unnatural.

"Yeah," he said slowly, and then: "Come on. I've got a car across the street."

She stood unmoving. "Couldn't we talk here?"

"Here? On the sidewalk?" His thin, tight lips relaxed into the faintest smile. "Nothing doing. Come on."

He took a firm grip on her arm. Her first reaction was to jerk away, but she stifled it. He held her so closely that his hip touched hers with every step. His left hand remained in his coat pocket.

She asked, "Where're we going?"

"Down to the ocean. I know a good fish place."

A low black car switched gears as it thundered past them. An old man hobbled towards them, rhythmically striking his cane on the concrete with each step. A woman emerged from a door and placed a milk bottle on a porch, letting a shaft of light play on them. Then it was gone as she disappeared back into the house.

Kelly fought back an overwhelming urge to run, to escape. If another door opened . . . She held back, walking slowly.

"What's the matter?" he asked petulantly.

"I've got a bad foot."

He steered her across the street towards a parked car and helped her in, releasing her arm only as he closed the door and pushed the red button locking it. He hurried around to the driver's seat.

"Please," she said, "let's talk here."

The time was with her again, when she was eight and squirming through a crevice towards a cave, and before she knew it, no matter how much she struggled and fought, the earth held her in a vice . . .

As Special Agent Cronin came up the street towards the car, trudging along wearily and carrying a lunch box, he heard the motor start. The car passed him with a rush but he never looked back. He continued walking, talking low. Dark grey 1959 Chevrolet . . . licence number California SNN 848 . . . back right fender smashed in, right taillight out . . .

His pocket-sending device broadcast his words. It was so sensitive, it would have heard and repeated a whisper.

The S.A.C. said quickly into the mike, "Subject's car heading downhill. Unit Fourteen pick up subject when he passes Fifth and Olive. Units Fifteen, Sixteen, Seventeen proceed according to plan. All other cars proceed west at 30 miles per hour . . . Come in, fourteen."

Fourteen in. Subject passing Flight. We're following.

The plan was that Fourteen would follow the subject's car for two blocks, then pass it and turn off at the next corner. Fifteen would emerge from the same corner, take up the tail, and hold it for a block before turning off at a corner, where Sixteen would be coming in to take over the tail.

The S.A.C. breathed heavily. It was certainly difficult and

To page 77

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SOLUTION TO SOLVE-A-CRIME

(From page 24)

You tell the police that Morton has just murdered his employer. When Bradford phoned you, you heard the shot and the crash of the falling phone. Morton said he had spent all the ensuing time in the yard. If this were true, he could not have replaced the phone on its rest, as you found it.

Handicraft Books for Christmas

"Canvas Embroidery"

Hebe Cox (Mills & Boon, price 31/6).

A teacher of embroidery in England begins her book with an interesting short history of canvas embroidery. Following chapters explain the most suitable materials to choose, the stitches to use, and how they are worked.

"Let Me Embroider"

Winsome Douglass (Mills & Boon, price 14/6).

A charming book for children.

In simple but not condescending language it explains how to work embroidery stitches on felt or thick canvas. Clear colored drawings show how the simple stitches can be developed into beautiful elaborate patterns.

"Country Baskets"

Evelyn Legg (Mills & Boon, 24/-).

Numerous illustrations explain the various steps of basketmaking.

The book explains how to make baskets from materials that can be gathered in a garden, such as weeping willow twigs, as well as cane, which can be bought from most large city stores.

"How to Design Your Own Dress Patterns"

Adele P. Margolis (Mills & Boon, 51/6).

Anyone who really enjoys sewing and making her own clothes will find valuable information in this book. It explains how a bought basic paper pattern can be adapted to any style you want.

"Pennies Into Pounds"

Esme Gray Booker (Mills and Boon, 14/6).

As handicraft plays a large part in raising money at fetes, etc., a book on organising such sales is not out of place here.

Mrs. Booker tells how to organise fetes, run stalls, and price goods.

ICE CREAM AT 1/3 SHOP PRICE! just one of the many wonderful things you can make with IDEAL MILK!

pierce the tin and pour
Ideal Milk is simply
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served straight on to breakfast
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the food value! It's concentrated,
creamy, delicious! And
wonderfully easy to use.
You can actually make a whole
tray's desserts from a single
tin! Here's how . . . From one
tin you can make 4 full trays
of new delicious, creamier ice
cream that never goes flaky and
less than 1/3 shop bought!

still from one tin you can
make 2 whole trays of this same
delicious ice cream plus 6
springs of a luscious new
dessert . . . Ideal Fruit Whip.

Basic One-Whip Mixture

you need: 1 tin Ideal Evaporated Milk (12 oz.), 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1 tablespoonful golden syrup, 1 teaspoonful hot water.

unopened tin of Ideal Milk in the freeze chest of the refrigerator for at least two hours or preferably overnight.

open, hold tin under hot water for a few seconds only, then both ends and shake out into a large chilled bowl cut into pieces with knife. Stir very slowly until mixture broken up. Then beat vigorously until mixture trebles in bulk. Dissolve gelatine thoroughly in very hot water and add gradually to mixture, stirring all the time. Add syrup (or easier measuring dip spoon (hot water) and vanilla and beat in well.

mixture is enough to make full trays of delicious ice cream in any flavouring you like. Freeze for at least 3 hours with control at maximum.

If you prefer, you can make 2 trays of ice cream plus the 6 springs of Fruit Whip, as below:

New creamier Ice Cream

half the basic mixture, add (desired) your favourite flavouring. Pour into 2 one tray, freeze for at least 3 hours before serving.

New Fruit Whip

other half of basic mixture, pulp of 2 passionfruit or choice of sliced fruit in syrup. Pour into serving tray (or moulds) and place in refrigerator to chill.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1960

treacherous, operating a fast-moving tail.

Sylvester never stirred. The moment Kelly Sherwood got into the car, Rip left the control-room. He took the steps two at a time, dropping so fast that he clutched the old carved railing once to keep from falling.

He went out the back door over ground mapped out previously. He knew where the clothesline was, and a stack of cartons piled high, and a hose stretched across a walk. Beyond the yard was a passageway, and he hurried down it, in almost total darkness. A dog rushed a fence, barking, and Rip veered sharply by instinct to the other side of the alley.

As he came into the street, Branley pulled up a black Bureau car that carried no identifying marks. He slowed to an easy stop to keep the brakes from screeching. An accomplice might be about, watching and listening. Rip slid into the car, and Branley continued down the street, holding to a normal pace.

The man drove straight down Olive to Wilshire, where he turned west. He drove rapidly but carefully, scanning the rear-view mirror occasionally, respecting stop signals, and keeping up with the flow of traffic which ran heavy on Wilshire at all hours.

She hugged the door, her hand close to the handle. She had no intention of using it, but its nearness supplied her with a childish assurance that she could if she so wished.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; short short stories from 1100 to 1400; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4083W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

from page 75

He kept her under close scrutiny. His hand reached over and patted her on the leg. "Come on over. They build these seats too wide."

When she didn't move, he grabbed her unexpectedly by the arm and pulled her over. "That's better," he said. He studied her. "You're a funny one."

Bullock's slipped by, and the Sheraton West, and the Wiltern Theatre, and then the busy, bright Miracle Mile shopping district.

He patted her again, and this time his hand slipped up along her leg. Removing his hand, she said tightly, "I thought this was a business deal."

He stared at her, then shrugged. "Okay—I can wait." "Wait for what?"

"What do you think?"

A doubt slipped a foot in the door. "You did call me? Asked me to meet you tonight?"

"Say, what're you pulling? It was a pickup and you know it."

She pressed her feet hard against the floor to steady herself. "Please, there's been a mistake. Let me out."

"What goes with you? You give me a come-on and now—"

"Please—I thought you were someone else."

The enormity of the error overwhelmed her. If the killer had watched her, if he thought this was some kind of clever ruse . . .

She had tried to anticipate the unexpected, but this—? In her first paralysis she had not realised that the voices were different. That fact, though, would not have altered her course, as it had been suggested that the killer might send an emissary.

"Someone you'd never seen? Okay—so you never saw him. You're lucky. You got me instead. Come on, loosen up, honey; we can have ourselves a time."

She edged towards the door as the traffic signal at La

Cienega turned red. He was quicker, swinging an arm about her neck and crushing her to him. She struggled, but his grip was too tight. Something exploded inside her, blasting every bit of reason and judgment.

Her fist struck him low in the stomach, and she heard the sharp gush of wind as she wrenched free. She was opening the door and half falling, half leaping out. She heard

across La Cienega than a Bureau car opened its siren behind him in a low warning wail. He looked about wildly, then started to pull to the kerb, but a police car coming up fast on his right blocked him, and other cars, both police and Bureau, roared in from side streets, cutting in sharply in front of him and barricading his rear. Lights flashed and sirens shrieked.

"Get out," a voice said, and he stepped numbly into a '38. A Tommy-gun came up from



him shouting, and people were gathering, and then, as she slumped to the ground, another car ground its brakes within a few feet of her.

Someone was helping her, a teenage boy and a man, and she rose unsteadily, weaving for a moment. She heard questions, and she was shaking her head and assuring everyone she was all right. Then she remembered, and shoved her way through the crowd, not caring whom she pushed or how, but anything to get away, and once she reached the sidewalk she was running.

Scarcely had the man driven

one side. He fell back against the car.

"I didn't do nothing. I just picked up this girl. I mean—she picked me up. I was walking along and she was standing there, and she gave me the old one-two, you know, and I asked her out to dinner . . ."

More cars roared up until Wilshire was blocked. He looked around, eyes widening. "What on earth . . . you'd think I was Dillinger! I tell you, I was just taking the girl to dinner."

As Kelly approached the

house, she heard the phone. She hurried, her fingers thumbs as she fumbled with the key in the lock. She burst into a house fully lighted. Before going to the Hendricks, Toby had turned on every light.

"Hello," she said, out of breath.

She had never heard a man so angry. "You little double-crossing—"

She dropped into the chair by the phone. She had taken all she could tonight. "Shut up and listen to me," she said, surprised by her hardness.

"Don't you tell me to shut up, you . . ." He swore obscenities that would have rocked her any other time, but she scarcely heard them.

She broke in. "I didn't know the man. I never saw him before in my life. How did I know it wasn't you? I've never seen you, either, remember? I don't know who he was. He picked me up because I was standing looking like I wanted to be picked up."

He shouted something, but she talked him down. "If you saw me, why didn't you come out of your hole and get me? You could have done that much. But no, I go to meet you, and you let me get picked up like that."

She ran down at last, and heard nothing from his end for a long beat. Then he said, but he was much quieter, "I still think he was a cop."

"That makes a lot of sense, doesn't it?" She hurried on, "I told you I'd work with you. I want my cut."

He waited, thinking it through. "Okay, I'll take your word for it until I find out different. It took me a lot of time to make that setup, and now I've got to figure out another one because of some stupid jerk." He continued, "But don't forget—I can sit up on that hill and pick you off with a high-powered rifle any morning you come out. You remember that?"

There was a click and the line went dead.

To be continued

LUMBAGO AGONIES!



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from page 20

down to the chimney. He saw her dip water from a bucket and slop the water over a plant at the base of the chimney.

He followed her and stood watching as she loosened the earth with a stick. The plant she tended so carefully was ivy.

"One day it will grow right up the chimney," she said.

"It will probably grow right down inside the chimney when it reaches the top," he told her. "It's a weed."

She straightened to face him, and he saw that she was taller than he expected. Her hands were on her hips, and he smiled in the half darkness, because he could see on her face the expression he had often seen on her husband's face when someone showed the temerity to disagree with him.

"I don't think it's a weed," Charles Freedman's wife said. "It's green and glossy. I want it to cover the chimney. I've always wanted a chimney covered with ivy."

"It won't grow out here," he said, knowing he was needling her unnecessarily, but suddenly powerless to resist the temptation. "The summers are too fierce."

She glanced down at the ivy plant. It looked lustreless and bedraggled as if it did indeed find the summer too severe.

"Charles said it will grow if I want it to," she answered, and there was a clipped finality to her words. He wondered if she accepted all that Charles said with such credulence.

When they reached the shallow stone steps, which led to the verandah, she halted and faced him once more.

"You'll find Charles has changed since you last saw him."

"That's possible. I haven't seen him for over a year."

He waited, not helping her by asking questions, although he sensed there was more she wished to say to him, and that she was unsure of how to say it.

"He's been sick," she said at last. "He says it is nothing and will pass with the summer, but I think it is something. He won't see a doctor."

TRACE watched her, bearing down hard on his sudden feeling of sympathy. She was young and, from the little he had seen of her in the failing light, prettier than a woman married to a man at least forty years her senior needed to be.

"He'll listen to you," she said. "You've known him longer than I have. He says you are a good man in an emergency."

He searched for flattery in her words and could not find it. He wondered, even while he tried not to, if Charles Freedman's wife, so young and arrogant, had met some man nearer her own age, and if this could be the emergency in which Freedman needed help.

He rubbed his hand tiredly over his eyes, and followed her into the house, thinking that as yet he did not know her name. The verandah opened

into a huge living-room, which ran the width of the house. Charles Freedman was sitting in a chair by the empty fireplace. There was a rug around his legs, and his hands, huge and gnarled, gripped the arms of the chair, as if he knew he would need its assistance if he wanted to rise.

Trace was shocked at the greyness of the older man's complexion and the way in which the flesh hung loosely around his face and neck.

"He's come," Charles Freedman's wife said.

"I told you he would," Freedman answered, and it was as if he and the girl had argued the point back and forth, with the girl not believing the letter would be effective.

Now she went forward, turning up the lamps and then reaching out to settle the rug more firmly around Freedman's legs.

"Don't fuss," Freedman said harshly.

She smiled and ignored him, motioning Trace to come forward into the circle of lamp-light.

Watching them together he was struck not by the disparity of their ages, but by the concern of the girl as she fussed around the old man.

There was a gentleness about her, which went ill with his conception of a woman, young and attractive, who had married an old and wealthy man, and then stayed, waiting to inherit.

"Don't talk for too long," she said to her husband.

"We'll be talking all night," Freedman told her. "Get Trace some food and bring over the whisky."

She stood looking down at him, the planes of her face and the fairness of her hair highlighted by the lamps.

Trace watched her. He had seen the same expression of complete and unquestioning sublimation on the devout as they went into church to worship and on the faces of the dark people as they paid homage to their heathen gods. He knew then that whatever her reasons for marrying Freedman, they were not the obvious ones of greed and cupidity.

He went forward. "You look as if you need a doctor," he said to Freedman.

"Doctors are for women and children," Freedman said shortly. He chuckled suddenly, reached out for Trace's hand, and shook it. "There are few people in this world that you don't see for years at a time, and when you do see them you can take up right where you left off. It's like that with us, isn't it?"

"Yes," Trace said.

"A man needs only what is sufficient," Freedman said, "but he always needs friends. You've met Benthia?"

Trace nodded.

"You can call her Ben if you like, I do."

The girl looked down.

"She's shy," Freedman said. "She's not used to people."

His voice was indulgent. He might have been referring to a faithful dog or a valued friend. Ben looked at Trace,

her expression asking pardon for a child made fractious by sickness and boredom.

He had thought of all the reasons why the girl called Benthia had married Freedman, but the possibility that she had married him for love had not until now occurred to him.

"I'll get you some food," Ben said.

She brought whisky and glasses and placed them on a table by her husband's side. When she had left the room Freedman indicated a chair and poured whisky into the glasses.

"I built the house myself," Freedman said, when Trace was seated. "Carted the whole lot by bullock from The Last Town. Built the chimney, too. It draws so well that we have to keep clear of it on a windy night."

FREEDMAN looked at Trace, and his eyes were shrewd under thick, greying brows.

"You want to know about the girl?"

Trace shrugged. "Is it any of my business?"

"It could be. I need someone to manage for me, just until I'm on my feet, you understand. I need someone I can trust, and someone who knows cattle."

"I've been mostly with sheep," Trace reminded him.

"This isn't sheep country. What's the matter with you? Don't you relish taking orders from a woman?"

Trace grinned. "No," he said.

"You'll be taking orders from me. The men we've got are reliable. Some of them are abos, and they'll track a cow for miles and finally locate it. Ben can handle the men because she isn't interested in them as men, and they know it. I need a manager who won't cheat me over the count at market and who won't pester Ben because she's pretty and young."

"You remember the last time I saw you?" Freedman asked. "It was in Sydney. After I saw you I had to see a few more people. Then I did something I haven't done for years. I got drunk—stinking, roaring, rotten drunk." He grimaced at the memory. "I got into a brawl and ended up, half-dead, in a lane at The Rocks. Ben found me there. Surprises you, doesn't it—that she found me, and I didn't find her?"

"Go on," Trace said. "She hauled me up to the hole where she lived. She could have left me to die, but she didn't. When I finally came out of my drunken nightmare, she gave me back the little money I had and sent me on my way."

"Why?" Trace asked. "Now that's a good question," Freedman admitted. "It's the question I asked myself—and the only answer I could find was that she thought I was a drunken old fool—and she felt sorry for me." He poured more whisky.

"Do you know what it's like for a girl who lives at The Rocks? Do you know how most of them make a living—especially the ones like Ben, young and pretty, and with no family?"

"Yes," Trace said.

"I was with her for a week. She had a blasted plant in a tin that she used to water each day. It was ivy. Some day, she said, she was going to have a big house with a chimney covered in ivy."

"The only big house she could ever hope to see was a poorhouse. I got to thinking. I had a whole bullock train loaded and ready to go. I got as far as Rosehill. Then I left the bullocks and went hell-for-leather back to Sydney. I brought Ben back with me."

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To page 80

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Continuing . . . GREEN CROWS THE IVY

from page 78

"When we reached The Last Town I saw Beale Hargraves, the lawyer. I was going to adopt Ben—as my legal and only child."

Trace looked at him quickly, but Freedman's face was serious.

"For the first time in my life," Freedman said, "I wanted to do something for someone."

"You did something for me," Trace reminded him. "I got you from under the hoofs of a half-wild horse you should have shown more sense than to try to ride," Freedman said. "That was a long time ago."

"I was green then," Trace admitted. "I'm not now."

"I know. That's why I need you around, just for a little while. Do you want to hear about my nuptials?"

"If you want me to," he looked down at his glass, wondering how long the girl would be with the food. He had not eaten since mid-morning, and Freedman's whisky was potent on an empty stomach.

He did not want to hear about Freedman's nuptials. The more he thought about the girl, the more he thought about the way her lashes curved across her cheeks when she looked down; the way her hair came alive in the lamplight, and the way the rifle had come up so swiftly when he had reached towards her at sundown.

THE more he thought of these things, the harder he found it to think of her as Freedman's wife. He wished, troubled by an alien feeling of foreboding, that he was a long way away from the Freedmans, husband and wife.

"When old Beale heard what I wanted, he threw a fit," Freedman continued. "You can't do such a thing," he says. "And why not?" I ask him. "It wouldn't be proper," he says. "What will people say?" "To hell with what people say," I told him."

Trace smiled at the image of lawyer Hargraves, in his snug office in the snug security of The Last Town, where the vastness of the great loneliness beyond was only a threat. He could imagine Hargraves' genuine sense of outrage when confronted by Charles Freedman with a half-starved girl

from the city for company.

"Beale started to trot out all sorts of reasons as to why I couldn't adopt the girl. He told me he would have to find her parents, or at least make sure they were dead. We would have to have permission from this one and that."

He snapped his fingers as the memory of that interview made the gauge of his temper rise.

"Well, I left him still talking. 'Come on,' I said to Ben. 'You and me is going to be wed. I don't need anybody's permission for that.'"

"She would probably have married the devil rather than go back to where she came from," Trace observed mildly.

"Now that's what I call a real friendly remark," Freedman said shortly. "Why, man, some day she'll be the widow Freedman—a rich woman and a real fine lady."

Trace drank the last of his whisky and resolutely set the glass on the table, thinking of the girl who sat a horse and held a rifle the way no fine lady should.

"It takes more than money to make a fine lady—and more than an ivy-covered chimney, too."

Freedman looked at him, although he did not seem angered by the remark, only amused.

"I suppose you're right. Fine ladies are born, not made, eh? Well, things are different here. We'll build our own aristocracy. This is new country. It needs new manners. I guess you and Ben could supply the demand."

"I'll stay until the autumn," Trace promised, troubled by the apparently unconscious way in which Freedman had coupled his name with Ben's.

He heard the girl coming back from the kitchen and rose to open the door for her. She carried a tray with food on it.

"Trace will be staying until the autumn," Freedman told her.

"There's no need," Ben said. "I could manage."

She put the tray on the table and her mouth was set tight.

"We need a man to take charge," Freedman said. "I've taught you to ride and shoot,

and I admit you're smart with the cattle, and you can add up better than I can, but that don't make you a man. The truth of the matter is, you're too damned pretty. When the only female for hundreds of miles is pretty, it makes for trouble."

"Whatever you say," the girl said.

High summer passed into late summer. The land and the sky hesitated on the brink of autumn, while the misty horizon promised winter rains.

Trace and the girl, Ben, worked well together. She did not talk much, but her silence did not embarrass him. He preferred a woman who was quiet and pleasing to look at than one who talked so much that you never had a chance to see how she looked in repose.

HE knew the longer he stayed the harder it was going to be for him to leave. All he needed was to be here on this vast tract of land with the cattle and the fenceless distances—and the girl. That he had found the right place and the right person brought him no joy, for both the place and the person were stamped with the Freedman brand.

They had been mustering strays from the scrub country to the north. Charles Freedman rarely rode with them. The illness which had been upon him when Trace first came had abated, but he kept to the land surrounding the house, with only his dogs and Ben for company. Occasionally he urged Ben to go with Trace. It was as if he tired of her company, growing impatient with her, as he now grew impatient even with his beloved dogs.

When they had turned the strays to the south, Ben, who could ride tirelessly all day, reined in her horse and dismounted.

"There's nothing sillier than beef on legs," Ben said, as she led her horse to the waterhole and stood watching it drink. "Did Charles tell you about me?"

"Yes."

It was the only time since their first meeting that she had mentioned her marriage, or the reason for it.

"He was the first person to

treat me like a human being," Ben said. "I would never leave him, not for anything—or anyone. The winter rains will be here soon."

She lowered her head. "I don't know why Charles was so eager for you to stay, but you have stayed—and now it's time for you to go."

He did not feel the anger of an employee who had suddenly received his marching orders from the boss' wife. He felt only the despair of a man whose happiness must inevitably end before it started.

When she looked up, he saw all the misery of the world in her eyes, and knew that he had probably loved her from the very first day, when she had turned to him in the falling light and said: "You don't shock easily, do you?"

He said her name, calling her Ben, as Freedman did.

His lips touched her hair, brushed across her face, and finally found her mouth. It was like drowning and dying, and being reborn again. It was like drinking water after hours of thirst, and finding rest after nights of sleeplessness.

Even while he kissed her he thought how ironic it was that he should have travelled so far and so long, only to find that the place and the person he had been seeking belonged to the man he respected above all others.

Against her mouth, he said: "Good-bye, Ben."

He had never yet left a job without giving fair notice, but when he returned to the house he saddled a fresh horse and put food and blankets on to it.

It was sundown. He intended to depart the way he had come—in twilight, so that if he should be so foolish as to look back he would not see the house or the river, or the smoke curling above the trees. He was not in the habit of looking back, but he knew that from now on looking back would be easier than going forward.

Freedman was sitting by the fire in the living-room. He looked up, his glance taking in the heavy jacket Trace wore and the hat in his hand.

"Where's Ben?" Freedman asked.

"I don't know. I haven't seen her since we got back."

To page 82



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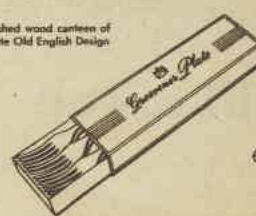
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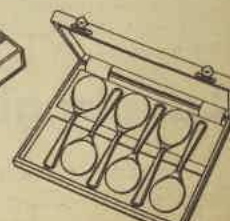
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Look for this label —
 before you buy!



Continuing . . . GREEN CROWS THE IVY

from page 80

"You two have a fight?"
 "No."

Freedman said: "Sit down. I want to talk to you. You and Ben—I suppose you two love me more than anyone else in this world. It seems that one of you would have seen the sign. Instead, you harp like a woman about me seeing a doctor, and Ben does me up with abo medicines."

He looked into Trace's eyes. It was not the first time Trace had seen death mirrored in a man's eyes. It was, therefore, shocking to him that he had not recognised, until now, the death mark on this man who was his friend.

"One of those people I saw the last time I was in Sydney was a doctor," Freedman said. "The sickness is inside. It grows and it doesn't stop until it has all of you. I found I wasn't as tough as people think. I got good and drunk."

"How long?" Trace asked.
 "Soon," Freedman said.
 "You should tell Ben."

"I know. I've been meaning to, but each time I get close to doing it she starts talking of next spring, or next summer. Ben believes I'm indestructible. Until you came I was too scared to tell her. I think it would have killed her."

He moved away, and stood looking down into the fire. "I've taught her to shoot and to ride. I've taught her that in the final count land is the only thing worth having, but there's one thing I haven't been able to teach her, and that's to trust people. Maybe you can teach her that."

When Trace went to speak, he silenced him with a movement of his hand.

"I wrote for you to come, because she is going to need help when this is over. I took a risk. I know you, and I know Ben. I knew you would either hate each other like poison or love each other, the way I was never lucky enough to love anyone."

"You shouldn't play God," Trace said.

"I know, but you're glad I did. Why did you think I married her—so that I could keep her away from any other man for the rest of her life, and make her more miserable than she ever was? I knew it would be for only a short while. I've never felt sorry for anyone in my life until I met Ben. Then I felt sorry for her, with her poor prettiness and her miserable bit of ivy."

Trace did not answer. Inevitability was in Freedman's voice, as it had been in his own voice that afternoon when he said good-bye to Ben.

HE had learned that you did not challenge the inevitable. You accepted it, and the grace with which you accepted it was the measure of your own worth.

"So you can take off those travelling clothes," Freedman told him. "I've a mind to go riding in the moonlight. I used to do it a lot before I got sick."

"Not tonight," Trace said.

"Yes, tonight. We are friends. You know and I know that the time comes when a man must do what he has to do. All the papers are with Beale Hargraves at The Last Town. You and Ben, you're equal partners."

"You didn't have to do that," Trace said.

"I know. It's only when you see your time running out that you want to do what you don't have to do. I've left a letter for Ben, and one for Hargraves. Make sure that she wears decent black, and that she stays in town for a while. Make sure everything is done properly. I want her to be a real fine lady."

"Maybe she is already a real fine lady," Trace said.

"Maybe she is," Freedman agreed. "Do you love her very much?"

"Yes," Trace said.
 "Enough to take her away from me if I hadn't told you what I've told you."

"No," Trace said.

"I believe you. It's good to know there are two people who are everything you believed them to be. I don't know that a man could ask for more."

He went over to the gun cupboard and took down one of the rifles it contained.

"Go to bed, Trace," he said. "The days are getting short and a man needs his sleep to get his work done before twilight."

He sat for a long time by the fire, knowing it would have been easier for himself had he tried to stop Freedman. Despite what people said, it was sometimes harder to do what was wrong than what was right.

He believed, as Freedman believed, that if a man was punished by knowing the time of his death, he should be allowed to choose its method.

When he looked up, Ben was standing in the doorway. She wore a dressing-gown of red and her hair hung loose.

"Where's Charles?" she asked.

"He's gone for a ride in the moonlight."

"You shouldn't have let him go. He rides so recklessly and this is bad country for night riding."

"I couldn't stop him," Trace said truthfully. "A man has to do what he has to do."

"I thought you would be gone," she said. "When will you go?"

"Tomorrow," he said. "Tomorrow I'll go towards The Last Town."

"I suppose you've known a lot of women," Ben said suddenly.

"No," he lied, thinking that some day he would make her understand that the woman you loved was always different, and

because of this all the other women he had known no longer existed.

She did not question the truthfulness of his answer. It was one of the things he liked most about her—that she could accept a statement at its face value.

"Charles says you are looking for the right place and the right person," Ben said. "I just wanted you to know—I hope you find the fine lady you deserve."

"Ben," he said gently, "why don't you go to bed? The days are getting short and even a fine lady needs her sleep."

"You sound just like Charles," Ben said, not realising he was calling her a fine lady.

She went towards the door, and he knew she was crying. He knew she was crying for him and herself and for Freedman, but mostly she was crying for herself, because the day had not yet come when a woman could leave her husband and still be at peace with herself.

She hesitated in the doorway, and, without turning her head, said: "Do you hear the silence? Even when you are gone I won't mind the silence. It's important that you can bear to be alone with yourself, isn't it?"

He thought of Freedman, who had ridden so recklessly into the lonely autumn moonlight, so that death would at least have the dignity of brevity. He thought of Ben and himself, who had put loyalty before love, so that they could bear to be alone with themselves and not just with each other.

He remembered Ben's ivy, struggling for existence, and knew that it would eventually grow green and strong, because it had the chimney to lead it upwards and someone to encourage it on its way.

"Yes," he said to Ben, "being able to be alone with yourself is the most important thing in the world."

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Continuing . . . ONE FALSE STEP

from page 25

first," Will said slowly. "That's why it hurt him so much. Just stop and think about those boats the kids sail. You have to be nimble in them. Rick might be able to go out on a bigger boat, but not those little ones."

Mae spread the garlic butter smoothly. What else was there to do? she thought. You get up in the morning, fix three meals, answer the telephone, spread a loaf of French bread. That's what you do.

That's what she was doing now. Peeling the last tomato and washing a cucumber, listening with all senses alert to the sound of the water rushing out of the tub. Now he would be hoisting himself up again: sitting, slippery, on the edge of the tub, drying himself: strapping on his brace again. She listened and rebelled because she wanted to help him.

FOR a long time after the accident they pretended everything would be fine. Rick held court in his bedroom and his friends came in and out, bringing his homework, telling him about the skiing he was missing. They even joked about his fall on the ski slope.

Mae and Will, daring to hope, waited on him, catered to him; and Jimmie, who was only eight, wished he were in bed like his big brother, with both legs in hard, white casts and a wide webbing of straps encompassing his chest.

When the casts finally came off, spring was blossoming. The lilac bushes were a mass of white and lavender and the apple trees were great bouquets of fragrance. The world was too beautiful for suffering, and they were hardly prepared for what the doctor told them.

"You're lucky," he said. "I really didn't think he'd ever walk again. He'll have to wear a brace, perhaps all his life. We can hope not, but we can't tell. A brace and crutches and loving care."

Then the doctor looked sharply at Mae. He saw the stricken, wounded look on her face and said firmly, "You must not help him too much. If he drops something, let him pick it up. If he asks you to get something, tell him you're busy."

"Why?" Mae cried. "What have I got legs for?" "If you do everything for him, he'll become helpless. The only way he'll ever get well is by learning to take care of himself."

"I see," Mae whispered. "The exercise will strengthen his muscles and eventually he will be able to take off the brace."

"Perhaps," the doctor said. "That's part of it, but I'm thinking more about his spirit. No man can walk with a crippled spirit, but a crippled man with a free spirit can go almost anywhere he wants to."

Because of this Mae fought the battle daily. It wasn't as hard for Will—he was gone most of the day—but for her it was torture. During the first weeks when she had refused him help, Rick resented it. She saw a look on his face that said she was a traitor. She would smile at him then.

"How about a game of checkers?" she'd say, and if cruel fate allowed her to win, she would smile again and say, "Tough luck, old boy. Want to go round again?" Then if heaven loved her at all, she would give silent thanks because Rick would win, and she would be rewarded with just a glimpse of that free spirit the doctor had talked about.

They had come to the ocean, so they always did in the summer, with high hopes, but in

the week they'd been here Rick had grown more silent and unresponsive.

They had been so sure the water would help him. Even if he couldn't swim and play in the surf the way he used to, still the water would give him enough support so that he could exercise all over, even swim a little.

Every morning and afternoon they went down to the beach. Once on the sand, they unstrapped his brace and put it where it wouldn't get wet or sandy; then they helped him into the water. A little bit was all he wanted. After that Rick would sit at the edge of the water where the sand was wet. He dug tunnels, made castles and complicated road systems. He played like a six-year-old and seemed content.

Mae and Will, sitting and pretending to read, watched and were sick at heart, wondering what to do.

"He is progressing," Will said. "He never asks us to adjust the TV any more. He gets up and does it himself."

"They say children will do anything for television," she said bitterly.

"I've been wondering," Will said, "about the cove behind the cottage. He can't sail, but he could certainly row. How about getting a dory and leaving it down there for him? He can row all around the cove and do some fishing."

"Do you suppose he'd like to?" Mae said.

"We can try. I'll see if I can rent a dory, and then I'll take Rick in and buy some tackle." Will's voice was eager. She recognised the excitement in it. How many times had she thought of something that might divert Rick and help him? Full of hope, she'd try it. Sometimes she got a flicker of enthusiasm from him; for a while it helped—not for long. Perhaps this would be different.

Will drove to town that afternoon, found a dory, and had it brought out to the cove. Then he took Rick to the sporting-goods store. They came back with line, hooks, sinkers, a wicked-looking knife, and a pail of clams. The clams already smelled. It was a terrible smell, but it gave them something to laugh about.

"Good heavens," Mae cried, "get those horrible things out of my kitchen!"

She watched them walking down the lane, then turned to Jimmie, who was tugging at her hand. "Why can't I go, too?" he asked. His face turned up to her was pleading. "I want to fish."

Mae sat down and pulled him against her knees. "You can do so many things Rick can't do. This is specially for him. After a while I'm sure he'll take you, too." They went alone to the beach, and she watched her younger son playing in the waves, running up and down the beach, pulling long tails of seaweed, shrieking at the gulls. She tried to read, but she kept thinking about the other two, and as soon as her watch came around five she called Jimmie and started back.

Will and Rick were already sitting on the back steps, newspapers around them, and half a dozen small, reddish fish gaping on the papers. "You should have seen me row," Rick shouted as they approached. "Look at the fish we got. Boy, Mother, you can really handle that thing."

"What thing?"

"The dory."

She noticed Will's face, and the happiness and gratitude she saw there were indescribable. For once she was glad to have Jimmie prancing and shouting around them. "Look at the spikes on that one," he shrieked. "Can I go next time? Can I go?"

Mae didn't wait for the answer. She was suddenly so happy she wanted to dance herself, and that would never do. Shower, dress, then supper. That was what she'd do.

For a week Will and Rick went fishing every day. Every day Jimmie asked, "Can't I go today?"

Every day Rick said no. Every night Mae, who had tried to amuse Jimmie all day, would ask Will, "Can't Jimmie go? He's crazy to try. If Rick is going to be so selfish, I don't see that we can call that progress."

"This is the first thing he's cared about since the accident," Will said. "I know it," she said, "but he has to share. Life is full of sharing. We're trading one bad outlook for a worse one."

"That may be," Will said, "but give him time. Let him feel he really has the upper hand in this. It's hard to share something you aren't even sure you possess. Let him have this all for himself until he's ready to share it."

So Rick and his father went off alone every day, and she and Jimmie stayed behind. Mae tried to make it up to him, but there was nothing she could offer to compare with a boat and a fishing-line. Mae wondered how she would manage when Will went back to the city. He had taken three weeks, more than he usually had for a vacation, and now he would have only the weekends.

"What will I do about the cove?" she asked. "Rick still won't let Jimmie go along. How can I be with both of them?"

"Rick can manage alone. He can't hurt himself in the dory, and he's a good swimmer."

WILL went back to work, Rick to the cove alone, and Mae spent most of her time going back and forth to the window looking down the lane. It was strange, she reflected; now she had one handicapped, happy boy and one nimble, sullen one. Sometimes she said quietly to Rick, "Won't you let Jimmie go along tomorrow?" But Rick would close up like the edges of a clam-shell drawing together when you touched them, and he'd say, "Daddy said the dory and the cove were mine. Jimmie's just a brat. He messes up everything. That's my place."

It wasn't right, but Mae didn't know what to do about it. She offered to take Jimmie fishing off the pier, and suggested rowing in the harbor where they could rent a dory part time, but he wanted Rick's boat and Rick's cove. Nothing

else would do. She tried not to pay attention to the way the boys bickered. She did her best to make peace and keep her voice calm, but it bothered her more and more.

She was alone in the kitchen one afternoon when Rick came in. He flopped into a chair and, suddenly said, "Mother did you ever see a lobster-pot?"

"Of course. Why?"

"There's a couple of old ones down at the cove. I was looking at one this morning, and I can't figure out why the lobster doesn't get out."

"Because he's stupid," Mae said.

"What's that got to do with it? I thought it was supposed to be a trap."

"Well, it is. Did you notice the opening?"

"Sure. But there's no spring. No catch or anything. I couldn't figure out how it closes up behind him once he's in."

Mae tried to think. Her father had explained the principle to her, but that was a long time ago. "Well," she said slowly, "the passage to the opening is wide."

"Yeah, I could see that," Rick said.

"The thing is, the lobster gets in without any trouble. The passage sort of leads him in, but once he's there he can't figure out how to turn around and come out. The opening is there, but there's no wide channel leading up to it. He just doesn't use his brain, if he has one. Maybe he likes it in there anyway. I don't know."

"How about that!" Rick said, grinning. "He's just a crazy, mixed-up lobster."

The summer was beginning to put its stamp on the boys. What had begun as sunburn was now tan. It was putting its mark on them in other ways, too. Rick was smiling more, coming back from his rowing and saying to her, "Hey, look at my muscles!" It was just the opposite with Jimmie. Every time he watched his brother head down the lane he turned to Mae. "It's not fair. I could row. I'm big enough."

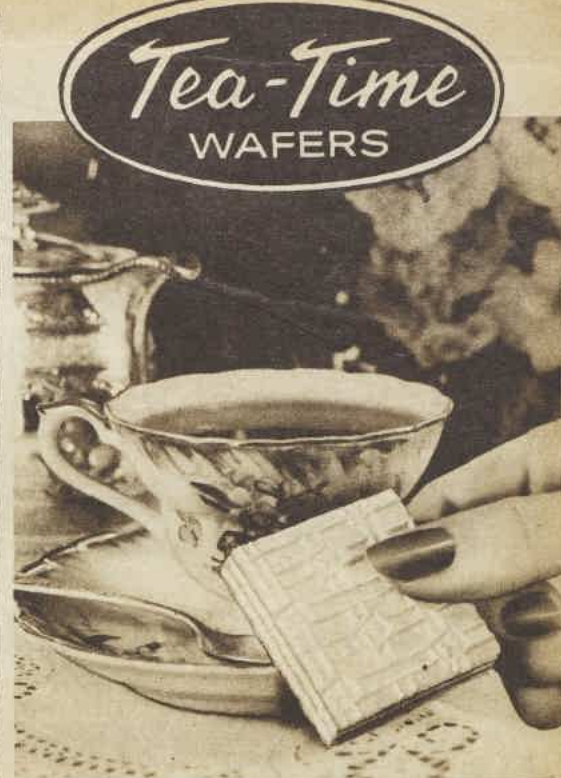
Mae began to wish that Jimmie were back at home with his friends, but for Rick she wished the summer could go on and on. Once at school he would have to start all over. No football this year, no basketball, no ski-ing. He would have to substitute his head for his feet, and that was too much to ask of a twelve-year-old boy.

As August dwindled, Mae worried more and more. It became an ache gnawing into her. She had grown numb to Jimmie's endless pleadings. Once she tried to explain fully why he had to have patience with Rick. After that she closed her ears. She also closed her ears to the soft voice that told her selfishness was no cure for anything.

Rick was happier. He was stronger, more even-tempered, better in every way, and that was the important thing. She dreaded the time when they would have to close the cottage, lock the windows, latch the shutters. It seemed to Mae it would be like locking away his happiness, too.

But she couldn't hold back the clock, and by the time she was ready to start for the station to meet Will on their last weekend, the packing was already half done. For the past six weeks she had been eager for Friday, thankful to share the responsibility once more with Will, but today, with the end of summer in sight, she started for town feeling tired and depressed.

She wished it weren't so hot. There was a sultry oppressiveness in the air, and Mae



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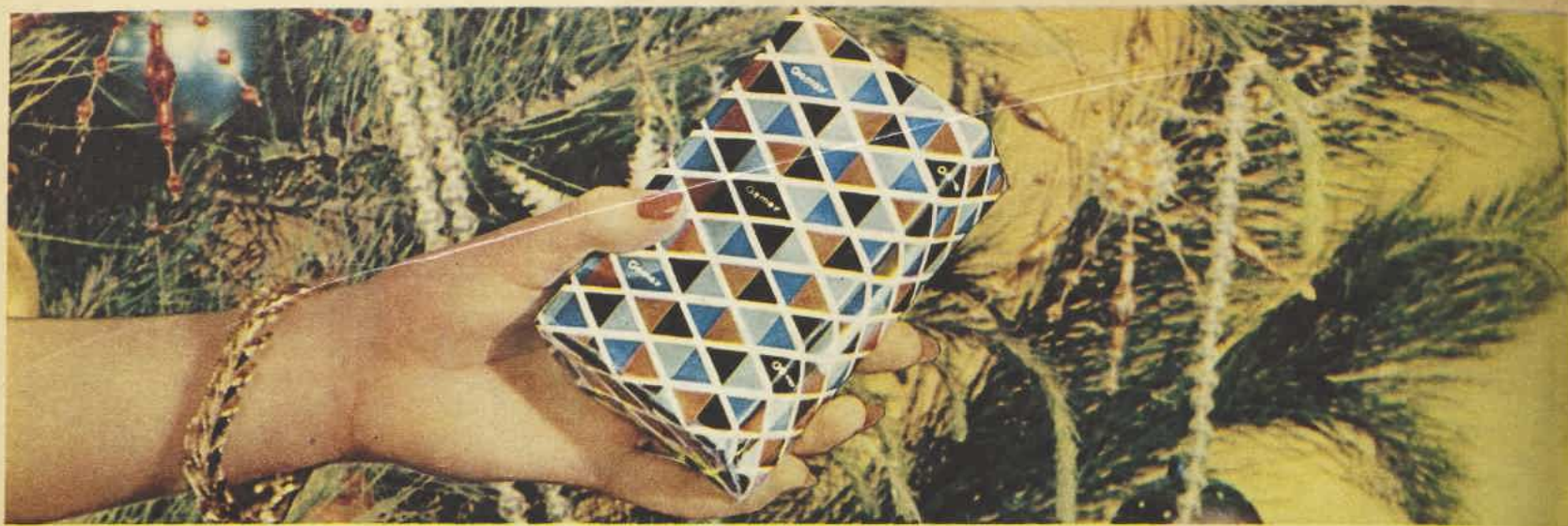


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NEW VEET

To page 85

Page 83



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 14, 1960

glanced nervously at the sky. It was just the kind of day for a thunderstorm.

She was nearly to town or she would have turned around and gone back. Mae always left the boys alone when she went to the station and they'd managed to behave, but she'd never left them with a storm brewing.

She heard the bell at the crossing as she pulled into the parking lot; even so, it seemed an eternity before Will swung down the train steps.

HE bent to kiss her, and sensed immediately that she was upset.

"Something wrong?" he asked.

"Look at the sky," Mae handed him the car keys. "It looks like a storm."

"It does at that. Am I glad to be out of the city! It was steaming."

"Let's hurry," Mae said. "I left the boys alone."

"You always do." He turned the key and smiled at her. "They're all right."

"I hope so."

They were out of town when the first thunder rumbled in the distance, rolling like great stones down faraway stairs, coming closer and closer, and suddenly lightning split the sky ahead and rain spattered the windshield.

"Please, let's hurry," Mae took out her cigarettes and lighted one, but in a minute she rolled down the window and threw it out. "All they've been doing all week is fight,"

she said. "Every time Rick heads for that boat Jimmie has a fit. I just don't see the sense in it."

"Don't go throwing away cigarettes," Will said. "Next time you light one give it to me. For Pete's sake, relax. They certainly know enough to come in out of the rain."

Mae lighted him a cigarette. The rain, coming in gusts, drove against the car, and she strained to see where they were. When they got to the cottage the rain was letting up, and even before she was out of the car Mae could see that all the windows were up, the kitchen door was open; and inside they found water covering the kitchen floor.

"Rick! Jimmie!" Mae ran through the cottage and out on to the porch. She scanned the beach, and it was bare. Not a sign of the boys.

"They're not here," she cried. "Look for a note," Will said.

There was no note, nothing but puddles of water beneath the windows, and magazines blown and soggy on the porch.

"Now, stop worrying," Will said, but his voice was forced and unnatural. "They must have gone down to the cove. That's the only place left. Maybe Rick decided to let Jimmie have a try at the dory. There's an old boathouse down there, and they've probably holed up in that."

Hand in hand they started down the lane. Will, running faster, pulled her along until they rounded the bend and reached the pebbly beach of the cove, now still and grey, dipping and swelling in the dusky light of early evening.

They saw the boys at once; Mae, gasping for breath, tried to call to them and couldn't make a sound. She pulled Will's hand and sobbed. "For heaven's sake, go help them!"

With a jerk Will pulled her quickly behind the rocks. "Keep still," he ordered. "He's going to make it. If he doesn't, I'll get him. Now watch!"

They stood, hands locked, watching the boys. Jimmie, drenched and shivering, huddled on the seat of the dory, and Rick, with an oar for a float, was swimming slowly towards him.

Mae saw his brace then. It lay on the beach at the very edge of the water. She knew

Continuing . . . ONE FALSE STEP

from page 83

that he must have dragged himself into the shallow water, his leg hanging helpless, scraping the pebbled sand, rubbing broken shells, until he was in deep enough to float.

"Look at him go," Will whispered, and the pride in his voice choked her so that she couldn't say a thing. "You see what happened," Will said. "It was Jimmie's last chance and he hoofed it down here. When Rick saw what he was up to, he got down here as fast as he could, but by then that little monster had got out in the dory and lost an oar."

"I should have known he'd try a trick like that!" Mae cried. "I should have made him come with me."



"Look at that boy!" Will said. He hadn't heard a word she'd said. He was watching Rick, who had reached the dory and was handing in the oar. They heard his voice, faint but clear.

"Put it in the lock, stupid, then pull on the other one till you're headed in."

"He made it," Will said. He dropped her hand, stepped out of his pants, and pulled off his shoes. "Now I'll help him."

As he ran down the beach and into the water he looked like the whole Coast Guard to Mae. She began to cry as soon as he reached the dory, and she blew her nose and told herself to stop it. Swallowing hard, she made herself breathe deep and even, and the minute they touched bottom she ran down to them.

"Got your turn, didn't you,

darling?" she said, reaching for Jimmie. Poor baby, she wanted to hug him. The guilt was so plain on his face she wondered if he'd ever get over it.

Then she turned to Rick, but he was already strapping on the brace, which was wet and gritty with sand.

"Looks like I ruined this thing," he said.

"That's all right," Mae said. "I guess those darn crutches floated away."

"We can buy new ones."

She wanted to say, "Oh, darling, lean on me. Let me be your crutch." But she stood still, trying to smile, and once the brace was fastened Rick took his father's arm and they started back to the cottage.

Mae felt Jimmie's hand tighten on hers. She looked down and saw that he was crying, tears running down his cheeks, but there wasn't a sound from him.

"Don't cry, sweetie," she said softly. "You didn't mean to."

Strange how nice things make you cry. It's no different with a little boy. He could have taken a scolding with chin out and eyes defiant, but her comforting was too much. Jimmie began to sob.

"For Pete's sake" — Rick turned around — "quit your crying, baby. I'll bring you down again. You can row all over the cove tomorrow if you want to."

Jimmie bawled a little louder.

Rick reached out at him, cuffed him gently. "You didn't do so bad, anyway. Just got scared when it thundered, that's all." Then Rick began to laugh. "He was sort of like the lobster, Mother. You know what I mean? He got in so easy, but he just didn't know how to get out."

"I know what you mean," Mae said softly.

It's really more the other way around. Mae thought to herself. Rick's the one who's been in a lobster pot all summer. Now he's learning to get out. All by himself, too, with no help from us.

It was a good thought. Good, like the four of them going up the lane to the cottage. Good, like a boy going to help his brother. Good, like a son learning to walk alone. Just good.

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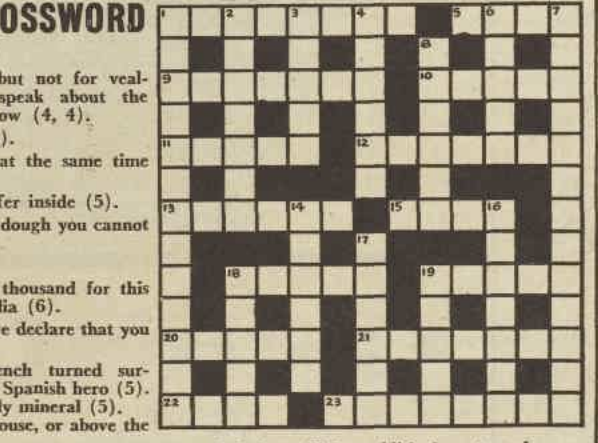
FORD PILLS

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- It indicates fondness but not for veal-cutlets nor does it speak about the mother instinct of a cow (4, 4).
 - Causes to grow old (4).
 - Using habitually and at the same time ruining (7).
 - Stand firm with the offer inside (5).
 - You do this in making dough you cannot bank (5).
 - The girl (Anagr., 7).
 - Broken Satan takes a thousand for this early visitor to Australia (6).
 - We were indebted so we declare that you may see it (4).
 - Quoted and the French turned surrounded by the famous Spanish hero (5).
 - This shop must sell holy mineral (5).
 - It can be case, deck, house, or above the sole (5).
 - A rag and a Spanish city (7).
 - This is a valley (4).
 - Order pig to produce breakfast food (8).



Solution of last week's crossword.



- DOWN**
- Not a place to play pitch and toss, though one is there and the other sometimes happens (7, 6).
 - All sure with these symbols of glory (7).
 - This land owner has pound and pence and a tune between them (5).
 - Caprice hiding a Turkish commander (6).
 - Usually it is shouted twice before gone (5).
 - Where glasses may be kept (9, 4).
 - Everything in the cow is immature (6).
 - Changes a salter (6).
 - Dead don (Anagr., 7).
 - Slowly, gracefully, musically speaking (6).
 - Resin for varnish (5).
 - Rat is or can be a series of steps for ascending (5).

Solution will be published next week.

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S'port Briefs 8/11

BOYS', 6/11

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BOYS', 8/11

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 14, 1960

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Fashion PATTERNS

BARGAIN PATTERN
F2682a.—Cute child's sunsuit has embroidered edging, button front. Sizes one to four years. Requires 1½ to 2yds. 36in. material and 3yds. ½in. embroidered edging. Price 3/.

F5822.—Slim-line frock has pleated bodice, velvet trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, 2½yds. 1½in. velvet ribbon. Price 4/6.

F5829.—Charming summer frock has short sleeves, wide collar, pleated skirt and bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5811.—Sheath frock is perfect for after-work dinner dates. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F2682a



F5822



F5804



F5811



F5804.—Pretty full-skirted frock has high neckline, bow trim on shoulders. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. contrast. Price 4/6.



382



383



385



384

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 382.—GIRL'S TENNIS FROCK
Simple tennis frock for a young girl is available cut out ready to sew in white poplin. Sizes 6 to 8 years, 29/11; 10 to 12 years, 32/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

No. 383.—CHILD'S SUNFROCK AND JACKET.
Full-skirted sunfrock is available cut out ready to sew in cotton printed with a strawberry design. Colors are lilac, pink, and blue, all with a grey background. The jacket is white poplin. Sizes 6 to 8 years, 41/6; 10 to 12 years, 45/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

No. 384.—BEACHCOAT
Attractive button-through beachcoat is available cut out ready to make in pink turquoise, blue, and red poplin, all with a white stripe. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 37/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 385.—ROMPER SUIT
Easy-to-make romper suit is available cut out ready to sew in pink and white, blue and white, turquoise and white, and red and white striped poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 34/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 36/6. Postage 3/- extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning December 12

ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white red.
Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
Luck in holiday prospects.

TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, grey.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Luck in originality.

GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
Luck in a family council.

CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in vitality.

LEO The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, black.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in a speculation.

VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, blue.
Gambling colors, blue, silver.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs.
Luck close at hand.

LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, rose.
Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
Luck through observation.

SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, pastels.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in your budget.

SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, brown.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in a new cycle.

CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy.
Gambling colors, navy, white.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in granting a request.

AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, gold.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed.
Luck in a social whirl.

PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, orange.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck through ambition.

This will be an outstanding summer for most of you. If you have not been away for a long time, this year your chances of travel are bright. If you do stay home, however, you'll be meeting new people, trying out a new pastime, sampling many things you never dreamed of doing. If eligible, you're on the eve of a romance.

Your sign is normally fairly conventional, but this week it's the off-beat which appeals to you. If you stage a party, there are sure to be amusing novelties, different food, some factors that lift the occasion above the ordinary. Holiday decorations for your home will be praised by their originality. A few marry in haste a partner that surprises everyone.

Some major project is likely to require the support of the whole family for its successful completion. Whether it happens to be a wedding, a house-warming, the building of a holiday cottage, a reunion, or a celebration everyone pitches in. Put forward ideas for alterations or compromises so that the result will be due to combined effort.

If you're going to be the kingpin around which everything revolves, you must be at the peak of your form. Tired, weary homemakers depress those around them. Guard health by getting a reasonable amount of sleep and eating sensibly; you'll need your energies for that lively programme ahead. Your ability to organise depends on enthusiasm.

Some of you buy a piece of property in the hope that values will increase. Others take a chance on a piece of furniture, find it harmonises with its surroundings. A present for a loved one may be bought doubtfully, yet make a hit with the recipient. A few of you take a chance in a raffle or lottery with success.

Why roam far afield when you can find happiness by just looking around you? Loved ones are especially important just now; they look to you to give them a lead. Informal entertaining of close family friends and neighbours is likely to add gaiety to the household. Apply your creative instincts to practical matters.

Watch what is going on round you and you'll pick up a few tips. You may discover what a certain person would prefer as a gift, or what to do, or not to do, in a difficult situation. You can avoid a number of mistakes merely by being a good observer and a good listener; people you admire may serve as a model, but do not copy them slavishly.

Some of your wishes may be too expensive for your purse, but you'll be fortunate in discovering attractive alternatives. Brains and imaginations can supplement that £ s. d. with a spot of effort. You may indulge in a little juggling of finances, but right now you are a wizard with your cash, stretching it beyond your fondest hopes.

You are turning your back on a chapter now closing; the future is a blank page, but there are indications here and there of new developments. Whether you are sad or glad, perhaps a mixture of both, you've reached a fork in the road and will soon be travelling in a new direction. Changes affecting your occupation are among the possibilities.

You would be asked to do someone a favor at an inconvenient moment, or be called on in an emergency as cool to your own affairs. There is not likely to be any reward except gratitude for your kindness, yet there is quiet pleasure in kind of service, and unusual developments could stem from it. Don't refuse a request if you can help.

Your popularity is obvious and you may have more invitations than you can cope with. Whether host, hostess, or guest, you'll shine with a new lustre. Some plans are likely to go into the discard through sheer lack of time, but you'll have plenty of fun and games. The teens and twenties will hold centre stage, but others will not be forgotten.

Aim high. Don't be defeated by sensitiveness, self-consciousness, the fear of failure. Although you may not gain all you want, you can attain a fair portion of it by hard work and a touch of inspiration. You can now make contact with a person who is in sympathy with your objectives. An acquaintance now can become a closer link.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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complete—
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